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The Atlantic

A DISSENT ON THE SOVIET ECONOMY / FICTION BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

GROWING UP SCARED

by Karl Zinsmeister



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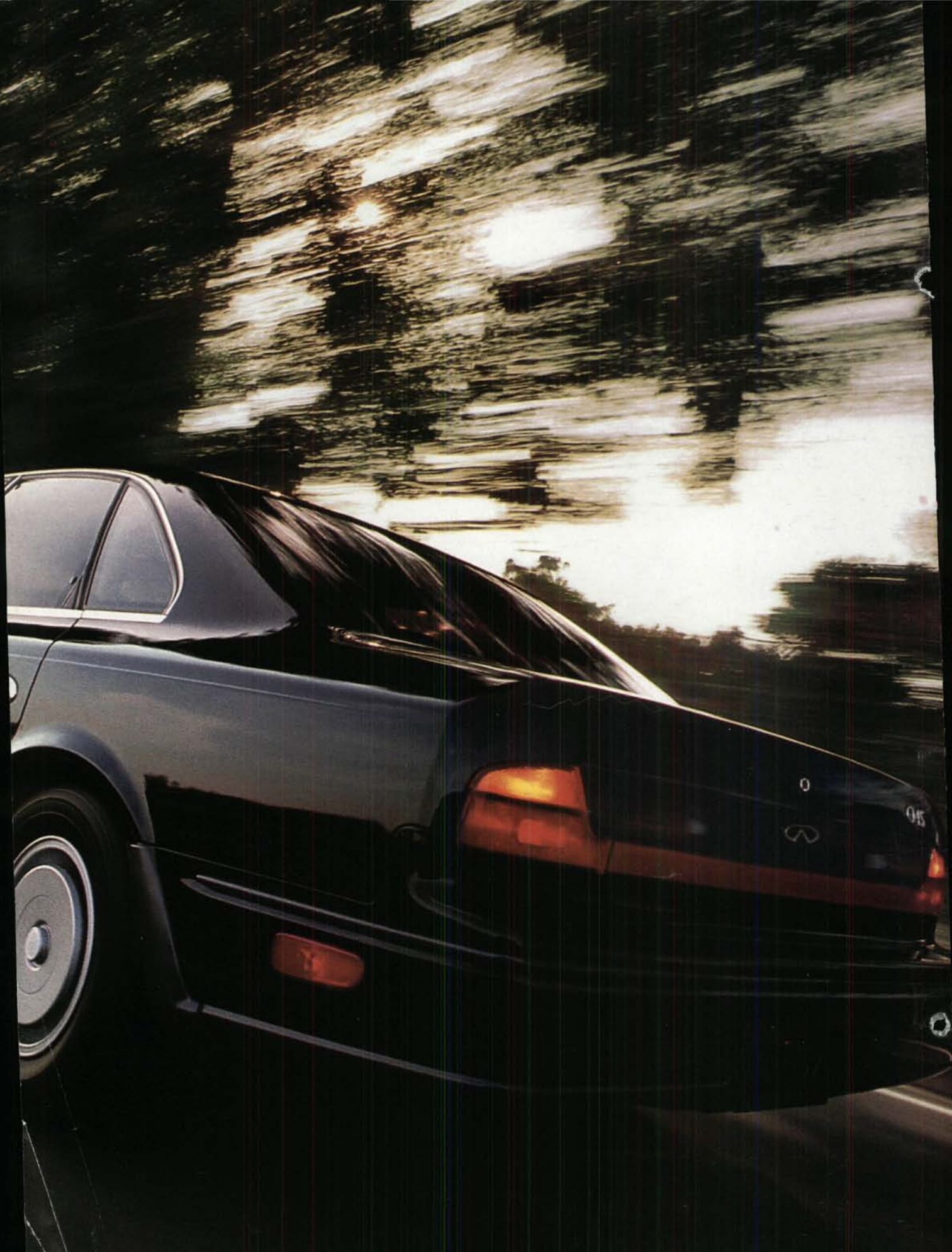
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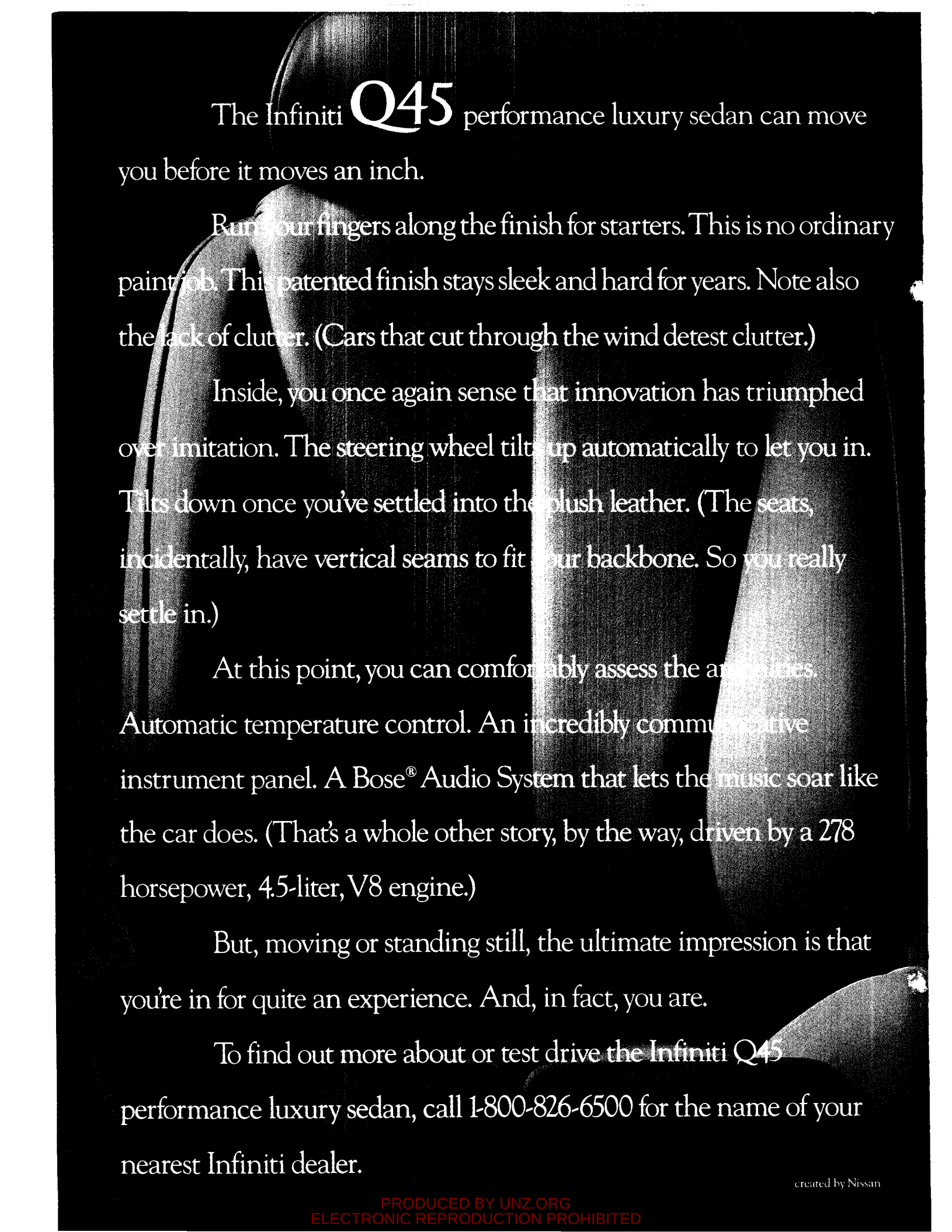


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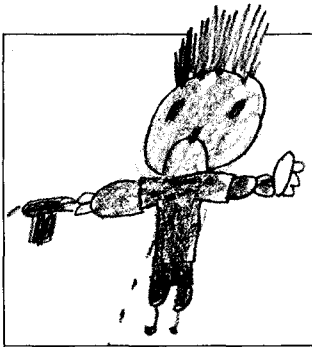
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745 BOY STREET

A CORRESPONDENT WROTE recently to complain that his letter to this magazine, objecting to an *Atlantic* article about Christianity and politics, had been reduced to an irritable shadow of its former self, and that the transformation had been achieved without the clarifying benefit of ellipses—an editorial device that, our correspondent insisted, would have spared him the embarrassment of appearing before the reading world a mere bugbear. We apologized for the misrepresentation, pointing out that editing for space is the rule rather than the exception, that we have space for only a few columns of letters each month, and that our efforts to acknowledge legitimate criticisms, along with the occasional hosannah, require us regularly to wrench sentences, or even paragraphs, out of letters easily worth contemplation in their fullness.

What we didn't say was that hundreds of letters to the editor pour into *The Atlantic* each month. We take objections seriously, provided that they are civilly and reasonably expressed, and print as many letters as possible as quickly as possible. We ask *Atlantic* authors to reply, particularly when they have been charged with fac-

tual mistakes. Where the facts aren't in dispute but their significance or implications are, letter writers are sometimes allowed the last word. Most *Atlantic* articles generate at least a handful of letters, and a few provoke a great many. In recent years articles having to do with religion, psychiatry, or health have reliably fattened the mailbags. But readers are as likely to write in about word derivations or fictional characters as about the pressing issues of the day.

Most letter writers type, but a few send us notes on motel stationery or the backs of brown paper bags. One letter bore the unmistakable paw print of its purported author, a border collie named Nop. Each letter when it arrives is tagged with a yellow label that reads "The Mail"; the labels were ordered by an employee at the dawn of time and have been used ever since. Letter writers who want to increase their

chances of landing in our Letters column should type, make their points in a paragraph or two, avoid slander or sarcasm, and be sure they've read carefully the texts with which they wish to take issue.

And when we publish your letter, don't look for ellipses. They clutter the page.

—THE EDITORS



The Letters column's signature art, 1942

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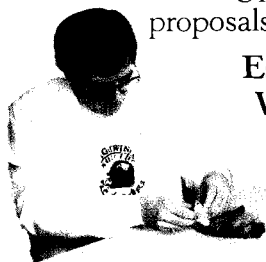
KARL ZINSMEISTER ("Growing Up Scared") is a writer and consultant on social-demographic issues who lives in Washington, D.C. He is also an adjunct scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. Zinsmeister is working on a book tentatively titled *The Childproof Society: Are Americans Losing Interest in the Next Generation?*

The June Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, for the U.S. Naval Observatory; Vance Grant, of the National Center for Education Statistics; and Arthur Rose, of Pennsylvania State University.

THE 1990 ROLEX AWARDS FOR ENTERPRISE

The Rolex Awards for Enterprise were founded in 1976 to recognize the achievements of individuals whose ventures are aimed at improving our world. The awards were granted in the fields of Applied Science and Invention; Exploration and Discovery; and the Environment. For their unswerving dedication to a cause and contribution toward the common good, the five 1990 laureates each received 50,000 Swiss francs and an inscribed Rolex Chronometer. The awards, presented for the sixth time, are designed to help bring to fruition the projects of these worthy individuals.

The Spirit of Enterprise, The 1990 Rolex Awards is an illustrated book outlining the winning projects and over 250 other proposals submitted for consideration.



Bandaging a hedgehog

Establishing Europe's First Wildlife Teaching Hospital

Englishman Les Stocker founded the Wildlife Hospital Trust to care for injured wild birds and animals.

He now wants to establish Europe's first teaching veterinary hospital to treat injured wildlife.

The First Indonesian Environmental Education Center

Dr. Suryo Prawiroatmodjo is completing construction of Indonesia's first environmental education center, dedicated to conserving threatened animal and plant species and increasing awareness of the country's ecological problems.

Lecturing at the environmental center



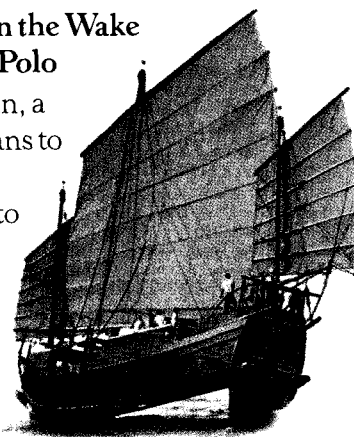
Tree nursery for planned reforestation

The Arco Iris Project: Saving the Pedra Talhada Forest in Brazil

Anita Studer of Switzerland founded the Arco Iris (Rainbow) project to reforest the largely decimated Pedra Talhada woodlands in Brazil by enlisting the support and labor of young people, officials and even former poachers.

Setting Sail in the Wake of Marco Polo

Dr. Wayne Moran, a British physician, plans to retrace Marco Polo's journey from China to Italy in a replica of a 13th-century junk. Moran will conduct studies at each port of call to compare Polo's era with today's.



The "Cocachin" under sail

Laser Restoration of the Qin Dynasty Army

Dr. John Asmus, an American research physicist, pioneered the use of lasers in art restoration. He will use the technology to preserve the colors on some of the 6,000 warriors of the Qin Dynasty terra-cotta army, unearthed in China.

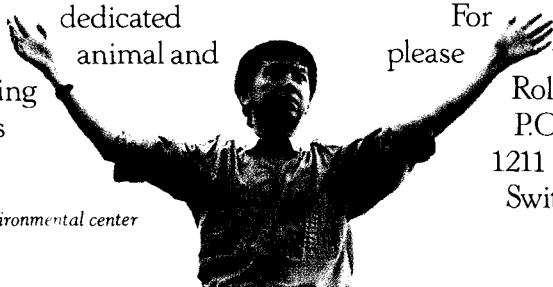


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



POLITICS OF DOGS

Mark Derr's attack on dog shows and the American Kennel Club ("The Politics of Dogs," March *Atlantic*) is factually unfounded and misleading to readers not familiar with dog breeding and the history of purebred dogs. While the article's deficiencies are too numerous to respond to in full here, we believe that some of the more glaring errors must be corrected.

Derr's principal criticism of the AKC is that it allegedly defines a dog's quality solely on the basis of appearance. He argues—without any scientific or other support—that this purported policy has led to unhealthy animals and “dogs capable only of conforming to human standards of beauty,” and that many dogs “can no longer perform their traditional tasks—herding, tracking, hunting—while more than a few cannot live outside a human-controlled environment.”

This is simply not true. First, the AKC does not define quality in a dog solely based on appearance, and more fundamentally, there is no evidence that dog shows have had any harmful effects on dogs. It is true that the vast majority of dogs today are kept and bred for companionship, not work, and that many people value purebred dogs for their personality and appearance. However, the AKC has not sought to abandon the working traits of dogs. In fact, through its field trials and other competitions, the AKC has attempted to encourage dogs to retain the traits for which they were originally bred.

For the past fifty years the AKC has licensed tens of thousands of tracking and obedience trials, hunting tests, and, more recently, institutionalized herding trials. Since 1884 it has also sponsored field trials, currently for beagles, basset hounds, pointing breeds, spaniels, retrievers, and dachshunds, among others. The AKC encourages breeders to show dogs in both field trials and dog shows, and dogs

that qualify as dual champions are numerous and highly valued.

Indeed, most purebreds are as adept today at their traditional tasks as they were fifty or 150 years ago, despite the changes in our society over the past two centuries, including, for example, that hunting and herding play a far more limited part in our economic life. Of course, some breeds inevitably have evolved as essentially companion dogs, since the functions for which they originally were bred have lost their social utility. For example, the fact that terriers are no longer used for flushing out rodents or that dalmatians are no longer used as coach companions certainly does not mean that these particular breeds should be allowed to become extinct.

Contrary to assertions made in the article, the AKC has not ruled out instituting even more herding and performance trials; these events are an extension of the AKC's already existing program of performance events. Moreover, there is no ideological battle between “traditionalists” and “reformers” at the AKC. Rather, the only limitations on the creation of additional performance events have been the extent of public interest and the existence of personnel and other resources necessary to organize such events.

Underlying Derr's article is an apparent belief that dogs are akin to wild animals and should be free to roam and breed as they will. To the contrary, dogs are, and always have been, domesticated animals. Their many distinct physical and temperamental traits have been throughout history the consequence of breeding by man. The various breeds of dogs, and their respective hunting, tracking, and herding abilities, are the result of human breeding programs and human training. Pointers would not point at game, retrievers would not retrieve, and shepherds would not herd if human beings did not need help in hunting and retrieving game and in herding sheep



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and cattle. Finally, there is no proof—scientific or otherwise—that thoughtful breeding practices (including line breeding) generate medical problems.

Derr also argues that the AKC has failed adequately to combat a host of other problems, including genetic defects allegedly resulting from improper dog breeding and breed-specific vicious-dog legislation. In fact the AKC has been in the forefront of both efforts, and would do even more but for legal and financial constraints.

In the area of genetic research, for example, the AKC provides some \$200,000 in funding annually to veterinary research on canine diseases. AKC funding has helped support a major computerized compilation of statistics relating to inheritable canine diseases at the University of Pennsylvania's veterinary school, an investigation into the gene responsible for copper toxicosis, and a major five-year study of various canine genetic disorders.

Similarly, the AKC's extensive opposition to breed-specific vicious-dog legislation is a matter of record. The AKC helped draft a model vicious-dog ordinance, contributed \$250,000 to the Canine Defense Fund, and either brought or intervened in lawsuits opposing breed-specific vicious-dog laws in New Mexico, New York City, and Florida. The AKC and its clubs have successfully acted nationwide, helping to pass 164 non-breed-specific vicious-dog laws, including statewide legislation in Minnesota, California, and New Jersey. The AKC also maintained a hotline (800-AKC-TELL) to provide advice to concerned dog owners. In short, the AKC has probably spent more in combating breed-specific laws than any other organization in the United States.

While the AKC has not eliminated genetic defects in dogs or put a halt to misguided breed-specific legislation, it has fought long and hard to do both and is a principal voice for the interests of purebred dogs and their owners regarding these issues.

Derr also asserts that the AKC has "failed to take a stand against the puppy mills and [unscrupulous] pet stores" because the AKC benefits from registering these dogs. He argues that the failure to regulate unscrupulous dog breeders and pet stores has led to inaccuracies in the AKC's registry. These statements lack attribution to any authority and are simply untrue.

The AKC is, and has been since its inception in 1884, a private not-for-profit corporation. As such, it is greatly limited, legally and financially, in its efforts to remedy social ills affecting dogs. Moreover, as a matter of law and tax accounting, the AKC can have no profit motive. In any event, the article is wrong in claiming that "by the most conservative estimate" dogs bred by "puppy mills" made up 20 percent of the dogs registered by the AKC in 1988: some 92 percent of the AKC's registry comes from breeders who register fewer than twenty litters annually.

The AKC is fundamentally opposed to all unscrupulous and unethical breeders and cooperates with all responsible regulatory animal-welfare agencies. The AKC, as a private organization, cannot police or regulate all commerce in dogs. Indeed, the article's criticism of the AKC's inaction in the areas of regulation of breeders and pet stores is plainly more appropriately directed to government agencies and certain humane societies that have the legal authority to police and regulate such commercial operations.

Significantly, in the past fifteen years, in enforcing its own identification and recordkeeping requirements, the AKC has canceled more dog and litter registrations and suspended and fined more breeders for violations than the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Humane Society combined.

Although the AKC relies in large part on the honesty of breeders in registering dogs to ensure the integrity of its registry, the AKC also takes every available step to keep its own registry accurate by promulgating rules and regulations, which require breeders to maintain adequate records for the dogs they breed and register with the AKC; maintaining a nationwide staff for investigating inadequate recordkeeping and fraudulent registrations, and inspecting many small and large breeders and retail pet stores; maintaining a computerized stud book, which, among other things, can help determine whether a breeding is chronologically possible; and sponsoring dog shows to encourage breeders of high-quality dogs.

We could also go on and describe the many good works that the AKC does, through over 3,000 clubs in the United States, community services, educational programs, Canine Good Citizen training (for purebreds and non-pure-

breeds), and support of animal rescue, dog therapy, and other activities.

Derr's article is a great disappointment and a wrongheaded attack on a fine organization. The AKC, however, within the constraints imposed by non-profit status and the law, will continue pursuant to its charter to do everything within its power to advance the interests and sport of purebred dogs and the people who love them.

LOUIS AUSLANDER
Chairman of the Board
The American Kennel Club
New York, N.Y.

Mark Derr replies:

Louis Auslander engages in creative misreading. My article, which is based on extensive interviews with scores of veterinarians, animal-rights advocates, and dog breeders—both inside and outside the AKC—clearly defines the principal issues confronting dogdom: overbreeding for appearance and profit, and the resultant decline in the overall quality of purebred dogs, including the proliferation of genetic defects. The solution to these problems, as I clearly state, is to produce sound dogs, prized for their looks and abilities, and responsible breeders are struggling to do that. The AKC's refusal to recognize these issues provides an unfortunate confirmation of the most severe charges by its critics.

As to Mr. Auslander's specific complaints: First, I nowhere state that the AKC defines quality in a dog *solely* on the basis of appearance or that dog shows are harmful to dogs. That dog shows are beauty contests and that the vast majority of show dogs are bred to conform to "human standards of beauty" are incontestable. Only in the show ring can an AKC-registered animal earn the title Champion. There is no requirement that the dog perform any function. For more on this I refer Mr. Auslander to Ken Marden, the president of the AKC, who is quoted as saying that their organization has emphasized form to the exclusion of function. When dogs like the bulldog and the Boston terrier can no longer whelp naturally because of grossly exaggerated heads, when many toy breeds are too miniature and fragile to live outside a controlled environment and when disabling characteristics are spreading through whole breeds and bringing costly wards to a public eager for pets,



it is fair to say that something is wrong with the breeding of dogs.

Second, I specifically state that some AKC breeders produce dogs that can point, retrieve, or herd as well as any ever have.

Third, the idea that I believe dogs "should be free to roam and breed as they will" is absurd, and to say that I state that "thoughtful" breeding generates problems is fanciful.

Regarding the AKC and genetic defects, \$200,000 represents one percent of the AKC's annual budget and is a slim fraction of the \$3 billion that Americans spend annually on veterinary care. While the AKC's sponsorship of a computer data bank of congenital conditions is worthy, most information on canine genetics results from research into human problems.

Concerning breed-specific vicious-dog legislation, without more facts I must assume that the model ordinance "the AKC helped draft" is the one it worked on with the Humane Society and then inexplicably abandoned before the final proposal was released to the public, a decade or so ago. The

AKC did join other organizations in filing a suit in New York, as I state. By then the problem was acute nationally. The point is that many in the dog community feel that the AKC has responded slowly and in a reactive fashion, when it should have taken the lead.

Regarding puppy mills, Mr. Auslander should note that I quote directly Robert Baker, of the Humane Society, who estimates that half the dogs in the AKC registry are there because of fraud. I also cite Alan Stern's denial of the charge. The authority for the conservative estimate that 20 percent of the dogs registered by the AKC in 1988 came from puppy mills is Mr. Stern. In any event, a "puppy mill" by definition produces anywhere from four to a hundred litters a year—not twenty or more a year, as Mr. Auslander implies.

Surely Mr. Auslander knows that neither the Department of Agriculture nor the Humane Society can cancel litter registrations, because they don't register dogs. He also must know that the AKC has steadfastly refused to make the names of its breeders available to investigators.

Editor's Note:

Space considerations prevent us from printing in this issue a sampling of the many letters sent to *The Atlantic* about Mark Derr's article, some of them sympathetic with Mr. Auslander's view, but others, including a number from dog breeders and owners, strongly supportive of Mr. Derr's charges. If possible we will publish a number of these letters next month.

GOOD MOVIES

Richard Schickel's review of *The Dame in the Kimono* ("The Church and the Movies," February *Atlantic*) makes a remarkable leap of logic and a classic *ex post ergo propter* argument. The reviewer blames the originators of the motion-picture Production Code, like my grandfather Martin Quigley, for "making the so-called sexual revolution ultimately more wrenching and more confusing than it needed to be." Poppycock! It is absurd to blame the Production Code for the decay in American morality, and any subse-



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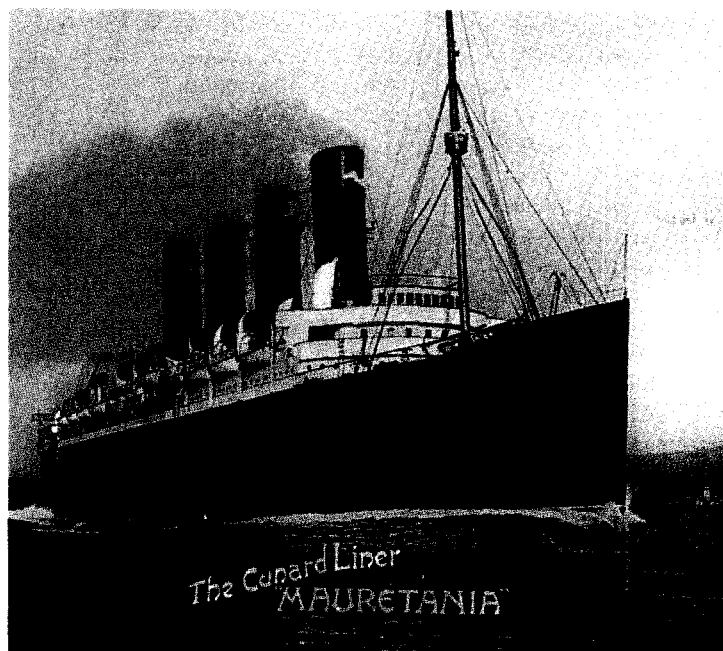
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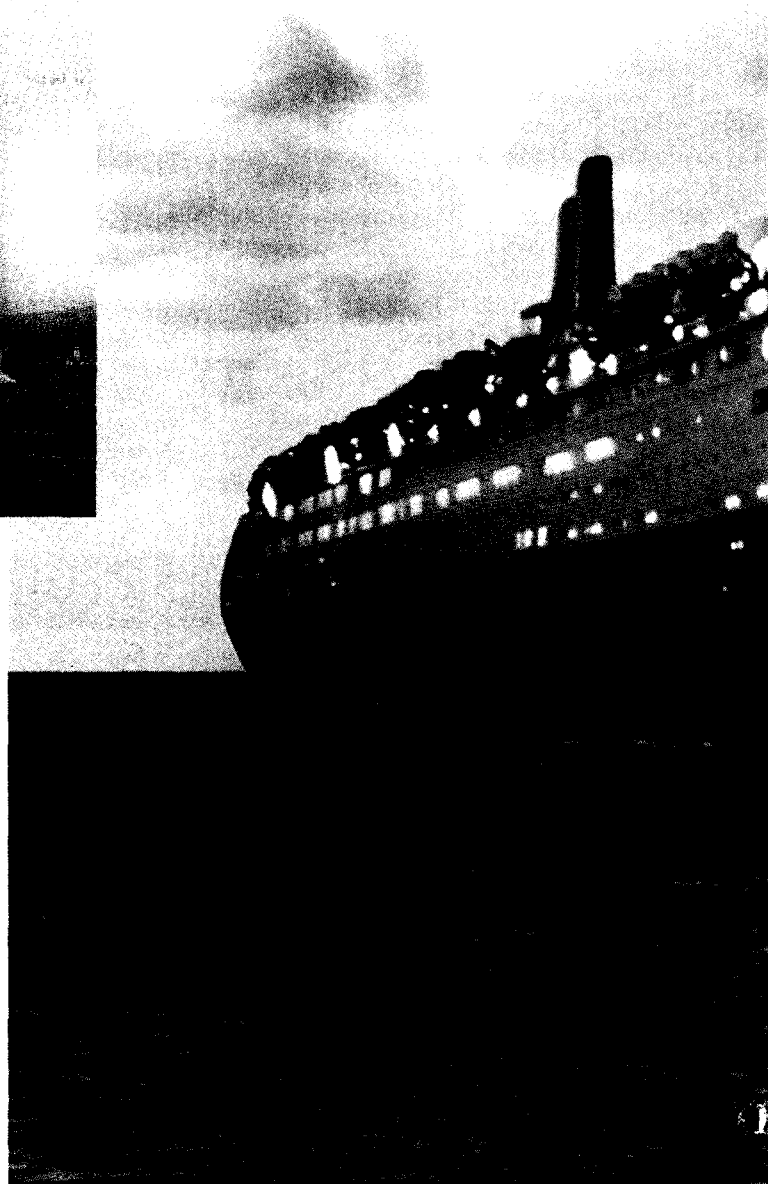
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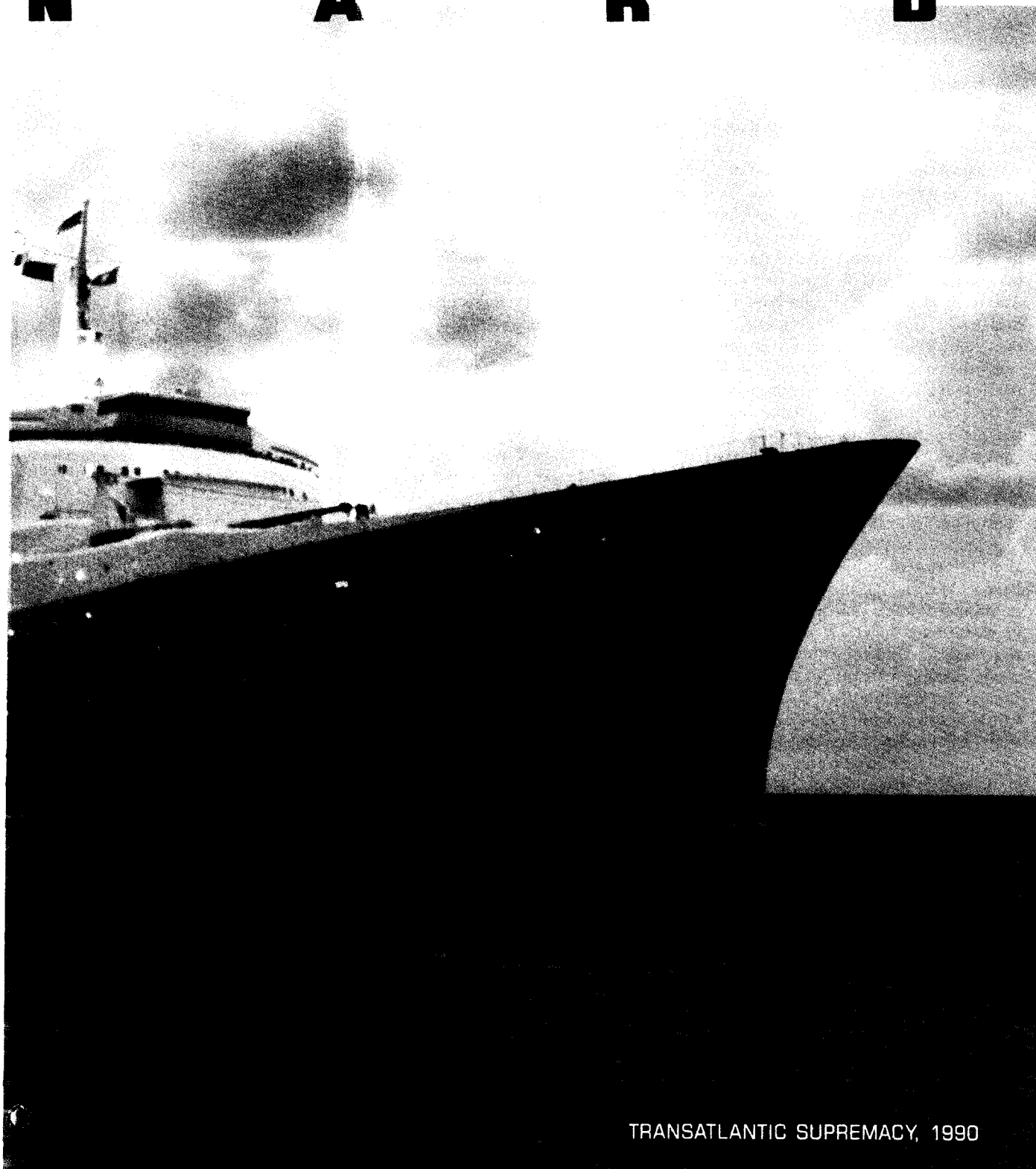


WE'RE NOT THE BEST BECAUSE WE'RE THE OLDEST.

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 • SAGA FJORD • VISTA FJORD

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N A R D



TRANSATLANTIC SUPREMACY, 1990

Registries: QE2-Great Britain; Sagafjord, Vistafjord-Bahamas; Sea Goddess I & II-Norway. © 1990 Cunard.

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WE'RE THE OLDEST BECAUSE WE'RE THE BEST.

• S E A G O D D E S S I • S E A G O D D E S S I I

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quent trauma experienced by Schickel's sexual revolutionaries.

Schickel gets so caught up in expressing outrage about the self-regulation of the American motion-picture industry (agreed to unanimously by the major studio heads) that he offers a totally unconvincing rationale for the production code. He suggests that Hays, Breen, and others were engaged in a crusade to impose their minority tastes and values on unsuspecting American moviegoers. In analyzing the origins of the Hays-Breen Office, Schickel would have done well to consider that a number of states had already moved to censor films and that there was a threat of censorship overseas, rather than merely declaring that "a few influentially placed Catholics of militantly puritanical tastes" sought "to operate a star chamber with . . . control over film content."

Schickel also seems unmindful that the "hilarious details" of the Hays-Breen Office which he finds so amusing from a 1990s sophisticate's point of view were not the result of an influential minority imposing their idiosyncratic tastes and values. This was a time when the august *New York Times* would not even print the word "prostitute." If the *Times* wouldn't use such "profanity" then, who were the victimized majority that Schickel champions?

KEVIN F. F. QUIGLEY
Arlington, Va.

Richard Schickel replies:

One of the problems in arguing censorship with the censorious is that their moral fervor prevents them from carefully attending the other fellow's argument. I devoted two lengthy paragraphs to the very point Kevin Quigley accuses me of not making—that others besides Catholics also attempted and urged screen censorship. The point he refuses to admit is that it was his Catholic grandfather who dreamed up the idea for the first truly effective system for censoring movies (the infamous Motion Picture Association "code"), a Jesuit priest who drafted it, a devoted Catholic layman who administered it, and a Catholic organization—The Legion of Decency—that supplied the muscle to enforce it through threat of boycott. Maybe this crowd did occasionally speak for non-Catholics, but I doubt that was one of their foremost goals. They sure as hell

(er, heck) did not speak for me or for millions of other Americans—among them, I know, many enlightened Catholics. Since he asks, I'll tell him: we were the majority victimized by the childish unreality imposed on the movies by the Breen office.

If Kevin Quigley, or anyone else, would like to view a chilling portrait of grandpa in action, let me direct him to Elia Kazan's *A Life*, in which Quigley can be seen insisting on dozens of cuts in the distinguished screen version of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Not long ago I noticed a word in your February Word Watch, being tracked by the editors of the *American Heritage Dictionary* for possible future inclusion. I also noticed that my name was not included as originator of the word, to my antipointment.

The word is *anticipointment*. It started in a holiday greeting card sent out by our advertising agency, Jacobs & Gerber, in 1978. The card read, "There's only one word that truly describes the warmth and spirit of the Holiday season . . . Anticipointment."

When the card was seen on a wall at WNAC-TV in Boston, in 1980, the word was quoted in *The Boston Globe* in an article describing the current condition of the station. The station, now WHDH-TV and still one of our clients, has much improved, to our delight.

Another client, Mick Mischler, the vice-president of advertising and promotion at CBS, quoted the word in an article that ended up in the *Los Angeles Times* recently and was noted in your Word Watch.

The word has apparently surfaced elsewhere in print, and I can only say I hope that what started out as a quirky, contracted, multi-syllabic word will become a commonly used word to describe what I am currently feeling. Hope this sets the records straight.

RAY JACOBS
Jacobs & Gerber, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

The March issue of *The Atlantic* incorrectly listed the title of Tom Levenson's recent book, *Ice Time: Climate, Science, and Life on Earth*. We regret the error.

—THE EDITORS

"The Designing of A Fragrance"

Fragrances! They exhilarate, excite and intrigue. (And, they date back to the very beginning of civilization itself.) Frankincense, myrrh, cassia and cinnamon are mentioned in the Bible; perfume was a part of ancient Chinese and Egyptian religious ceremonies; the Romans blended as many as 27 ingredients together to create a single scent.

Today, the designing of fragrances is infinitely more complex. While there are 13 essential fragrance families, there are hundreds of natural and synthetic elements available for developing an individual fragrance identity. The most important ones are those used for the base component and the fixative.

The base component is generally a natural oil which acts as a foundation: floral oils such as jasmine or rose, oils and essences derived from spices, citrus products, woods, grasses, leaves and moss. New synthetics offer modern woody elements as well as those that are not produced by nature, such as Lily of the Valley and Gardenia.

Fixatives "hold" the fragrance together and give it long lasting qualities. Some of the most widely used are ambergris which is produced by the Sperm Whale and civet from the Civet Cat.

Fragrances are now more popular than ever before with 800 currently on the market—over 500 for women alone. I recognized that creating and introducing a successful new fragrance for women in this crowded arena presented a challenge that paralleled designing clothing for women. Both must be original and memorable. Both must capture the very essence of what a woman is, intellectually, physically as well as emotionally.

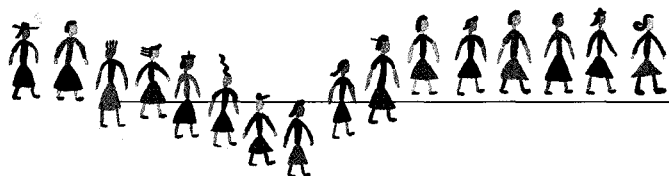
I spent over 18 months developing and testing more than 50 different scents on over 3,000 women before deciding on the one that would carry my name. "Cassini" is a blend of more than 250 elements, of which 15 define its actual personality and the distinctive signature that reflects my lifelong understanding of the feminine mystique. What I ultimately developed is a night fragrance, dressy rather than tweedy—the kind of scent that I consider indispensable to creating fantasies.

CASSINI



A love affair that never ends.

Olga Cassini



THE JUNE ALMANAC

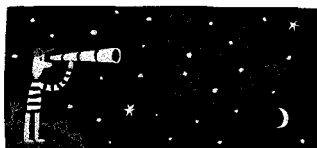


DEMOGRAPHICS

Before this month is out, three quarters of the roughly one million college students scheduled to graduate this year will have received their diplomas. The proportion of the new college graduates who completed college in a "normal" four-year period will probably be lower than it was last year; the proportion of such graduates is without question in decline. According to a study conducted by Oscar Porter, of the National Institute of Independent Colleges and Universities, fewer than half of graduating seniors today complete their degrees within four years. "The norm," Porter says, "may well now be five to five-and-a-half years." Among the reasons, according to Porter: the increasing cost of higher education relative to average household income, which places pressure on students and their families to spread out coursework over a longer period. Another reason: some students are taking fewer courses each semester in order to improve their grades in the courses they do take.

THE SKIES

June 8, Full Moon, also known this month as the Honey Moon. 21, the Summer Solstice; the Sun starts its journey south. 22, New Moon. Antares, a bright and distinctly red star, will be visible throughout the month, low in the southeastern sky. Uranus and Neptune will be visible (through binoculars) above the teapot-shaped constellation Sagittarius.



ENVIRONMENT

The advent of summer may not mean the lessening of any hazards posed by naturally occurring radon gas, as once was thought. In the wake of the Environmental Protection Agency's 1988 announcement that radon in many homes might represent a substantial cancer risk, many news sources, including this one (February, 1989), reported that the risk was probably greatest in midwinter, when houses are sealed against the cold. Continuing scientific investigation has shown that the picture is more complicated. A study in Pennsylvania has found that radon levels in the soil may be as much as ten times as high in summer as they are in winter; other studies have found higher summertime concentrations inside some houses than wintertime ones. Scientists also point out that, especially in the South, houses are as likely to be closed up (for air-conditioning) in the summer as in the winter.



ARTS & LETTERS

June 2-5, the American Booksellers Association holds its annual convention and trade exhibit, in Las Vegas. 3, the presentation of the 43rd annual Tony awards. 8-9, up to 75 of the world's 3,500 professional Elvis Presley impersonators will converge on Rosemont, Illinois, for the first annual E.P. Impersonators Convention; a crowd of some 15,000 is expected to watch them perform. How much does it cost to dress like The King? According to one maker of "authentic" Elvis wear, replicas of jumpsuits start at \$1,000 and the price can run as high as \$6,500 for outfits sporting Australian rhinestones and intricate embroidery.

GOVERNMENT

June 1, a "potty parity" law goes into effect in New York State; as of this day all new theaters, restaurants, bars, and other public facilities must provide women's restrooms with as many stalls as there are stalls and urinals in the men's restrooms. The object, of course, is to reduce or eliminate the long lines that often form outside women's restrooms. In 1987 California became the first state to pass this kind of legislation, and other states are following suit. Last year in Virginia a plumbing-code revision increased the required number of fixtures in women's restrooms to twice that in men's restrooms in all new buildings of public assembly except restaurants and nightclubs. This ratio reflects data showing that women spend an average of 80 seconds in the restroom, twice as much time as men. (This does not include time spent at the sink or mirror.) 5, Congress reconvenes after the Memorial Day recess; primaries to be held in Alabama, California, Iowa, Mississippi, Montana, New Jersey, New Mexico, South Carolina, and South Dakota. 12, primaries in Maine, North Dakota, and Virginia.

Q & A

Last December a "leap second" was added to the world's official clocks. Why?

The average day is gradually lengthening, owing to the sloshing of water on the earth's surface, which, brake-like, slows the planet's rotation by



some two to five milliseconds a century. There are other factors that can cause variations in the duration of a day; these, happily, are temporary, and require no resetting of the clock. Redistributions of mass within the earth may increase or decrease its rotational speed for five- to ten-year periods; about 57 seconds have been lost in this manner since 1900. Even the weather can play a role in the length of our days. Exceptionally strong east-west (that is, counter-rotational) winds slowed the earth's rotation by half a millisecond over a ten-day period last January, the biggest such slowdown since 1984.



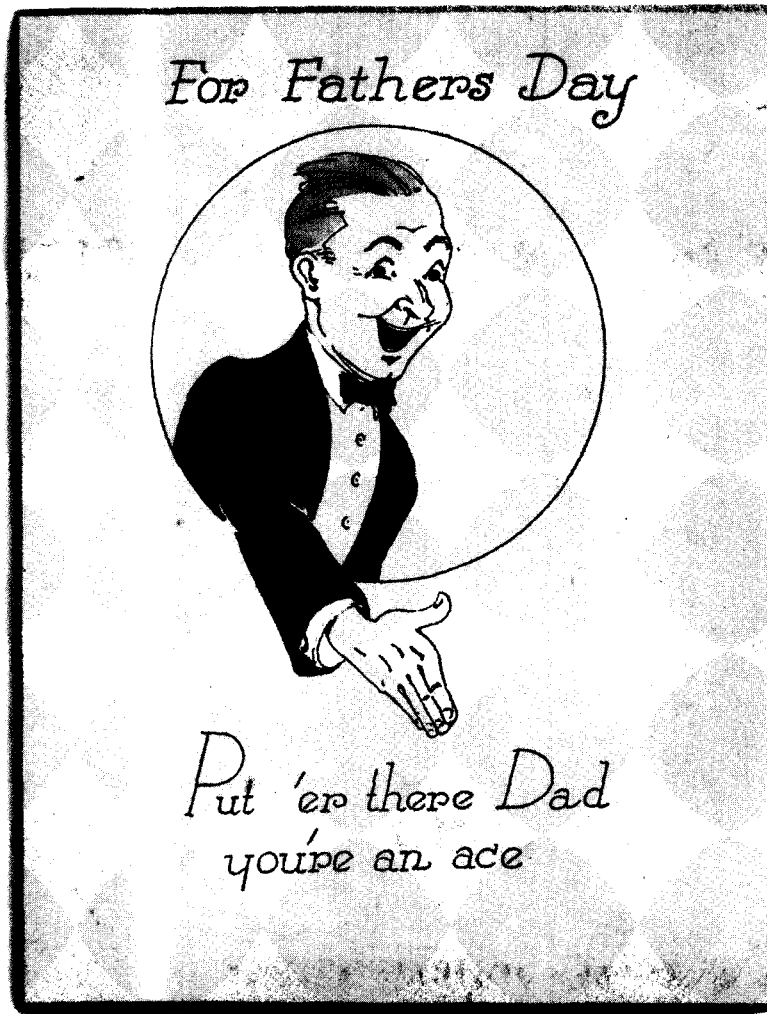
EXPIRING PATENT

No. 3,739,500. Exercise shoe. "A flexible pillar sole member is provided for attachment to the front portion of a shoe thereby causing the wearer to stand, walk and run without touching his heels to the ground."

100 YEARS AGO

Hannis Taylor, writing in the June, 1890, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Those who have carefully observed the procedure of our national House of Representatives during the last twenty years can hardly differ as to the fact that it is yearly becoming more and more unequal to the task of discharging the vast and intricate duties which are cast upon it. . . . The conviction is every day deepening that the overshadowing questions touching taxation, finance, the public defense, and the like enter its portals only to perish in a despairing struggle with the elements of political obstruction, which even their urgency has no power to overcome."

Father's Day past.



Greeting card, 1926. Used with permission.

Father's Day present.



Visit your local retailer, or call 1-800-238-4373 to send a gift of Chivas anywhere in the U.S. Void where prohibited.

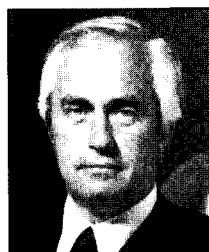
WHAT ARE YOU SAVING
THE CHIVAS FOR?

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THEY'RE OVERWORKED.

WHEN THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION INSPECTED MOTOR VEHICLES AROUND THE COUNTRY, IT FOUND THAT 41 PERCENT HAD WORN, UNEVEN, BALD, OR UNDERPRESSURIZED TIRES. IN FACT, TIRES TURNED OUT TO BE THE NUMBER ONE MAINTENANCE PROBLEM AMONG THE ALMOST 5,000 VEHICLES INSPECTED. THE CONTACT PATCH LOSES TRACTION, OR ROAD-HUGGING ABILITY, WHEN IT'S OVERWORKED.

YOU'VE GOT TO YOU



"The 'contact patch' of a tire—the portion that touches the road—isn't much larger than the palm of a hand. Look at the palms you see on these pages. A small amount of rubber like that has to

THEY HAVE A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

DRIVERS IN THE INDIANAPOLIS 500 ASSURE THEMSELVES OF SUPERIOR TRACTION BY CHANGING TIRES EVERY 50 LAPS. EVERYDAY DRIVERS DEMAND BETTER TREAD WEAR THAN THAT, OF COURSE. UNFORTUNATELY, TREADS MADE OF IRON, OR THAT WEAR LITERALLY LIKE IRON, WOULDN'T GIVE GOOD TRACTION. AND TREADS THAT OFFER GOOD TRACTION WON'T LAST FOREVER. FORMULATING THE IDEAL CONTACT PATCH FOR ANY CAR INVOLVES THIS TRADE-OFF.

THEY'RE ALL THINGS TO ALL PEOPLE.

NOT ALL CARS PERFORM ALIKE,
NOR DO PEOPLE USE THEIR CARS ALIKE.
A HIGH-PERFORMANCE CAR NEEDS DIFFER-
ENT TIRES FROM A STATION WAGON. SO YOU
SHOULD CAREFULLY MATCH WHAT YOU DRIVE
WITH HOW AND WHERE YOU DRIVE. IT'S EASY
TO SAVE MONEY ON TIRES, BUT MAKE
SURE IT'S NOT A FALSE ECONOMY.

TO HAND IT TIRES.

Keep a good grip on the road no matter what:
when you're moving fast, turning a corner, brak-
ing hard, in the rain."

— Roger Penske, *trustee and former chairman
of the Automotive Safety Foundation, business-
man, and Indy Car team owner*

THEY DO A LOT WITH A LITTLE.

YOUR TIRES, IN SHORT, WORK HARD
FOR YOU. THEY'RE IMPORTANT TO YOUR
SAFETY, AND THE DIFFERENCES AMONG THEM
ARE IMPORTANT. YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A
TIRE EXPERT TO KNOW THAT. TO GET THE FULL
BENEFIT OF THIS KNOWLEDGE, THOUGH, YOU
MAY WISH TO CONSULT A TIRE EXPERT.
FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE GOODYEAR
AUTHORIZED DEALER NEAREST YOU,
CALL 1-800-CAR-1999.

GOODYEAR



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The Goodyear Eagle GA. Audi's choice for the flagship of their line.

The Audi V8 Quattro is a car so complete that it offers only one option: Pearlwhite clearcoat metallic paint.

Everything else is standard. Including full-time all-wheel drive. A 32-valve V8 engine. An anti-lock braking system. Free scheduled maintenance for 3 years/50,000 miles. A cellular phone.

And Goodyear Eagle GA Touring Radials.

The Eagle GA Touring Radial was designed for cars like the Audi V8 Quattro. Cars that perform, but not at the expense of comfort.

In fact, the Goodyear Eagle GA Touring Radial is a tire where luxury meets performance. And both win.

The Audi V8 Quattro is not the

only car on which the Goodyear Eagle GA Touring Radial can be found.

It is fitted, as original equipment, to eight other cars. And it is available to fit many different makes.

You can obtain details of the availability of Eagle GA Touring Radials from your local Goodyear retailer. (Call 1-800-CAR-1999 to find the Goodyear retailer nearest you.)

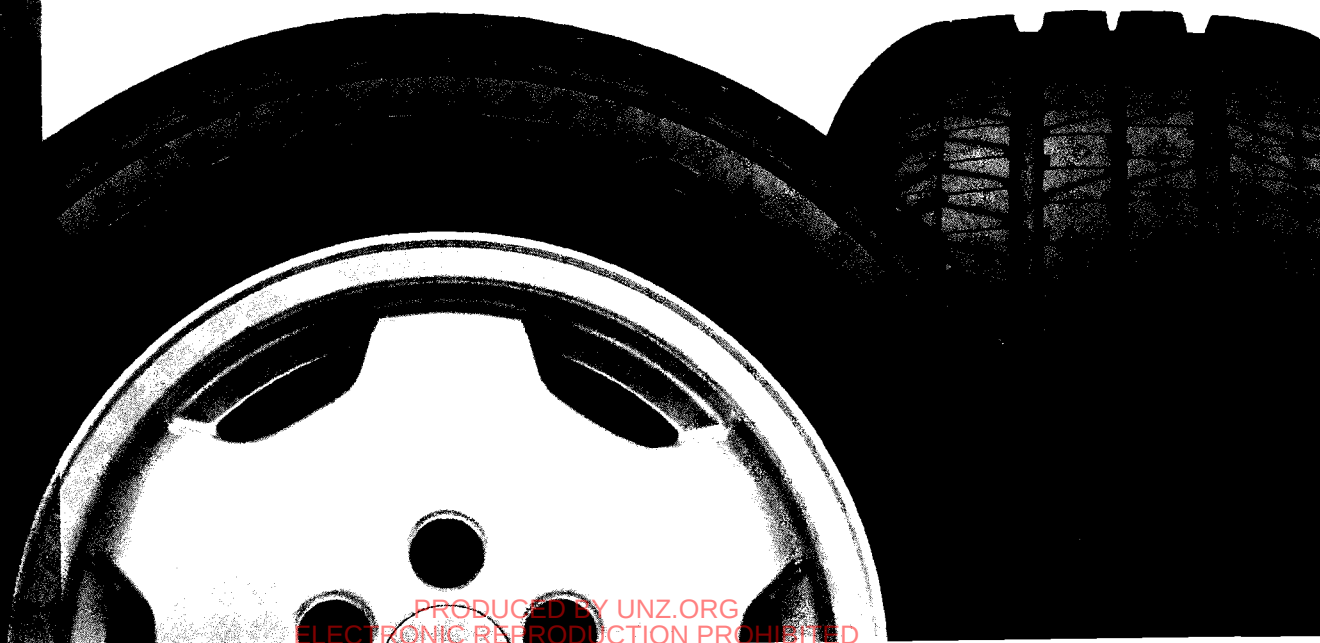
As you'll discover, every Goodyear Eagle GA Touring Radial is speed-rated. It is available in all-season, mud and snow versions.

And it offers an astonishingly quiet, smooth ride.

All in all, it is quite a tire. Just like the cars it was designed for.

GOODYEAR

The best tires in the world have Goodyear written all over them.



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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

New Findings

Hold on to your hat

ONE MORNING recently I opened up a great metropolitan newspaper to the science pages and read an article about a study whose conclusions hit me right between the eyes. "The flip-pant lines that some men use to impress women," the account of the new research began, "may actually ruin their chances of landing a date." For this study a psychologist at the University of Louisville, in Kentucky, asked local Lotharios to approach unattached women in bars and deploy a clever or flippant conversational opener, such as "Bet I can outdrink you." He found that a positive response was elicited only about 20 percent of the time. Four out of five women "turned away or asked the men to leave."

Talk about upsetting the conventional wisdom. From the same newspaper on another day: "While gifts can be simple tokens of affection and caring, they can also offer telling clues to the relationship of giver and receiver, social scientists say." And on another day: "Therapists find that when people spend time on themselves they reduce stress, increase their creativity and feel less resentful of the demands others place on them." And yet another: "New studies show that confronting people with the fact that they will die makes them cling tenaciously to their deepest moral values." And an-

other: "Imbalances of power in a relationship can intensify jealousy, therapists say."

There are those who find fault with sociology, psychology, and other social sciences for too often merely discerning the obvious or confirming the commonplace. That the social sciences do this with some frequency is hard to dispute. A recent survey (by me) of recent social-science findings, the results of which are being reported here for the first time, turned up no ideas or conclusions that can't be found in Bartlett's or any other encyclopedia of quotations. The findings cited above, for example, had all been widely anticipated, by centuries and sometimes millennia. "When you look at the gift, look also at the giver"—Seneca. "The

nurse of full-grown souls is solitude"—James Russell Lowell. "When a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully"—Samuel Johnson. "Envy always implies conscious inferiority wherever it resides"—Pliny the Elder.

No, originality is not the strong suit of the social sciences. But is that fact really cause for censure? Or is it, rather, the very glory of the enterprise? Perhaps alone among the disciplines at universities, the social sciences turn up reassuring evidence that life is often just the way it seems. Day after day social scientists go out into the world. Day after day they discover that people's behavior is pretty much what you'd expect. All mature adults possess a mental template of social reality; social science tells most of us that the template is accurate and working fine. This is an enormous comfort.

Most other kinds of research are not comforting at all. Astrophysics, for example, is focused on a domain so inhuman in scale that reports of new findings all lead to one conclusion: our planet is lucky to have been created, lucky to have escaped destruction, and laughably irrelevant. Quantum mechanics? The scale here, too, is incomprehensible, and the message—that our notion of a classic, deterministic world is childish—is unnerving but apparently true. Reports from more comprehensible fields are no more reassuring. Earth science? A recent article in the British journal *New Scientist* indicates that a major and hitherto unsuspected cause of atmospheric warming is the methane produced by cattle, whose numbers have doubled during the past four decades. Medicine? One never has to look far for disturbing news. A recent item in *The New England Journal of Medicine* reports the out-



©.

What makes a child seat safe is how an adult uses it.

Make sure the harness
isn't fastened too loosely.

Make sure the harness
is fastened over
the child's shoulders.

Make sure you have a
seat appropriate to the
weight of the child.

Make sure the car's
safety belt is routed
through the seat correctly.
In this case, it goes through
the back of the seat.

Make sure the seat faces
in the proper direction.

Make sure your seat has
labels certifying that it
meets federal safety standards.

One-third of all child seats aren't used correctly. It's one reason traffic accidents are the leading cause of death in children. To change that, double check your child's seat. Read all instructions and follow them carefully.

Allstate championed child seats long before they became law in all fifty states. Through our "Buckle Up Baby" program, we offer infant seats to employees when their children are born. That's because a child seat improves a kid's chance of surviving an accident by 70% if used correctly.

For a free booklet by the American Academy of Pediatrics and a discount coupon from Sears on child seats, write to: Allstate, Dept. 500, P.O. Box 7600, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056-9961.

As adults, it's our job to make sure child seats are used right all the time.

A member of the
Sears Financial Network

Allstate
You're in good hands.

break of a kind of herpes known as *herpes gladiatorum*, which has spread through skin-to-skin contact among college wrestlers wearing a new, abrasive kind of cotton-and-polyester practice shirt. History? A day doesn't go by when illusions are not destroyed about some beloved man or woman, or some event or achievement of which humanity was proud.

So I accept the banality of much so-

cial science, embrace its results, and look forward to headlines like: "Hard work pays off more often than laziness, researchers contend." "Love a key variable in marriage, therapists believe." "Maverick theorist links immorality, guilt." Above the level of an atom and below that of a universe, it is heartening to learn, some rules still hold.

—Cullen Murphy

JEFFREY SCALES



The West Village Quartet plays in a Manhattan subway station

NEW YORK CITY

Subway Orpheus

The unpredictable pleasures of a busker's life

FOUR P.M. ON A muggy Tuesday. We—the 9th Street Stompers—set up outside the turnstile at the 23rd Street station on the Lexington Avenue line. I plug in my guitar. Damn! A high-pitched whine leaks from my amp; it must be something in the subway's electrical system. Oh, well. I turn down the treble and ignore the problem. Dave Lewis blows a solemn E-flat on his tuba, I strum the major chord. We're in tune. Ed Fennell finishes oiling his trumpet valves and

slips the plastic bottle of oil back into his case.

"What's the first call?" Ed asks Martha Sanders, who is fitting her bass drum onto its three-legged stand.

"Blue Skies," she says. "One, two, one, two, three, four," and we're off.

Blue skies? Our sky is the grimy ceiling of a Manhattan subway station, and we're busking for whatever the sweaty commuters rushing past toss into our cardboard box. In this hole in the ground what right have we to Irving Berlin's sunshiny optimism? Are we nuts? No, we're musicians.

YOU COULD CALL music in the subway an oxymoron. Many riders sensibly wear earplugs to block out the shattering clash of steel on steel, which, echoed and amplified by porcelain walls, can drown out conversation and even obliterate thought. Yet the subway's rocketing rhythms drive Billy Strayhorn's immortal jazz tune

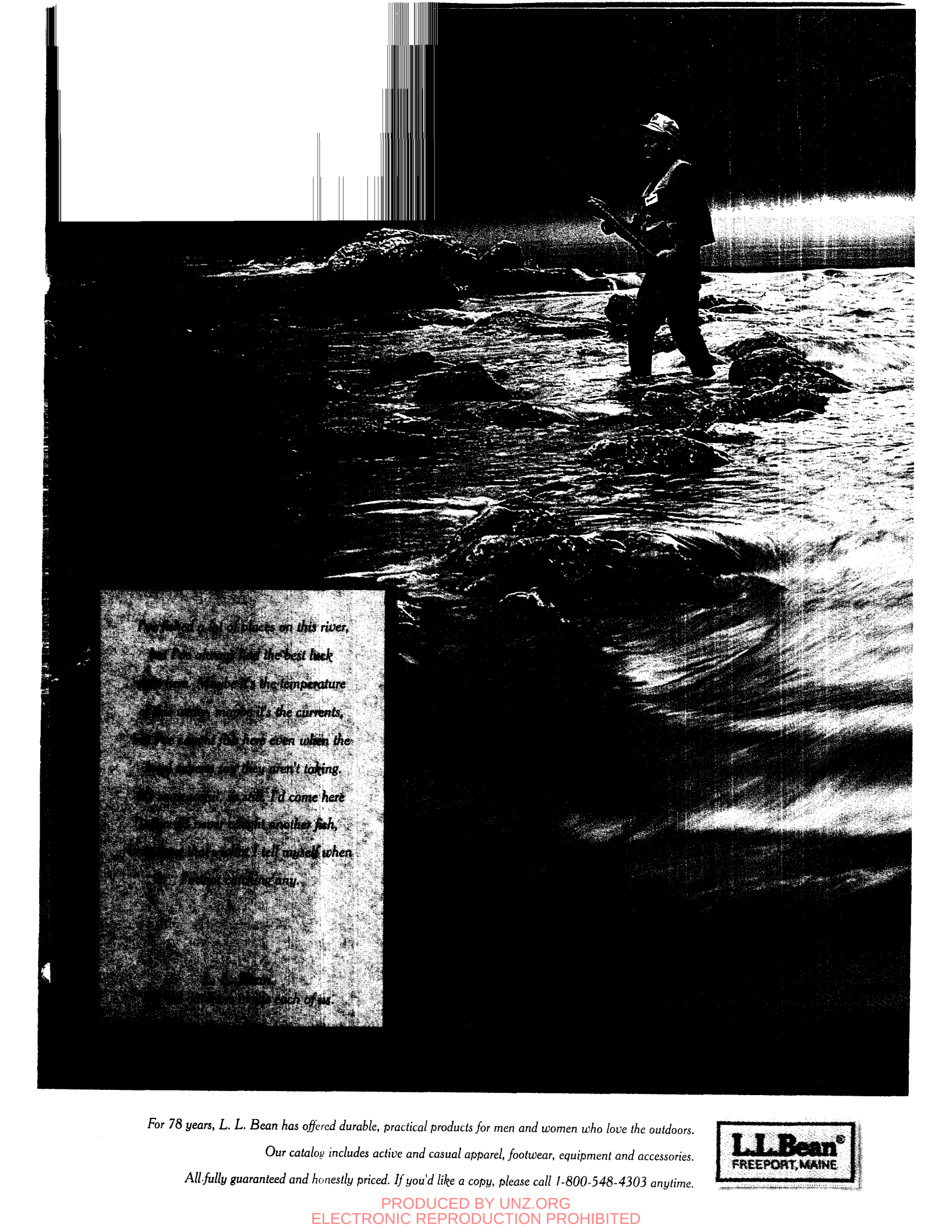
"Take the A Train," and even two-day tourists long remember the underground din, along with honking cabs and chattering pneumatic drills, as brass *fortissimi* in the city's grand unfinished symphony.

Live music in the subway has a sporadic past. As long ago as 1871 musicians played a grand piano that stood in the waiting room of New York's first subway, the short-lived Beach Pneumatic Underground Railway. More recently, says Glenn Smith, of the Electric Railroaders Association, a group of subway enthusiasts, "since the folk-music days of the sixties, there's always been somebody down there, even if it was one old guy with a violin. Nothing like today, though."

Subway music is at a historic high, at least in New York. The most important reason for its rise is that in the past five years the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, led by Robert R. Kiley, has switched from fighting the musicians to supporting them. "I could tell that subway music really pleased people, and gave musicians new opportunities," says Kiley, who became the MTA chairman in 1983. "Of all the things I've done here, starting the music has been the most personally enjoyable." With Kiley's encouragement a pilot program began in 1985, and in 1987 it became, with the help of a \$75,000 grant from General Electric, the current Music Under New York program, which auditions musicians and assigns them spots and times to play without fear of being hassled by the transit police.

Another reason that subway music has grown is the Mouse amplifier, introduced in 1978 by Lectrosanics, a company in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mouse amps make electric music truly portable: they're light and tough, and their rechargeable batteries last a year or more. The Mouse sound is a bit dry and can distort at high volume, though these problems can be overcome with special-effects pedals or by linking two amps. New York City is Lectrosanics' biggest Mouse market: more than 16,000 have been sold here since it was introduced.

Before the MUNY program we Stompers had long been ducking into the subway when nasty weather drove us from our usual sidewalk stages. I remember one spring of rainy but lucrative Saturdays on the platform at 34th



*I've fished a lot of places on this river,
but I've always had the best luck
in this spot. Maybe it's the temperature
of the water, maybe it's the currents,
but I've caught fish here even when the
other anglers say they aren't taking.
So successful, in fact, I'd come here
if I'd never caught another fish,
because that's what I tell myself when
I'm not catching any.*

L.L. Bean

and his friends made each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors.

Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories.

All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call 1-800-548-4303 anytime.



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Street when the circus was at Madison Square Garden. The only problem was that the spots we wanted were often taken: the harmonica wizard William Galison or one of the proliferating Peruvian groups would be there before us. Becoming a MUNY group changed our status. We received T-shirts, a banner, and a blue-and-white permit that gave us official precedence. Soon we were staying underground even in good weather.

There have been some noise/volume complaints from station masters and transit officials. For everyone's sake, try and tone down amps and brass instruments. . . . Thanks!
—from a MUNY newsletter

THREE CAPABLE people run MUNY: the program manager, Gabrielle Shubert, of the MTA's Arts for Transit office, and Michael Leavitt and Gina Higginbotham, of MPL Productions, consultants who take care of daily details. All are former musicians. Before earning a master's degree in government at New York University, Shubert busked with the Linden Woodwind Quintet, now a MUNY group. All three respond sympathetically to our comments on which stations work and which are duds.

MUNY's only rules are common-sense ones to avoid danger and obstruction. Its system is simple for us and other groups to follow: we call in every other Friday, giving our availability and the spots we prefer. Higginbotham then makes assignments, pleasing as many groups as she can, and mails out permits. If a group gets a better gig and cancels, that's okay—if the group phones in. "It's your only failing," Higginbotham says. "Even when we've arranged TV coverage, you forget to phone in!"

MUNY holds open auditions every December, and accepts nearly all comers. It now rotates more than seventy-five groups and solo artists around twenty-five locations. "We're always scouting out new spots," Leavitt says. "A hot new one is the Citicorp Station, at Fifty-third and Lexington." Shubert says, "We also keep reaching out to get a wider variety of musicians, because such a wide variety of people ride the trains." The current roster includes folk, rock, blues, jazz, classical, tango, Afro-Cuban, and Latin groups, and al-

so the Cajun cellist Sean Grissom, the spoons player Joseph "Mr. Spoons" Jones, and Bob Grawi, who plays the Gravichord, an electric stringed instrument of his own invention.

"We must be doing something right," Shubert says. "MTA marketing research reports a seventy percent positive response to the music."

THE DOWNTOWN platform on the Broadway line at Columbus Circle. For a few blessed moments no train has gone by, and in the quiet a small crowd has gathered. It's my call, so I decide to try one of my original songs.

"*La vie, it's a comedy*," I sing, the Stompers backing me up. "*You have to laugh, ha ha, at all the funny things that happen every day.*" As if on cue, uptown and downtown express trains roar by, and I mouth the second stanza into an impenetrable wall of noise. Listeners who had caught my first lines chuckle at my predicament. Very funny!

REINALDO (he prefers that his real name not be used), a singer-guitarist from the Dominican Republic, is one of many subway musicians not in MUNY because they prefer to play when and where they please. The MTA tolerates these troubadours uneasily. Last fall it issued new regulations that banned amplified music on the station platforms beside and between the tracks—the spots officially approved by MUNY are in the corridors and on the mezzanines. Arguing that the platforms are so noisy that a ban on amps is a virtual ban on music, Reinaldo and other independent subway musicians took the MTA to court and within two months had the law preliminarily blocked (at this writing the appeal is pending).

Reinaldo came to New York thirteen years ago, at age thirteen, attended SUNY-Oneonta, and has been playing the subways for six years. His voice, a light, expressive tenor, goes through a microphone clamped to his green electric guitar. He also plays a harmonica in a holder and stops and starts a drum machine with a foot pedal. "I do originals, but mostly Spanish pop," he says. "I add any new songs that top the charts. For my audience, I have to." Beside him stands a large yellow sign that announces that Reinaldo will gladly sing at "*Celebraciones, Como Solista o*

con Acompañante, Todo a Precios Considerables." A small white sign urges passersby to "*Tome una Tarjeta*"—take a card.

One recent afternoon at the 34th Street BMT station people listened and gave money but no one took cards, and Reinaldo was discouraged. "Too many people confuse music and noise," he said with a tired grin. "I'm doing okay, but it could be better, could be better."

SUBWAY MUSICIANS are a hardy breed, made comrades by the obstacles we face together. We may look bohemian, but inside each of us is an ambitious artist-entrepreneur. The business cards we proffer are tokens of our long-range strategies for success.

We play the subway for three reasons: music, money, and audience.

Music: Musicians love to play. Before Ed and Martha show up, Dave Lewis and I often play as a duo. For the first ten minutes we chat over the day's disasters—checks "in the mail," misplaced house keys, broken escalators. Then we start to play "Ain't Misbehavin'," and soon all that matters is the touch on this particular string, finding just the right crescendo as we enter the bridge. As we end, Dave leans to me and says, with an ineffable smile, "Music cures everything!"

Also, the low attention level of commuters makes the subway a perfect halfway house between practice room and stage. We often rehearse in public, and the few riders who notice encourage our efforts at self-improvement. I studied jazz guitar on my own before joining the Stompers, but my real apprenticeship has been three years of four-hour subway jam sessions—learning to fly by being free to stumble.

Money: A diligent busker can average \$20 plus a day, subsistence for a single person paying low rent. Set up and play, and within a few minutes something will fall into the pot. The diligent busker is also selling cassettes—the Brazilian guitarist Caleb Arruda, for instance, has sold 4,000—and getting, as we Stompers do, a flow of wedding and party gigs. Sometimes people tell us, "You're too good to be playing in the subway." They don't know that by nightfall we may be in tuxedos, playing high above Park Avenue.

Plus, as I put it, "Little money protects big." Unprotected, \$150 from an

aboveground gig gets eaten up by groceries and guitar strings. A steady cash flow of subway singles and loose change, however, frees chunk earnings to cover chunk expenses like the dentist and the phone bill.

Audience: On this subject all subway musicians become lyrical. "These are real people," says Roy Campbell, a trumpeter. "No veils, no cover-up. If they say they like you, you *know* you're doing something right." "The listeners are so sociable," says Debbie Spitz, a flutist. "They stop, they talk—I love it." "And those smiles when they hear a song they know," says Ron Wolfe, a pianist. "People tell me, 'You made my day.' I tell them, 'You make my day every day!'"

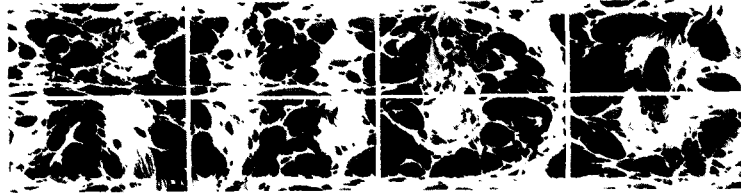
Playing for polyglot New York—humanity met at random one by one—is a continuing artistic challenge. Faces pop out of the stream—an old black woman, a Chinese businessman, three giggling Spanish girls. What can I do to reach them? How to connect in the moment before they are gone? Ed Fennell, our trumpeter, offers a formula: "Play the best you can on every note; people respond to beauty."

We have occasional problems with drunks, rowdies, and prowling thieves, but the blues singer Ted Williams speaks for us all: "Subway audiences are wonderful. Things may be hell for them at home, and the job they're going to may be worse. I try to put them at ease, let them breathe a minute. See, I play to make everybody feel the way I do when I play. When you listen to me, you're listening to somebody you already know."

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, just as the city begins to slow down for the weekend. In a busy Grand Central hallway, between a newsstand and a Dunkin' Donuts, the West Village Quartet sets up to play. The violist Kenneth Edwards stubs out his cigarette; the violinists Carlos Baptiste and David Burnett exchange glances and nod. Kenneth Pearson opens Pachelbel's Canon in D with a grave quarter-note melody on his cello. Each in turn, the others join in.

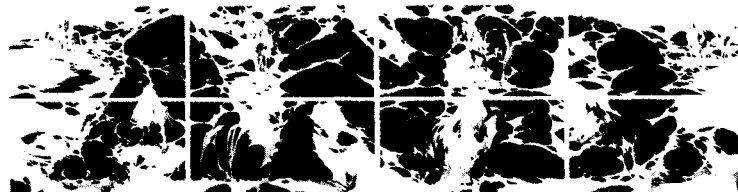
Until this moment the restless swoosh of countless footsteps has been the only music in the marble corridor. Now sounds of string and wood, artfully interlocked three hundred years ago, assert themselves. What Emerson

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called "the witchcraft of harmonic sound" casts its spell over the passers-by, and many stop, suspended.

Up front a little boy stands wide-eyed, a finger in his mouth. Behind him a dapper gent puts down his briefcase, and a teenage girl slips off her backpack and sits on the floor. Near them a black man in a red shirt stands with a blonde woman in a blue dress with a white lace collar. Two sports beside me try to pick up a girl. "I'm married," she says, and giggles. Three men in shirt sleeves gobble dripping pizza slices. A ragged man leans against a pillar, sucking hungrily on a

straw in an orange soda. The musicians play on, their bodies weaving with the canon's plangent rhythms.

Their eyes are on their music; they hardly seem to see those they have snared. For a moment tears well up in my eyes. Harmony holds us all together! The last note sounds; the applause is instantaneous. A few members of the crowd leave to rejoin the homeward flow, but as the quartet strides into the brisk opening bars of Bach's third *Brandenburg* Concerto, others stop to take their place and listen to the music.

—Michael Lydon



New York City mayor David Dinkins and his predecessor Edward Koch

POLITICS

Interracial Coalitions

"New moderation" doesn't account for the dramatic gains that black politicians made in the last elections

THE VOTERS OF Virginia made history last November when they elected a grandson of slaves, L. Douglas Wilder, to be their governor. In New York City voters elected a black man, David Dinkins, to be their mayor. Black mayors were also elected in Seattle and New Ha-

ven—venues, like Virginia and New York City, where blacks make up 26 percent or less of the population. The significance of these victories has been obscured by political commentators, whose instant analyses have congealed into two opposite versions of the conventional wisdom concerning "moderation." Some black analysts have attacked these new officials for being too moderate. Thus Susan Anderson, writing in *The Nation*, blasted the new generation of black politicians for caving in to the expediency of building political coalitions rather than being advocates for the economically disenfranchised black masses. Similarly, in a nationally syndicated column headlined "BEWARE OF 'CROSSOVER' POLITICS," Tony Brown warned that the election of blacks by whites will only result in black politicians' turning their backs on

black interests in order to appease their new white constituents.

The very moderation decried by these black writers was hailed by conservatives and the establishment press generally. *The Wall Street Journal's* headline "NEW GENERATION: BLACK MODERATES WIN AT POLLS BY TARGETING ONCE-ELUSIVE WHITES," was echoed in media commentaries across the country. In these stories "moderation" was most often defined in Wilder's words, as not making "special appeals to special groups." A truer definition would have been not making "special appeals to black people." Wilder's victory in Virginia clearly rested on his appeal to pro-choice voters, and in New York, Dinkins explicitly sought the Jewish vote.

For conservatives, positing a "new generation" of black politicians preserves the Reagan-era contention that the problems facing minorities are largely of their own making. According to the theory, as it has emerged on the pages of *The Wall Street Journal*, whites would not vote for "old-generation" black politicians, not because many whites harbored racist sentiments but because black politicians had not evolved to the point at which they would be worthy of white support. The new-generation theory, moreover, allows for the dismissal of the old generation, primarily the always inconvenient Jesse Jackson, as obsolete.

Though the moderation displayed by Wilder and Dinkins is real enough, it is by no means new by the standards of most current black mayors or members of the House of Representatives, who are predominantly mainstream liberal Democrats. In the first half of the 101st Congress there were five black congressmen who could be considered to belong to a new generation, because they were under fifty and were elected during the Reagan era. None could be labeled "angry" or "radical." In fact, of the over-fifty generation of black congressmen only two, William Clay, of St. Louis, and Gus Savage, of Chicago, could be considered angry, and only two, George Crockett, of Detroit, and Ron Dellums, of Berkeley (a Democrat who considers himself a Socialist), could be called radical.

The point is that there is no new, more moderate generation of black politicians. Most have been moderate all along. There have been angry civil-



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rights leaders and black activists, but the angry black politician is a stereotype of conservatives. "What I think happens," Congressman Ed Towns, of Brooklyn, recently told me, "is that people confuse black politicians with black civil-rights leaders such as Martin Luther King and Stokely Carmichael, most of whom never ran for anything."

To be sure, the newer and older generations of black congressmen do differ. Many older members of the Congressional Black Caucus, for instance, are strongly pro-labor, even anti-corporation. In contrast, with the exception of Congressman John Lewis, of Atlanta, primarily known as a civil-rights activist, the "new-generation" black members—men like Alan Wheat, thirty-eight, of Kansas City; Floyd Flake, forty-five, of Queens; Kweisi Mfume, forty-one, of Baltimore; and Mike Espy, thirty-six, of the Second Congressional District of Mississippi—are known mainly for their interest in regional economic issues and small-business development. To take one exam-

ple, Flake, who is a minister, won office by playing up his credentials as a catalyst for economic development; under his leadership his church built a 300-unit housing complex and revitalized dozens of small businesses. Flake maintains, against critics like Susan Anderson, that what in fact distinguishes his generation of black congressmen from their predecessors is their focus on business and the economic empowerment of the black community.

"We have a much broader sense of black participation in the wider economy," Flake told me recently. "We see business as generating the necessary resources for social change, versus the idea that social change creates the avenues for business." This is not to suggest, however, that the black House members care only about black issues. According to both the League of Conservation Voters and the National Wildlife Federation, the Congressional Black Caucus has had a better environmental voting profile than any other group in Congress. It also has made a strong showing on women's issues.

WILDER AND Dinkins, then, did not win because they belong to a new generation of moderate black politicians but because they benefited from a new set of circumstances that allowed them to capture record numbers not only of black votes but of white votes too. By becoming the official Democratic Party nominees, they acquired unprecedented (for black politicians) amounts of money, TV time, and organizational support. Black candidates are usually relatively poorly funded, but recently they have raised nearly as much money as their opponents. During the primary-election campaign Dinkins raised \$2.9 million, nearly as much as the powerful incumbent mayor, Edward Koch. Wilder spent approximately \$6 million, almost as much as his opponent. In addition, the Democratic National Committee provided the Democratic ticket in Virginia with \$200,000, a phone bank, and volunteers to get out the vote. Wilder and Dinkins were also able to build on Jesse Jackson's efforts to register thousands of black voters

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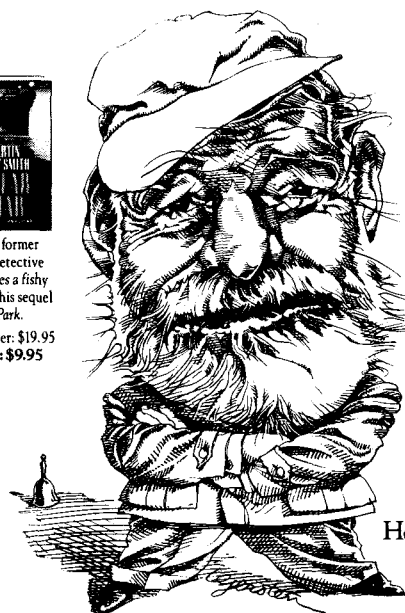
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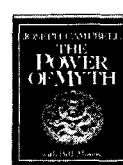
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Support from the party was important in another way too. Even though many Democratic voters defected to the Republican opponents of Wilder and Dinkins, both black Democrats had their party's undivided backing, while their opponents faced intra-party battles. As Virginia's lieutenant governor, Wilder was such a clear choice to run for governor that his party nominated him unanimously at a state convention. Marshall Coleman, his Republican opponent, had to wage an expensive and debilitating primary campaign against the former senator Paul Trible and Representative Stan Parris. Neither Trible nor Parris played any significant role in Coleman's general-election campaign, while both Senator Charles Robb and Governor Gerald Baliles, despite having clashed with Wilder in the past, backed him to the hilt.

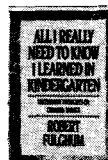
Dinkins had similar advantages. Once he won the primary, he received the strong support of leading Demo-

crats, including Mayor Koch, Governor Mario Cuomo, and Senator Edward Kennedy, of Massachusetts. Again, his opponent, Rudolph Giuliani, was not so lucky. Giuliani's rancorous feud with New York's most popular Republican, Senator Alfonse D'Amato, cost him dearly at the polls: the \$8 million worth of negative television advertising bought by his Republican-primary challenger, Ronald S. Lauder, who was widely thought to have entered the race at the prompting of D'Amato, left him a seriously weakened candidate in the general-election campaign.

But the key to the Wilder and Dinkins victories was not money and strong party support, let alone moderation. It was a factor that may say something hopeful not just about black politicians, the Democratic Party, or even American politics but about American society: in Virginia and New York other issues (party loyalty and the right to choose an abortion) were ultimately more important than the racial issue. The Democratic Party in Virginia and New York was able to stand behind its

black candidates because its white voters allowed it to do so. Even though many white Democrats did desert their party's candidates for governor and mayor in the end, making both elections much closer than the polls had predicted, they did not reject the party for running black candidates: in both Virginia and New York other (white) Democrats on the ticket did very well. The willingness of white voters to support tickets headed by blacks and to give the blacks themselves record levels of support—Dinkins got 30 percent of the white vote, Wilder got about 42 percent—was what was really new about the Wilder and Dinkins victories. In comparison, a year earlier Jesse Jackson wasn't able to win more than 15 percent of the white vote in Virginia or New York.

While discrepancies between exit polls and the election returns cast some doubt on the poll data, it seems clear that much of Dinkins's and Wilder's backing among whites came from younger voters. According to a survey by *The New York Times* and WCBS-TV



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News, white voters thirty to forty-four were much more likely to vote for Dinkins than were white voters over sixty. The age differential was also significant in Virginia. This generation gap among white voters is emerging at a critical time. Black politics has expanded to the limit of what black voters can accomplish by themselves. Data provided by the Joint Center for Political Studies shows that with the exception of New Orleans, all the nation's majority-black congressional districts already have a black member of Congress. In addition, with the exception of Richmond, Virginia, all majority-black cities of more than 200,000 already have black mayors. This means that for black politicians to make gains, they will have to face the new challenge of running against other black candidates in primary-election campaigns in which white voters are apt to be the swing vote. (A good example of this was the bitter 1986 congressional race in Georgia between two civil-rights heroes, Julian Bond and John Lewis.) It also means that black politicians will have the chance to use bridge issues, like the environment and women's rights, to connect with a larger electorate. "I think there was a feeling on the part of many black elected officials," Lewis told me, "that they could have been a congressperson or a mayor only in a district or city that is majority-black. But the elections of Dinkins and Wilder changed that altogether. Doug Wilder's success sent a strong message to black and Hispanic men and women that you can move up, that you can have a base that is larger than your ethnic group."

Wilder's victory showed that a black candidate can attract enough white support to win in an area with a proportion of black voters as low as 17 percent. If 17 percent is the minimum proportion of black voters needed for a black candidate to build a winning coalition, more than eighty congressional districts could send a black member to Congress, and eight states could elect a black governor or black senators. That possibility is the promise for the future of the victories of Douglas Wilder and David Dinkins. Their present meaning was best summed up by Ed Towns when he said, "There isn't a new generation of black politicians—there is a new generation of white voters."

—Paul Ruffins



CUBA

Succeeding Castro

Will Cuba's revolutionary hero share the fate of other Communist leaders?

WITHIN DAYS OF the startling fall of Romania's Nicolae Ceaușescu, Mark Seibel, the *Miami Herald's* foreign editor, began drafting a contingency plan for coverage of Cuba. He jotted down choices of graphics, space needs, and the names of staff reporters who might be sent to watch Fidel Castro's removal from power. "I'm not prepared to be unprepared," Seibel said.

Outside the *Herald's* newsroom there is more glee than caution as Miami's half-million Cuban exiles keep Castro's political death watch, a thirty-one-year wait now buoyed by socialism's worldwide decline. "Everywhere you turn, everywhere you look, there's talk, there's concern, there's planning," says Marilyn Kalusin, the executive vice-president of the Cuban-American Foundation, which has already begun drafting suggestions for revisions to the Cuban Constitution.

But some two hundred miles away, in Havana, Miami's breathless countdown seems more wistful than justified by circumstance. Despite its grave

problems, Cuba looks nothing like Romania. Restaurants are full; teens dance the merengue at outdoor concerts; women wear bright, skimpy sundresses; and students flock to poetry readings on the lawns of Lenin Park. Cubans do gripe, for they feel deprived of everything from razor blades to onions. But few blame Castro for that or—more to the point—are ready to defy his still pervasive and rigid control to show that they do.

During two two-week visits to Cuba not long ago, traveling the island's length by plane and rented car, from Havana to Guantánamo Bay, I found the nation's problems both serious and obvious. Yet just as obvious was why Castro hasn't met the fate of Ceaușescu or of Erich Honecker, in East Germany—and why he may well hold out longer than many of his critics predict.

Americans can hardly be blamed for imagining a politically volatile Cuba. Though the island is particularly newsworthy these days, U.S. journalists have extremely narrow access. To start with, no U.S. newspaper or wire service has a permanent base in Havana. Reporters travel to the island solely at the erratic indulgence of the Ministry of Foreign Relations, whose *appartchiks* grant visas on the basis of past journalistic performance, and usually only for brief periods during events that Cuba wants witnessed.

From last July to March, for example, no journalist's visa was obtained by *The New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *The Washington Post*, the *Miami Herald*, or the *Los Angeles Times*. (In March the

Cubans opened up, specifically to encourage coverage of Cuba's angry response to the U.S. TV Martí project, which had begun beaming news and entertainment programs into Cuba. The Castro government jammed the programs off the air minutes into the first broadcast.)

I got a journalist's visa in August, but in December, after a fruitless five-week wait, I had to return with a tourist visa, and was warned officially that I couldn't "report," though I was free to "learn from my experiences."

To be sure, the United States is every bit as grudging in its treatment of Cuban journalists. It never allows random visits, and although two Prensa Latina agency reporters have been allowed to work from a base in New York, they're limited to covering the United Nations and may not travel outside a twenty-five-mile radius.

But Cuba might profit from granting more journalists visas. First-time visitors often confront a much more complex nation than they had imagined. The evidence of material shortages is striking—barren shop windows, peeling paint on colonial mansions, meager restaurant fare, and gloomy lines waiting for delayed, broken-down buses. Most Cubans, moreover, are quite eager to complain. Yet they seem willing to tolerate a surprising degree of discomfort. Diplomats I spoke to in Havana couldn't remember the last show of serious unrest. The most shocking protest that one of them could recall during all the crises of last year was a night when a few members of a movie audience started singing, "*Él es loco*!" ("He's crazy!"), in obvious reference to Castro.

The more pervasive attitude toward Castro, the hemisphere's only remaining *caudillo*, remains reverence. His hold on the popular imagination still verges on the mystical in this superstitious country, where the magazine *Bohemia* once printed the Comandante's portrait with a halo. Unlike all the deposed or weakened Eastern European leaders, Castro has never suffered from an image of material corruption, says Ilya Prizel, an assistant professor of Soviet and Eastern European studies at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. He has managed to command an unusual degree of respect for his private life, avoiding what Prizel calls an "Imelda effect." Ceaușescu's wife, for instance, was ridiculed for having held a half-dozen government posts; Honecker's estranged wife made her own unpopular claim on the job of Education Minister; and Mikhail Gorbachev's wife inspires scorn with her fox furs. Yet Castro drew no fire for his long, subtle, intimate relationship with Celia Sánchez—perhaps because she was a popular revolutionary in her own right, who designed Lenin Park and who was widely mourned after her death, from cancer, in 1980.

Castro's stubborn independence also enhances his appeal, though some may question its net value to Cuba. When Ceaușescu first came to power, as a maverick opposing the Soviet Union, he had the same popular quality, Prizel says. "But then power corrupted him, and he grew arrogant and, as we say, came to believe his own newspapers." Castro remains a symbol of lonely self-sacrifice. Nightly featured on the news, tirelessly opening factories or chairing meetings, he is still widely perceived as someone who could not fundamentally betray Cuba. Last summer, during the scandalous drug-smuggling trial of General Arnaldo Ochoa Sánchez—Castro's worst crisis since the 1962 Soviet missile affair—many Cubans seemed to suffer *with* their leader, rather than because of him. His anguish and outrage were plain—how could they find him culpable?

I SPENT A LOT of time in Havana with a handsome sixty-year-old woman who had been raised in the old aristocracy but had made the rare choice to stay in Cuba, because of her politics almost as much as because of her children, her pension, and the two homes she was able to keep. She nearly wept when she told me of the pain of the Ochoa scandal, and her confusion about Castro's role. But then she added, "I am still a *fidelista*. He's such a wonderful leader, a political genius—in times of crisis, every time, he's managed to take our hearts into his hands again." Castro does this mostly with television, of which he is a master to rival Ronald Reagan. Ever since the live broadcast of his triumphant march into Havana, in 1959, he has exploited TV to cement his personal relationship with his constituency of 10.5 million. No wonder he's so furious with TV Martí.

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Besides his charismatic appeal, Castro counts on his revolutionary stature. Unlike Ceaușescu, who came to power only in 1965, long after Romania's formative upheavals, Castro is inseparable from the Cuban revolution. Cubans call themselves "*fidelista*" much more often than "*comunista*" or "*socialista*." And whereas socialism was imposed by foreigners in Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, Castro's rule came as a nationalist reaction to the murderous dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista. Many Cubans can recall their own sacrifices in that war, and those who can't are constantly reminded of what others suffered in the revolution and its aftermath. At a museum in Matanzas province commemorating the failed U.S. Bay of Pigs invasion, one can see a huge photograph of a wall at a military airport that was bombed by CIA planes before the assault by sea. On that wall a twenty-six-year-old militiaman killed in the attack had scrawled, with his own blood, "*Fidel*." This use of Castro's name is a suggestion of faith, from the word *fidelidad*.

Adding to Castro's staying power is his fanatical resolve, which has carried him through his initially quixotic, six-year struggle against Batista and the subsequent three decades of U.S. economic warfare and CIA assassination plots. But Castro will turn sixty-four this year, and he has taken to expressing his will more and more apocalyptically. It's been a long, dark journey from his pre-revolutionary cry "History will absolve me" to "Socialism or death," a slogan that these days is blazoned throughout Havana, on government offices and baseball outfields alike.

Along with this forbidding motto has come a determined crackdown on any signs, or imagined signs, of opposition. Castro made his position clear on January 28, in a speech to a workers' congress, when he said, "We don't want fifth columnists here, in a moment when everything is in danger."

Days before that speech the Spanish newspaper *El País* reported that at least four leading members of Cuba's Communist youth organization had been arrested in Havana after complaining about a lack of democracy and what they dared to call a Castro-based cult of personality. These students hadn't carried banners in the streets, or even complained to foreigners; they had used "proper" channels, ac-

cording to a source who is close to the government. Their crime was in writing a single letter of protest to their group's chief.

Castro's crackdown continued into the spring, with more arrests of would-be oppositionists. During my visit I saw the vigilance up close, in the city of Guantánamo, near the site of the U.S. naval base of the same name. A colleague and I were detained for five hours of questioning by Cuba's state police, after we conducted a thirty-minute interview with a retired driver named Melvin Kerr, who was shining shoes outside his small home for extra cash. The interview couldn't have been more innocuous: Kerr, sixty-three, mostly spoke of his twenty years working as a chauffeur at the U.S. base, which he'd left in 1964. But Kerr's nephew, who'd been listening, grew suspicious after his uncle started showing off the English he'd learned at the base, which the nephew couldn't understand; it was he who turned us in.

"This isn't anything serious," the investigators repeatedly insisted, during a grilling by five of them. They threatened to keep us at the station until I showed them my notes. "Some of the neighbors had some concerns about your conversation," they said, "and we wanted to be able to reassure them." Later we learned that Kerr had also been hauled in for questioning, as had an elderly woman whose sole involvement had been to direct us to his house.

Once my anger subsided, I realized that we'd seen a neat show of the efficiency of Cuba's down-home spy system. Since the early 1960s Cuba has been organized into block-based Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, which mobilize grandmothers and militiamen alike to monitor suspicious characters, recruit volunteers for nighttime guard duty, and keep children current on vaccinations. The block committees turn relatives and neighbors into wardens, a plan that plays on people's patriotism, greed, and fear.

"The entire system is set up to reward informers," a diplomat in Havana told me. "If you look like a militant, you get higher up on the list to buy a car, to take a good vacation, to get better housing." If you don't, you are ostracized, penalized, and shamed.

Those still adamantly opposed to the regime may leave, if they can find the

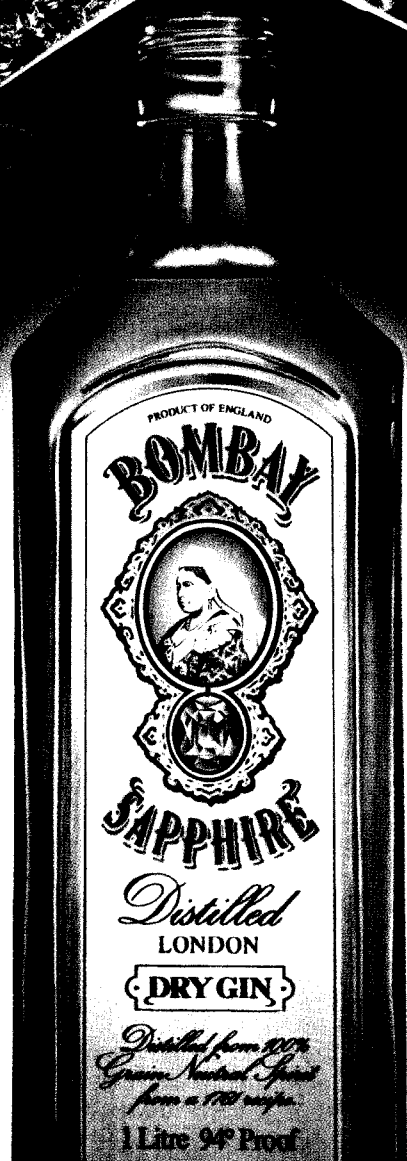
dollars to do so. Most of the upper class and professional class—those most inclined to buck the system—had fled by 1963. In 1980 came the Mariel boat-lift exodus. And Castro keeps letting the steam escape, with U.S. help. Last year some 4,000 Cubans emigrated legally to the United States.

Yet Cuba also provides many reasons to stay. Castro shuns opinion polls, but most of the people I spoke with claimed that their lives vastly improved after 1959—still a critical reference point. The state guarantees all Cubans a job, adequate housing and food, and free schooling and medical care—even nose jobs and eye tucks. While underemployment still exists, the guaranteed housing may be a bit squalid, and the food is just barely adequate. Cuba's health care is a shining example in Latin America, drawing what its officials call "health tourists" from throughout the region. The island is among the twenty nations in the world with the lowest infant mortality, and among Third World nations it has both the highest doctor-patient ratio and the longest life expectancy.

A RESULT OF ALL this—and of the nearly airtight government control of Cuba's media—is that not one compelling opposition figure has emerged in thirty-one years to rally dissent against Castro. Diplomats from the U.S. Interests Section admit their disappointment with this lack. True, the human-rights activist Elizardo Sánchez went to jail last summer for daring to say to foreign reporters that Ochoa was drugged during his court-martial and had suffered psychological torture and other mistreatment. Yet few average Cubans recognize Sánchez's name, while several other activists have either already left the country or become known as opportunists who flaunt their nonconformity in hopes of getting U.S. political-refugee status. In a 1988 interview with Maria Shriver, of NBC-TV, Castro dismissed the activists as "four cats instigated by the U.S. Interests Section." Indeed, one of the opposition figures, often quoted outside Cuba, has the habit of asking U.S. correspondents to pay for interviews with him. (Before I rejected his request during a conversation, he assured me that he provides receipts.)

Just as Castro lacks prominent opposition outside the government, no one

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inside the regime is conspicuously ready or willing to fill his shoes. "No one's going to pit themselves against the Comandante," says Wayne Smith, a former chief of the U.S. Interests Section in Havana. One would guess this is even more emphatically true after the show trial and execution of Ochoa, a compelling potential rival. Left in the limelight is Castro's brother, Raúl, the head of the army and a man few Cubans would want to see replace Fidel. "He's . . . too fat. And he's not funny," one mid-level government official complained to me. "He makes a joke and no one laughs."

Finally, the significance of Castro's traditional role as David to the U.S. Goliath cannot be ignored. The U.S. Bay of Pigs invasion, the assassination schemes, and, most recently, TV Martí have all helped Castro to justify his continued demands for revolutionary sacrifice and vigilance. An exceedingly nationalistic people, Cubans seemed universally horrified by the invasion of Panama last Christmas, repeatedly asking U.S. visitors if they thought Cuba was to be next.

STILL, TIME ISN'T really on Castro's side, and he knows it.

All the strong arguments in Castro's favor could collapse under the weight of a misstep—as he would see it—such as giving a dissent movement the sort of vital space enjoyed by one in Nicaragua last February. Far more likely than that, Cuba experts in the United States say, is the possibility that opposition would come from inside the government—for example, from the military.

So Castro is circling his wagons ever more tightly. In a series of speeches beginning last July he warned Cubans to expect "major difficulties," to adjust to a peacetime "war economy," and to anticipate even more sacrifices.

This year should be critical. Cuba remains dependent on Comecon, the Communist-bloc trade organization, for more than 85 percent of its trade. But it can expect a sharp decrease in commercial solidarity from the new governments in Poland, Hungary, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia, and even from the Soviet Union, all until recently firm allies. Moreover, Comecon's decision to abandon its traditional barter deals for trading based on convertible currency could be a painful

jolt, not least because Cuba's foreign-exchange reserves have fallen to a record low.

But Wayne Smith argues that the impact needn't be drastic. Cuba could simply demand dollars for its staple exports of citrus, sugar, nickel, and tobacco. Smith points out that the barter system has helped Comecon almost as much as it has helped Cuba, since the former's products have hardly been international-market bonanzas. "Those East German cars they sell to Cuba are like riding in a washing machine," he says.

A short-term danger might be a drastic change in vital Soviet crude-oil shipments to Cuba. A Soviet diplomat in Havana told me that in the past Castro's government has gathered up to 40 percent of its foreign-exchange revenues—several hundred million dollars a year—by limiting its domestic fuel use and re-exporting the surplus. Yet according to at least one report, the USSR has already begun to cut back its exports of crude oil to the level of the island's domestic needs. At the same time, the Soviet press has begun taking some ominous potshots at Moscow's hitherto coddled client. On March 7, for instance, Moscow News published a portrait of a Cuba repressed, destitute, and politically antiquated.

U.S. Cuba-watchers interpret the attacks as an inevitable product of *glasnost*—and a delayed answer to Castro's own bitter swipes at Gorbachev's leadership. They may also indeed presage significant cutbacks in aid. Yet few analysts believe that Moscow will abandon its ally, which still offers considerable Third World public-relations value and serves as a base for reconnaissance planes and ships.

Meanwhile, however, Cuba's worsening material shortages have stirred up low-level but blatant defiance by black-market money-changers and a wide variety of islanders who try to cajole tourists to enter dollar stores on their behalf and, with their hoarded, forbidden greenbacks, buy them imported chewing gum, fashionable clothes, or even shampoo. For the time being, store employees and the police seem mostly to tolerate this practice, for fear of alienating tourists and having to arrest vast numbers of Cubans.

Cuba is trying hard to find ways out of its problems, partly by energetically seeking new trade agreements. Last fall Castro signed a half-billion-dollar

trade pact with China. And Cuba's recently appointed ambassador to the UN, Ricardo Alarcón, told me that his country has made record gains in expanding its commercial relations with Latin America, including the sale to Brazil last summer of a new meningitis vaccine, a deal that increased trade by at least \$100 million in hard currency, according to Alarcón.

At home Castro has given Cuba's tourism industry—a key economic sector that he wants to expand—rare freedom to flirt with capitalism, in the form of joint ventures with European firms to build and renovate hotels. In other sectors Cuba has been conducting some quieter experiments with capitalism—in one case, Rockefeller-style capitalism. Peggy Dulany, the daughter of David Rockefeller, who retired in 1981 as chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, recently invited several U.S. business-school professors and organizational experts to travel with her to Havana, where they held discussions with their academic counterparts and with Cuban officials in charge of heavy and light industry. "This proves we are not so closed to learning about capitalism," Alarcón says. "And for us, Rockefeller is not exactly an example of failure."

Even some militant nationalists have told me that they want to see Cuba's domestic politics become as open to Western influence as its foreign trade has become. But officials argue that this is impossible while a hostile United States continues its efforts to destabilize the government.

"We can't ignore that for the last thirty years we've had an enemy nearby, trying to destroy us," Alarcón says. "You took dramatic measures when you were at war, like the concentration camps for Japanese. We've had to take certain steps too, like putting this guy [Elizardo] Sánchez in jail." An aide later stressed that Cuba's action was within the scope of its national laws.

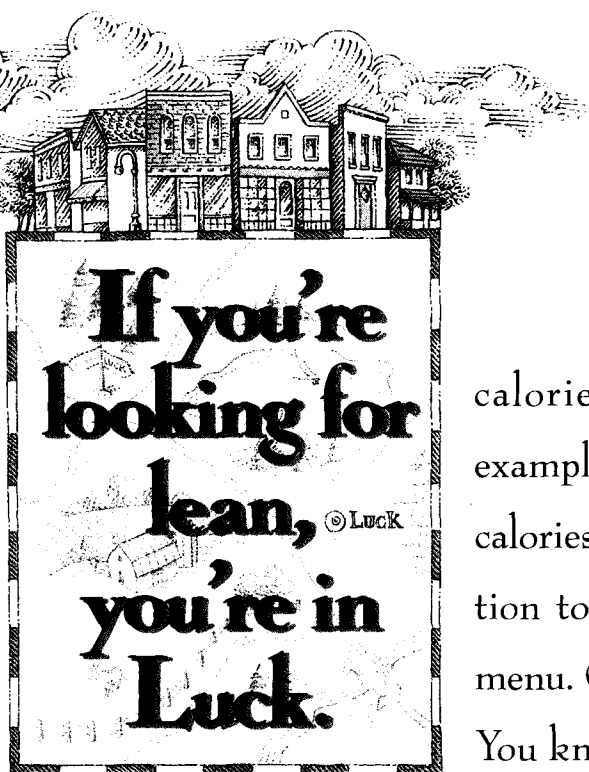
As Alarcón and others in power see it, Cuba can't change until the United States changes its attitude toward Cuba—which, of course, is unlikely unless Cuba changes. With this vicious circle in mind, and with little hope that negotiations might break it, Cubans joke wistfully these days that for them there will be no *perestroika*, only an *espera estoica*—that is, a stoical wait.

—Katherine Ellison



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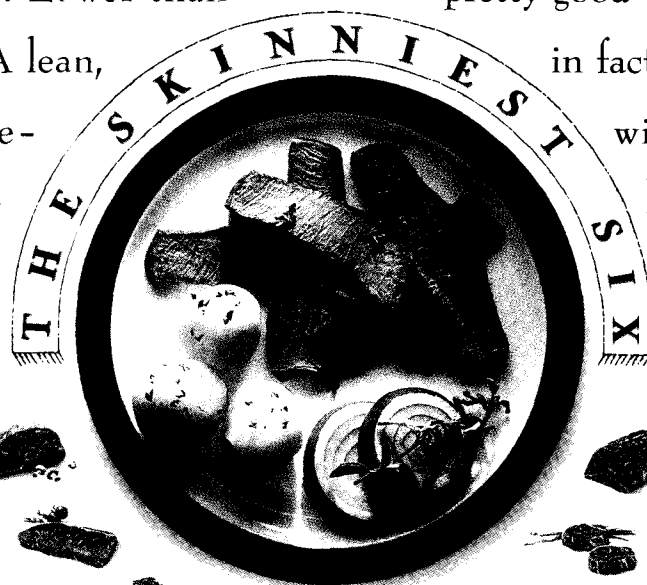
calories. Round tip, for example, hardly tops 149 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet. You know,



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ROUND TIP 149 calories
5.0 gms total fat* (1.8 gms sat. fat)

TOP ROUND 169 calories
4.3 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

TOP LOIN 168 calories
7.1 gms total fat* (2.7 gms sat. fat)

EYE OF ROUND 141 calories
4.0 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

TENDERLOIN 175 calories
8.1 gms total fat* (3.0 gms sat. fat)

TOP SIRLOIN 162 calories
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A California strawberry patch being sprayed with ice-minus bacteria

BIOTECHNOLOGY

Getting the Bugs Out

Genetic engineering is a stunningly ingenious process. But should genetically altered bacteria, for all their usefulness, be let outside?

IN THE SPRING of 1987 California scientists removed the lids from a few petri dishes, scraped out yellowish-white blotches that smelled like sweaty feet, diluted the material in water, and sprayed it on a tiny patch of potatoes and another of strawberries. With the spraying, genetically engineered microbes made their much delayed debut in the environment.

The blotches were colonies of bacteria, nicknamed "ice minus," that had been altered in a laboratory so that they would protect plants from mild frosts. Boosters of biotechnology predicted that ice minus would soon be joined by microbes genetically altered to kill caterpillars and weevils, supply nitrogen to the roots of plants, and eliminate the increasing and undisputed menace to the environment of chemical pesticides and fertilizers.

Alternatives to farm chemicals are hardly a new dream. In her landmark 1962 book *Silent Spring*, Rachel Carson urged the nation to take "the other road," to seek "biological solutions, based on understanding of the living organisms they seek to control, and of the whole fabric of life to which these organisms belong." The dream, however, remains largely unfulfilled. Researchers have identified some 1,500 microorganisms or microbial toxins with the potential to control insects.

But in their naturally occurring forms most have proved too short-lived, too slow to kill, and too narrowly specific in their effects to oust chemicals from the farm. Only nineteen microorganisms—eleven bacteria, four viruses, three fungi, and one protozoan—have been registered as pesticides by the Environmental Protection Agency, as compared with some 640 chemicals, used in 24,000 pesticide products. In some areas the introduction of wasps and other predators has successfully controlled insect pests. Altogether, however, only one percent of the world's 10,000 crop pests can now be controlled effectively by natural biological methods.

With the advent of genetic-engineering techniques, in the mid-1970s, biologists held out the hope that many of the drawbacks to pest control by microbes could be overcome. But in the early 1980s, when agricultural researchers began trying to enhance the efficiency of biological agents through genetic engineering, not everyone perceived it as the fulfillment of Carson's dream. Indeed, when the plant pathologist Steven Lindow first sought permission, in 1982, to field-test ice minus, he aroused the nation's misapprehensions, not only about genetic engineering but also about technology in general. It took five years of congressional scrutiny, public hearings, lawsuits, ever-shifting regulatory hurdles, and even vandalism of the fields before Lindow and Advanced Genetic Sciences, a small Oakland, California, biotech firm that had license to use his concept, were allowed to spray their microbes outdoors.

To those of us who gathered for the events, near Brentwood, in California's Central Valley, and at Tullake, California, on the Oregon border, the signs of the nation's anxiety were unmistakable. Both patches of land were surrounded by metal towers and stakes laden with EPA air-monitoring equipment. By regulatory fiat the researchers wore "moonsuits" and respirators as they sprayed, creating an ominous tableau for the television cameras.

These dramatic precautions were abandoned within months. Regardless, only half a dozen live, genetically engineered microorganisms have followed ice minus out of the lab. None is available to farmers. The technique remains, as one biotech executive put it,

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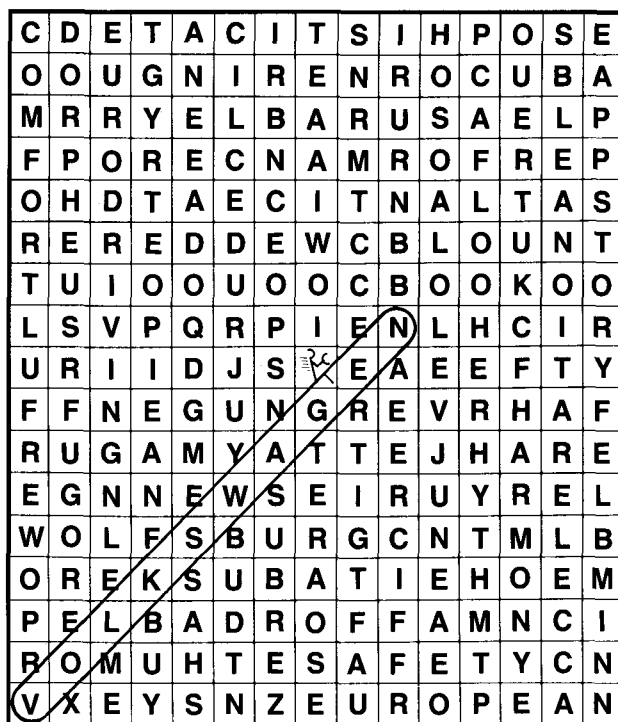
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Acceleration	European	Pleasurable
Affordable	Fahrvergnügen	Poetry
Arts	Fun	Powerful
Atlantic	Harmony	Rhythm
Blount	Humor	Rich
Book	Ice	Safety
Busker	Jetta	Sophisticated
Comfort	June	Story
Cornering	Music	Unique
Corrado	New	Volkswagen
Cuba	Nimble	Wolfsburg
Eurodriving	Orpheus	Word
	Performance	

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in an “intellectual cul-de-sac,” trapped there by public perceptions and a formidable regulatory scheme.

Just what is this ice-minus bacterium? Where does it come from? How does it work? How do we know whether it poses any threat at all to the environment?

FARMERS IN THE northern half of the United States spend millions of dollars a year on frost protection: smudge pots to heat the air, sprinklers to wet the crop, wind machines and helicopters to mix the cold ground layer with warmer air aloft, and artificial fogs or foam blankets to prevent heat loss from the ground. Still, they lose as much as \$3 billion a year in direct damage from mild frosts. Perhaps more important, the threat of frost limits both the growing season and the northern range of crops.

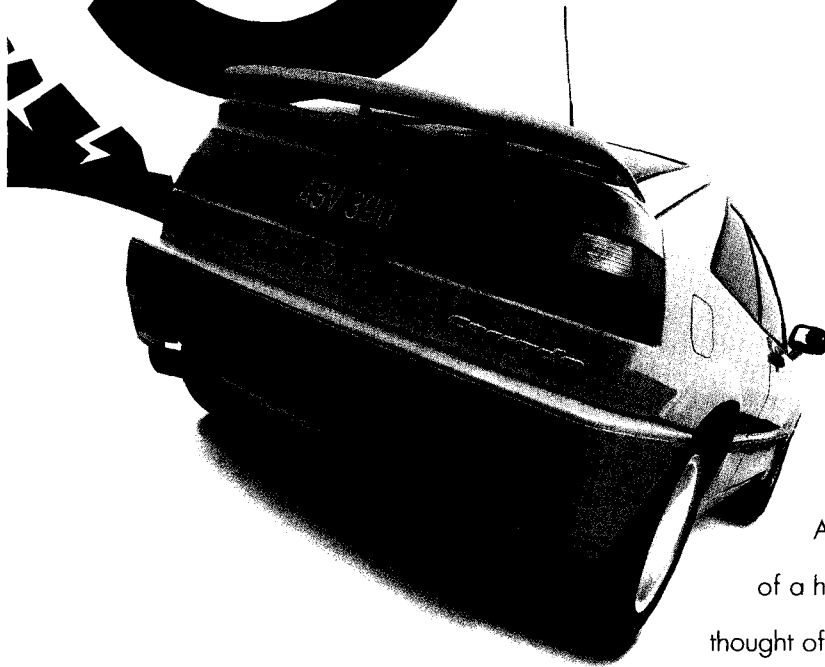
Traditional plant breeders, who engineer the genes of crop plants simply by selecting successful strains, have pushed back some of these limits. Since the turn of the century they have extended the northern range of corn on this continent by 200 miles and brought wheat to the northern Canadian prairies. Plant biologists are now trying to pinpoint the genes that confer frost-hardiness or rapid maturation, in order eventually to enhance them or to endow more-vulnerable crops with their powers.

Genetic engineering of hardier crops seems to farmers I have spoken with to be a natural extension of plant breeding. Designing bacteria to control frost, however, strikes them as bizarre and unnatural. Yet this concept, too, had its beginnings in a cornfield. It was the serendipitous spinoff, in an odd, backwards sort of way, of a traditional plant-breeding experiment.

The story begins with Paul Hoppe, a U.S. Department of Agriculture corn pathologist at the University of Wisconsin, who was laboring during the 1940s and 1950s to breed new strains of fungus-resistant corn. To ensure that his plants were challenged by fungal epidemics, he would grind up infected corn leaves from the previous year's crop and sprinkle them on the field. He did this as usual in June of 1961. Two weeks later a late freeze hit the Midwest. The plants sprinkled with dried corn leaves were killed. The rest survived.

FRIDAY, 7 P.M.

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When Steven Lindow arrived at Wisconsin twelve years later to work on his doctorate, "this weird thing about corn plants," as he now describes it, was presented to him. Was there something about the infected leaves that enhanced a plant's sensitivity to cold? He pursued the matter first as a biochemistry problem, making active extracts from the old leaves and searching for a chemical that made young leaves vulnerable. Then one day he added a bactericide to the extracts and the frost-enhancing activity stopped. He began isolating and testing dozens of strains of bacteria from his leaf extracts, trying to find which ones somehow increased a plant's susceptibility to low temperatures. In early 1975 his thirty-first isolate gave him an answer.

Lindow had a refrigerator loaded with test tubes full of water and colonies of bacteria that he had isolated from the corn leaves. When he went to the refrigerator one day, he found that the temperature had dipped a little below freezing. Every tube of bacterium No. 31 had frozen. None of the others had.

Water doesn't necessarily turn to ice at 32°F. Small amounts of pure distilled water can remain liquid at temperatures as low as -40°, a phenomenon called supercooling. Even large amounts of pure water readily supercool to 14°. Drop a catalyst—a nucleating agent that helps orient the water molecules into an ice-like lattice—into a flask of supercooled water and the water will instantly, dramatically, crystallize into ice. Or lower the temperature further and random groupings of water molecules will trigger this phase shift spontaneously.

Lindow soon established that bacterium No. 31, a strain of common leaf bacteria called *Pseudomonas syringae*, has a protein in its cell membrane that can nucleate ice. In fact, this so-called ice-plus microbe has turned out to be one of the most effective ice nucleators known.

Plants are 90 percent water, and water in plant tissues can supercool. Lindow began to wonder: do the ice-nucleating bacteria that live on plants' stems and leaves limit supercooling and allow damaging ice crystals to form inside the plants' tissues at warmer temperatures? In a greenhouse he grew plants under aseptic, or microbe-free, conditions, and found they could toler-

ate temperatures as low as 23°. When he sprayed the plants with ice-nucleating *P. syringae*, they froze at 28°. Lindow began washing bacteria from the leaves of dozens of plant species, both crops and weeds; he found ice-nucleating strains on leaf surfaces everywhere. Anywhere from a tenth of a percent to ten percent of the bacteria on a leaf surface may be capable of nucleating ice, he discovered. Of all the ice-plus strains, *P. syringae* turned out to be the most common. "You probably eat it in every salad," he told me.

In growth chambers and field plots Lindow began testing various ways of manipulating the microbial populations on corn leaves: killing off all microbes with antibiotics, for example, or coating the leaves with detergents and heavy metals, such as zinc and copper, to inhibit ice nucleation. He also tried something else: spraying plants with bacteria that are naturally ice-minus—that is, bacteria that are essentially neutral and do not possess an ice-nucleating capability—to make sure that plant surfaces were too full to support later-arriving ice-nucleating cousins.

The results confirmed that frost damage declines as the ice-plus population shrinks. But detergents, heavy metals, and antibiotics either are toxic to plants or provide frost protection too short-lived to be widely practical on the farm. And the natural ice-minus bacteria competed poorly with the ice-nucleating ones. Not until he had completed his Ph.D., in 1978, and accepted a faculty post at the University of California—Berkeley, did Lindow begin to consider the possibility of genetic manipulation of *P. syringae*.

For every protein an organism makes, it must carry a gene that encodes the blueprint for it. Knock out the so-called ice gene and the bacterium would be unable to make the ice-nucleating protein. Lindow's team made its first ice-minus mutants not by genetic engineering but by the more traditional (and still largely unregulated) technique of exposing bacteria to mutagenic chemicals. A decade ago, with no fanfare or need for federal approval, they sprayed these mutant bugs on potatoes in a field near Tulelake.

But chemicals—and radiation, which is also sometimes used—are crude. They mutate multiple genes, not just the targeted trait, and leave the bugs "sick in subtle ways," Lin-

dow explained to me. So in 1981, when genetic-engineering techniques became available for manipulating *P. syringae*, his team set out to locate the ice gene and remove it precisely, without causing other, haphazard damage. They started with no idea where among the bacteria's 3,000 genes the ice gene might be, or what its protein product looked like. In the lab one day Douglas Gurian-Sherman, a graduate student, walked me through the process they used.

"THINK OF THE bacteria as plastic bags filled with DNA and other stuff," he said. "You want to break them open and then separate the DNA from the other components." The terminology—breaking, loading, cutting, splicing, inserting—suggests a dramatically mechanical, almost surgical operation. In truth, I found, genetic engineering is a chemical and enzymatic process, to the naked eye a seemingly endless mixing and separating of clear liquids. First enzymes, detergents, and acidic compounds are added to a bacterial suspension to lyse, or eat away, the outer membranes of the bacteria. The resulting liquid is spun in a centrifuge to separate out the DNA, which differs in weight and density from other organic molecules inside the bacterial cell.

Once the DNA of *P. syringae* was isolated, the next step was to chop it into fragments, one of which would carry the ice gene. The chopping was done with restriction enzymes, popularly referred to as "chemical scissors." Like most of the tools of genetic engineering, these enzymes had originally been isolated from microbes, which use them to disable invading viruses or to cut and splice their own DNA for replication and repair. Researchers now buy dozens of kinds of these enzymes off the shelf.

It is the specificity of the various restriction enzymes that gives genetic engineering its precision. DNA is formed in a linear sequence composed of four chemical bases—adenine, thymine, guanine, cytosine (ATGC)—strung along two complementary strands. A is always found paired with T, G with C. The sequence of bases GAATTC on one strand, for example, will always be paired with CTTAAG on the other, the pairs linked like the teeth of a zipper, the whole zipper-like sequence twisted into a double

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helical shape. When a restriction enzyme called *EcoR1* recognizes the six-base-pair pattern GAATTC and its complement, it will make a staggered cut in the double strands, slicing each strand between the A and the G. This leaves an AATT tail on one cut end and a TTAA tail on the other—so-called “sticky ends,” single-stranded and eager to link up with a complementary match.

“Often the whole thing is done in a test tube about this big,” Gurian-Sherman said. He was holding up a one-inch vial. “You might have a solution of DNA that’s half the tube, and then you might add a tiny bit of this enzyme. A tiny bit of another. And usually a buffer solution.” Once the DNA is chopped, the researchers generate thousands of copies of each fragment by inserting each into a bacterium for cloning. The first step toward cloning is splicing each fragment onto a small segment of viral DNA called a cosmid. “From a supplier you buy what are called right and left arms,” Gurian-Sherman said. “You just take your fragments and your cosmid arms and mix them. Both need to have been cut with the same restriction enzymes, so that they have sticky ends, ready to link up.”

To begin to create an ice-minus version of *P. syringae*, Lindow’s team took these cosmid-linked fragments of *P. syringae* DNA and presented them to tiny viruses, called phages, that attack bacteria and use the bacteria’s cellular machinery to produce multiple new viruses. “The phage sees the cosmid DNA, recognizes it, and pulls it in just as if it were winding string onto a spool,” Gurian-Sherman said. The phages were then allowed to infect *Escherichia coli*, a bacterium that has become the white mouse of genetic engineering. Inside *E. coli* the viral DNA multiplied freely, making thousands of clones of the *P. syringae* fragments with the cosmid DNA.

Which bacterial colonies carried the fragments with the ice gene? *E. coli* are naturally ice-minus, and so Lindow’s team picked out the ones that now nucleated ice. Then, to isolate the gene further, the researchers did what is called subcloning. Essentially, they removed the fragment and started over, repeating the whole process several times, using ever smaller lengths of DNA. In mid-1982 the team announced the isolation of the ice gene

itself—the smallest fragment of *P. syringae* DNA that could turn an ice-minus bug ice-plus.

Once they had the gene, the researchers gutted it by cutting a chunk out of the center with restriction enzymes and rejoining the ends. Their next move was to insert this crippled gene into the parent strains of *P. syringae* that still carried full copies of the ice gene. This was done by encouraging mating and “conjugal transmission” of the crippled gene from the *E. coli* to *P. syringae*. Putting the two strains of bacteria together on a petri dish for several hours is encouragement enough for mating to occur.

By manipulating the environment in the petri dish, Lindow also made it impossible for these *P. syringae* to survive unless they not only accepted the crippled ice gene but also inserted it into their own chromosomes next to their good ice gene. For the few that survived this test, a final manipulation awaited. Lindow shifted the environment of the dish again, relieving the pressure on the bacteria to keep the new gene. He hoped that in a few of them the new gene would detach itself from the chromosome a little sloppily, taking along a chunk of the bug’s own ice gene.

A few colonies of ice-minus *P. syringae*, identical to their parents except for a single gene, were all that remained: yellowish-white blotches that smelled like sweaty feet and were no longer able to nucleate ice.

SINCE ITS inception, amid a barrage of frightening headlines in the mid-1970s, genetic-engineering research had been subject to guidelines laid down by the National Institutes of Health. Strict containment of all lab-altered creatures was the goal. No crises occurred, and gradually both public anxiety and federal oversight relaxed. Then, in 1982, Lindow proposed to field-test ice minus.

Congress called hearings. The Washington activist Jeremy Rifkin, an opponent of virtually every application of genetic engineering, filed the first in a series of procedural lawsuits. Ecologists emphasized the problems created by non-native species such as gypsy moths and kudzu vines. In 1983 the EPA entered the fray by declaring ice minus a pesticide under the jurisdiction of the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act. The ratio-

nale went like this: ice-plus bacteria encourage plants to freeze and thus are pests; ice minus, if it arrives first, blocks this pestiferous activity and thus is a pesticide. At the same time, the EPA ended its practice of exempting from scrutiny small-scale (under ten acres) field trials of microbial agents. To get permission to spray ice minus on a quarter-acre potato patch, Lindow faced an enormous array of lab tests and paperwork previously required only for products at well-advanced stages of commercialization.

By the time his experiment was approved, Lindow had filed more than 1,300 pages of applications and data with federal and state agencies. In labs and greenhouses he had tested ice minus for pathogenicity on seventy-five plants, from zinnias to sugar beets. He had run an extensive battery of “product identity” tests and scrutinized the bug’s life-style preferences, all to make sure that it had no novel powers that might cause it to run amok.

Two seasons in the field—1987 and 1988—confirmed the bacterium’s staid behavior, and also its ability to protect crops: potato seedlings coated with ice minus received only a third as much frost damage as unprotected plants. Lindow chose not to conduct a third field test last summer. Faced with regulatory uncertainty, ice minus’s future on the farm is far from assured.

A few other lab-altered creatures did go to the fields last summer. BioTechnica Agriculture, of Overland Park, Kansas, tested several genetically modified strains of rhizobia, nitrogen-fixing bacteria that have long been used to foster the growth of alfalfa, soybeans, and other legumes. Crop Genetics International, of Hanover, Maryland, tested bacteria designed to protect against rice stem borers and European corn borers. These bacteria, which live inside the vascular systems of plants, had been outfitted with toxin genes taken from another bug, *Bacillus thuringiensis*, or BT, a natural microbial pesticide sold in the United States since 1961.

None of the tested bugs have ventured away from their release sites or persisted in the environment. Undoubtedly they have changed for a time the mix of microbial populations in the soil or on leaves, but so do chemical pesticides and herbicides, and farm practices such as tilling, irri-



gation, and crop rotation. In May of 1988 a Congressional Office of Technology Assessment report concluded, "With adequate review none of the small-scale field tests proposed or probable within the next several years are likely to result in an environmental problem that would be widespread or difficult to control."

THERE IS still no consensus, however, on what constitutes "adequate review." A draft proposal for revising the EPA regulations was circulated in the last months of the Reagan Administration, but it drew criticism from all sides and finally died at the Office of Management and Budget. A key provision would have created a number of local environmental-biosafety committees to assume some unspecified oversight role. The EPA also proposed to broaden the scope of the Toxic Substances Control Act to oversee work with naturally occurring organisms. Industry argued that the EPA should move in the opposite direction, exempting all or most small-

scale research with microbes. Environmentalists oppose such an exemption but also don't want the EPA squandering its regulatory energies on bugs commonly found in compost heaps or sewage ponds.

The EPA and the White House are currently working out the Bush Administration's position. No one, however, expects any dramatic shifts in the regulations. With major environmental legislation like the Clean Air Act under review, genetically engineered microbes have not been a priority on anyone's agenda this year.

Many in the biotech industry echo the sentiments of Jerry Caulder, the president of Mycogen Corporation, who believes that the current regulations would work well "if we didn't have people coming along playing what-if to the nth degree on every release." He adds, "The EPA is in a terrible position. The regulations are supposed to be scientifically reasonable, and yet the public wants an assurance of absolute safety. You really can't do both." The EPA has no equivalent of the

medical-research community's clinical trial, in which new therapies are evaluated in relation to standard ones, allowing the better of two often imperfect alternatives to be determined.

The 1988 OTA report stated,

In evaluating the potential risks associated with these new technologies, the appropriate question is not "How can we reduce the potential risks to zero?" but "What are the relative risks of the new technologies compared with the risks of the technologies with which they will compete?" Furthermore, What are the risks posed by over-regulating, or failing to develop fully the new technologies? How do we weigh costs and benefits? How much review is enough?

Until such questions have been answered satisfactorily and the answers guide our regulatory strategies, we will have little choice but to keep relying on the chemical pesticides and fertilizers whose harmful effects are already apparent.

—Yvonne Baskin

"W

all Street's
an almost weirdly predictable place. All booms
eventually turn into panics. And all good ideas
eventually turn into folly." —L. J. Davis

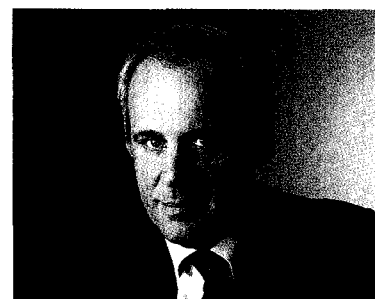
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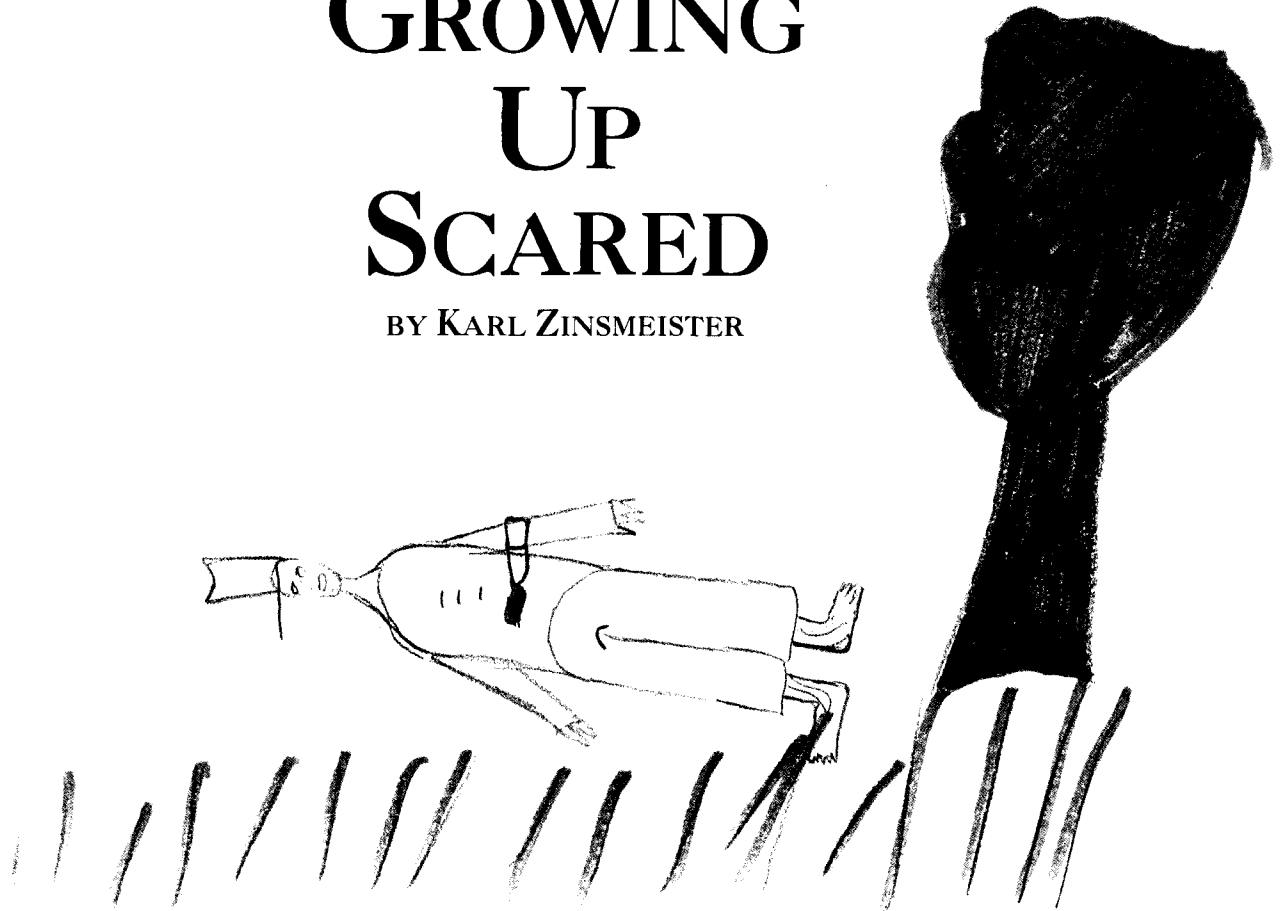
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Spurred on by family instability, violent crime now touches millions of young lives. The control of crime in the streets, in the schools, and in the home ought to be the pre-eminent "children's issue"

GROWING UP SCARED

BY KARL ZINSMEISTER



CRIME DOES NOT WASH OVER ALL AMERICANS equally. It especially terrorizes the weakest and most vulnerable among us. Three quarters of America's 64 million children live in metropolitan areas, a fifth live in low-income households, at least a tenth come home after school to a house containing no adult, and all are physically immature and incompletely formed in character. These are the people who suffer most when law and order decay. Children need order. Aside from love and sustenance, there is nothing they need more than order.

Law enforcement is often presented as a conservative issue, but today there is a powerful bleeding-heart justification for getting tough on crime: to protect child welfare. Physical safety and psychological security are the foundations—the essential preconditions—for a child's health, education, and overall development. A good school, an accessible doctor, a rich library, a 15 percent increase in the Head Start budget—these are of little use to a child sharing an

apartment with his mother's abusive, violent, drug-selling boyfriend, or to a child who fears the very sidewalks, or to one who cannot find a safe haven even in the classroom. In failing to insulate our children from criminal activity, we are jeopardizing the future of millions of American youngsters.

Yet none of the established children's-defense organizations has emphasized public order as an issue of supreme importance to the young. Why have those who claim to speak in behalf of children made no outcry for tougher laws, no-nonsense sentencing, more police officers, more prisons, safer schools, and less drugs? Why have they initiated no campaign for putting the full weight of public protection on the side of babies and schoolchildren, instead of on the side of mothers who poison their own offspring with crack, and gang members who bring guns into classrooms?

The present state of affairs is intolerable. It is time to compile a new list of "children's issues," and to put crime reduction at the top.

Drawings of their neighborhoods by children from the Boston and Washington, D.C., areas. Drawing above by JEMEAL, age 10

Is It Really That Bad?

IN MAY OF 1987 THE MAYOR OF WASHINGTON, D.C., visited an eighth-grade science class for gifted students at a public school in a poor neighborhood. The mayor posed a question. "How many of you know somebody who's been killed?" There were nineteen students in the class. Fourteen hands went up. The mayor went around the room: How were they killed? The answers began like this: "Shot." "Stabbing." "Shot." "Shot." "Drugs." "Shot." These were thirteen-year-old children. Given that they were in the gifted class, one can assume that they were from more privileged backgrounds than most of their schoolmates.

"I hear shooting at night mostly."

Quotation above:
LANCE, age 7

Art below (clockwise from bottom left):

VICTOR, age 8
TANYA, age 10
KIMBERLY, age 8
MIGUEL, age 9
MELVIN, age 9

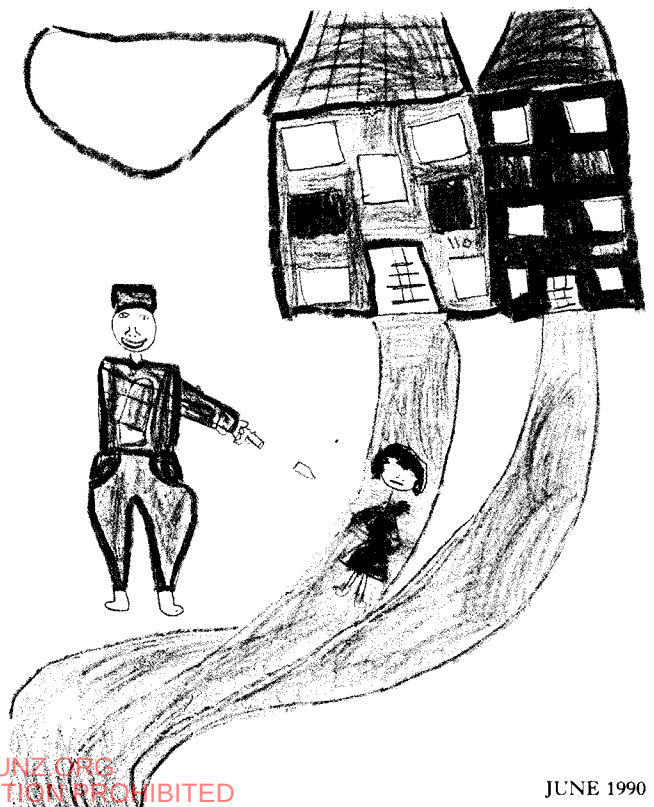
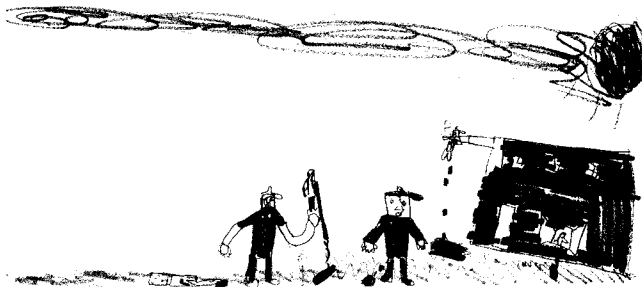
Over a four-month period in Detroit at about the same time, 102 youngsters age sixteen or under were shot, nearly all of them by other children. There was so much violence in the public schools that the whole system had to be shut down for two days. In October of 1987 *The Wall Street Journal* ran a front-page story that chronicled three months in the life of a twelve-year-old Chicago boy named Lafayette Walton. That life included almost daily gun and

submachine-gun battles in his housing project, beatings and maimings of relatives and friends, rapes, gang recruiting, cocaine-running by a nine-year-old female cousin, and several murders.

Our failure to curb such mayhem must be blamed on tolerance, not ignorance. Anecdotes like the ones above have been piling up for years. There is no shortage of quantitative evidence either. Researchers at the University of Maryland School of Medicine, in Baltimore, recently completed a study of 168 teenagers who visited an inner-city clinic for routine medical care. The teenagers were questioned about their exposure to various kinds of violence. A stunning 24 percent had witnessed a murder; 72 percent knew someone who had been shot. These teenagers had themselves been victims of some type of violence an average of one and a half times each and had witnessed an average of more than five serious criminal episodes. One out of five had had their lives threatened, and almost one out of eleven had been raped. The doctors who collected the information point out that because of the nature of the clinic population, some 80 percent of the respondents were female. Among a sample of adolescent males many of these measures of exposure to violence would be higher.

"What I think is going on in the inner city is warfare—social warfare," one psychologist in Boston says. Lawrence Gary, the director of the Institute for Urban Affairs and Research at Howard University, says, "This kind of violence is a new phenomenon in America. We've always had murder and violence, but not like this. We don't know what the long-term impact is going to be."

Young people are not only increasingly exposed to vio-



lence; they are also increasingly the perpetrators of violence. In the most troubling cases we are seeing a pattern of extreme remorselessness. The Central Park "wilding" attack is an infamous example; those accused of raping and nearly killing a young jogger in 1989 said afterward that "it was fun." In an earlier case, in Washington, D.C., a group of youths robbed, raped, and brutally murdered a middle-aged mother named Catherine Fuller while singing and joking. In another instance in Washington an eighteen-year-old shot a cab driver in the head because he "wanted to try out a gun." In another, two teenagers killed a third who passed them on the street because they wanted his "boom box."

"I had a kid who shot a guy twenty-seven times," one juvenile-court supervisor reports. "What kind of anger is that?" Even the murder victim's girlfriend, he says, showed no emotion when informed of the crime. In Brooklyn three teenagers methodically set fire to a homeless couple in 1987. When rubbing alcohol wouldn't ignite the pair, the youths went to a local service station for gasoline, which worked. Hundreds of similarly disturbing cases exist. Investigators say that juveniles are often found laughing and playing at homicide scenes.

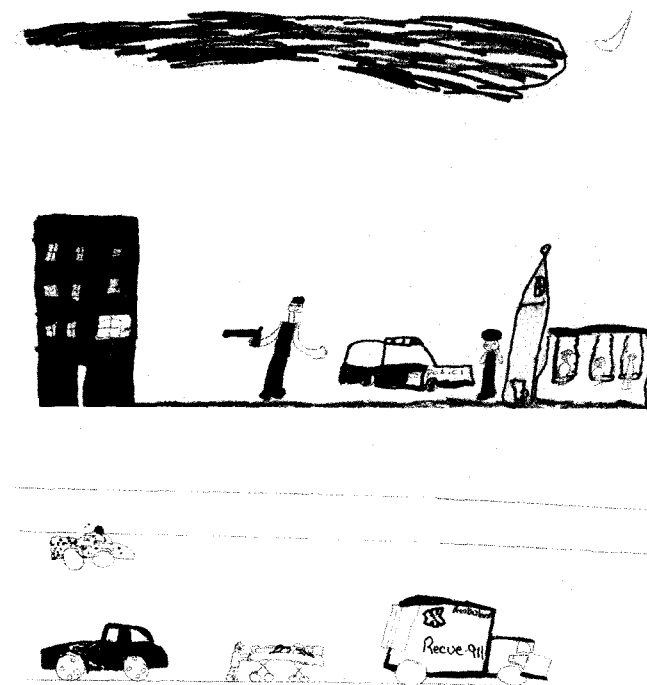
From 1983 to 1988 the number of minors arrested for murder increased by a startling 31 percent (to 1,765), even though the number of people age twelve to seventeen actually decreased by eight percent over those five years. The jump in murder arrests of children age fourteen or younger (up 28 percent, to a total of 201 over that same period) is especially troubling. Victor Herbert, the executive director of New York City's Division of High Schools, says a new breed of young people "who are very

reckless, very carefree, and, we believe, very dangerous" has arrived on the scene. "There's real fear among young people about each other," he reports.

Homicide is now the leading cause of death among children in many American inner cities, and about half the assailants are other youths. Extrapolations from death-certificate and FBI statistics show that approximately 2,000 minors were murdered in 1988—twice the number killed in 1965, when there were 6.5 million more people under age eighteen in the country. Among blacks the destruction is particularly disturbing. More than 1,000 black children fell victim to homicide in 1988, a 50 percent increase over the toll in 1985. The murder and drug epidemics sweeping black communities are now so serious as to have actually reduced the average black life-span. From 1970 to 1984 steadily improving medical technology and diet, rising income, and other factors pushed black life expectancy up from 64.1 years to 69.7 years. The progress stopped right there. While white longevity has continued to rise, the average black life-span has decreased since 1984 by nearly four months—a development without parallel in the postwar period.

The Roots of the Problem

THE MOST IMPORTANT SOURCE OF VIOLENCE BY and among children is family breakdown. More than 60 percent of all children born today will spend at least some time in a single-parent household before reaching age eighteen. That kind of collapse of family structure is historically unprecedented in the United States and possibly in the world.



For many black teenagers, according to a report by one child-welfare organization, marriage is "now an almost forgotten institution."

There is a great difference of opinion over the cause of this family decay. On one side is, let us say, the Charles Murray school, which argues that perverse government policies lie behind the collapse of family responsibility. In opposition is what we might call the Daniel Patrick Moynihan school, which argues that the causes are a mystery (but probably involve culture) and that government intervention offers the best hope for a solution. But despite the deep split over causes and solutions, there is broad agreement—at last—that family disintegration is at the root of many of the social and economic problems that worry us most.

To say that family structure is now the principal conduit of class structure is not to deny that plenty of children in intact families have problems, or that many youngsters from single-parent homes will grow up to be happy and successful. There are children being raised in Beirut today who will turn out fine too; nonetheless, growing up in Beirut is not to be recommended. The point is, having only one parent's time, energy, and earning and teaching power is a serious blow from which a child recovers only with effort. Lack of male direction is an additional problem for many such children.

That is not personal prejudice. A major study of children from one-parent families, conducted by the National Association of Elementary School Principals, has found that 30 percent of the two-parent elementary school students surveyed ranked as high achievers, compared with only 17 percent of the one-parent children. At the other end of the scale, 23 percent of the two-parent children were low achievers—versus 38 percent of the one-parent children. There were more clinic visits among one-parent students, and their rate of absence from school ran higher. One-parent students were consistently more likely to be late, truant, and subject to disciplinary action. One-parent children were found to be more than twice as likely to drop out of school altogether.

The Bureau of Justice Statistics reported not long ago that 70 percent of the juveniles in state reform institutions grew up in single-parent or no-parent families. One recent study of seventy-two adolescent murderers found that three quarters came from single-parent homes. Most street-gang members, it has been shown, come from broken homes.

These findings should not surprise us. Fully twenty-five years ago Daniel Patrick Moynihan observed:

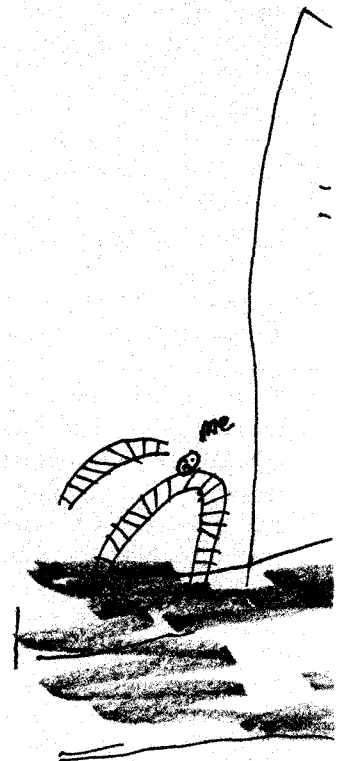
From the wild Irish slums of the 19th-century Eastern seaboard to the riot-torn suburbs of Los Angeles, there is one unmistakable lesson in American history: a community that allows a large number of young men (and women) to grow up in broken families, dominated by women, never acquiring any stable relationship to male authority . . . that community asks for and gets chaos.

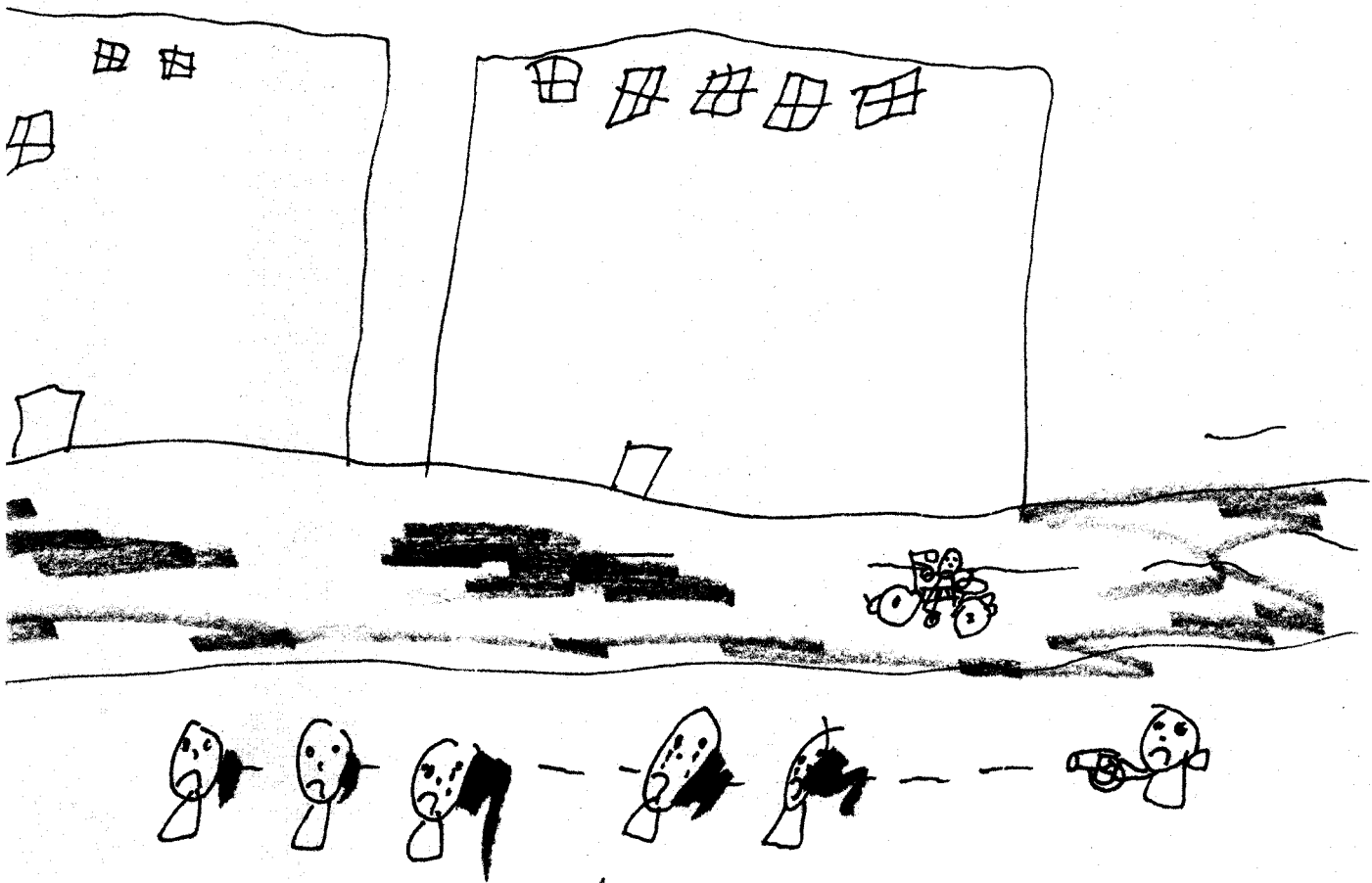
"I was
scared of
the gun
and the
man."

Quotation and art:
DONALD, age 8

One of the depressing lessons we have learned in the past quarter century is how unamenable the problems of the broken family are to monetary solutions. It is not that we haven't tried to make compensation for the withering of the nuclear unit. Two thirds of all people in female-headed families with children under eighteen now get benefits from a welfare program (Aid to Families with Dependent Children, General Assistance, Supplemental Security Income, Medicaid, food stamps, rent assistance), the Census Bureau tells us. Of all never-married mothers, more than 80 percent are receiving some kind of government check. The federal government spends more than \$100 billion every year on means-tested assistance to families. Yet this aid has not even come close to providing those households with the kind of existential security that most intact families enjoy.

Given family integrity's essential importance, one might have expected society-wide efforts to support and encourage two-parent families when signs of rot were first detected, in the 1960s. That didn't happen. For the past quarter century American public policy has shied away from the idea that certain family forms are more desirable than others. There is no attempt to promote child-bearing within wedlock. There is little penalty attached to child abandonment. There is scant recognition of the social benefits of marriage, or of the social contributions of those who devote themselves to conscientious child-rearing. There is no reward from our public programs for standing by kith and kin.





The most tragic aspect of this lack of nerve among American elites in defending the integrity of the nuclear family is that it misled and left badly exposed precisely those groups that had the fewest other assets to fall back on. The rich can perhaps afford a splintered family; though it may bring heartache, it is usually not incapacitating. But the ill-educated, the poor, the historically discriminated against—strong families were in many cases the only thing such people had going for them. Once enticed out of the safe harbor of family solidarity, people in these groups often cannot recover.

Bolstering Families

THERE IS NO FULLY ADEQUATE SUBSTITUTE, public or private, for intact families. How, then, do we foster them? To begin with, there is a very substantive role for simple public rhetoric. Despite a quarter century of heartbreaking experience, the establishment message often continues to be

that family structure is just a choice, and that a preference for one form over another is a kind of prejudice. A typical expression of the sentiment was made by the writer Toni Morrison in a *Time* magazine interview last year: "I don't think a female running a house is a problem, a broken family," she said. "The little nuclear family is a paradigm that just doesn't work. It doesn't work for white people or for black people. Why we are hanging onto it, I don't know." So long as thinking like this prevails, there will be no brake on our slide toward family forms that are economically, socially, and emotionally less tenable for children—and that perpetuate themselves over generations. To point out just one of many weaknesses invisible to Morrison, single-mother families have a poverty rate, after government transfers, of 38 percent; the comparable figure for husband-wife families is six percent. The nuclear family is not a perfect institution, but it is a necessary one. It is one of the very few institutions found in societies of every ethnic, political, and cultural stripe. While it would hardly be sufficient to

solve the problem by itself, a broad public effort to document the human damage that results from widespread family meltdown, and to encourage marriage as the appropriate locus of childbearing, could eventually help curb family abandonment and neglect.

In addition to rhetorical measures to reinforce two-parent families, we need to help mothers and fathers by giving them more choice, more independence, and more responsibility. Parents are likelier to shoulder obligations to their children if they believe that their interventions can make a difference. Poor parents in particular need new incentives and new tools. Rhode Island is now formulating a \$10 million plan that, beginning next year, will allow the state to make its 10,000 third-graders and their parents an offer: children who pass their courses every year from now on, obey the law, avoid pregnancy, and do not use drugs will receive special academic help, plus one-on-one guidance from a trained volunteer "mentor," throughout their elementary and high school years. Any student who fulfills the compact and is accepted into college or a job-training program after graduation will have his education or training paid for. Measures like this, which try to forestall self-injuring behavior rather than just salving its effects with public funds, have a decent prospect of success. Trading substantial assistance for cooperative self-reform is also respectful of individual

autonomy and free will, and thus is less likely to dispirit the low-income recipient. There is another advantage: payments conditioned on two-sided compacts have a much better chance of inspiring enthusiasm and generosity among taxpayers, who are understandably cynical about traditional welfare transfers.

To avoid the corrosive effects of patron-client welfare custodialism, parents ought to be offered transportable

resources—vouchers, say—and real choice in the selection of schools and housing. Yes, plenty of guardians would ignore a chance to transfer their child to a better school, and some would just discard a housing voucher. But an increased ability to act with effect would startle some parents into new interest in their child's welfare.

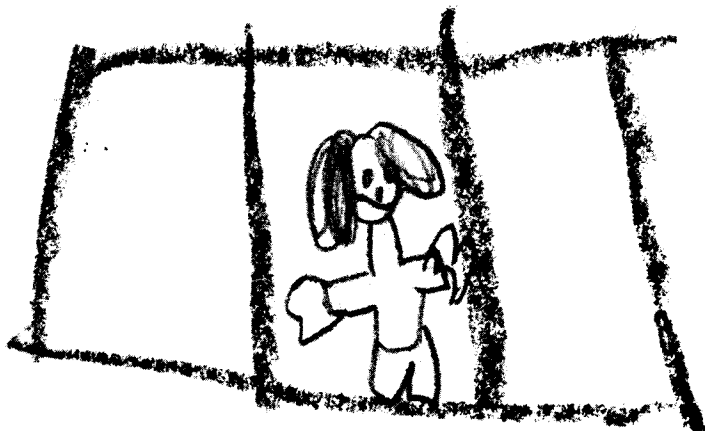
THE HOUSING AREA OFFERS A POWERFUL JUSTIFICATION for a rapid move toward a voucher strategy. A given house or apartment is not just a shelter; it is also an assignment to a physical neighborhood, a milieu, a social class. Homes are the locus of family life, and specific homes in specific places can exert powerful influences on the personalities and experiences of the occupants. Traditional public-housing complexes tend to be giant conglomerations of the troubled—isolated reservations where dysfunction is not the exception but the norm. Housing projects are petri dishes for family disintegration. All the role models, all the financial incentives—the entire world view—are an encouragement to other-than-intact families. It would be much healthier for low-income families if households receiving housing assistance were dispersed broadly through a more normal cross-section of neighbors. The best way to promote dispersion is to assign people means rather than a place.

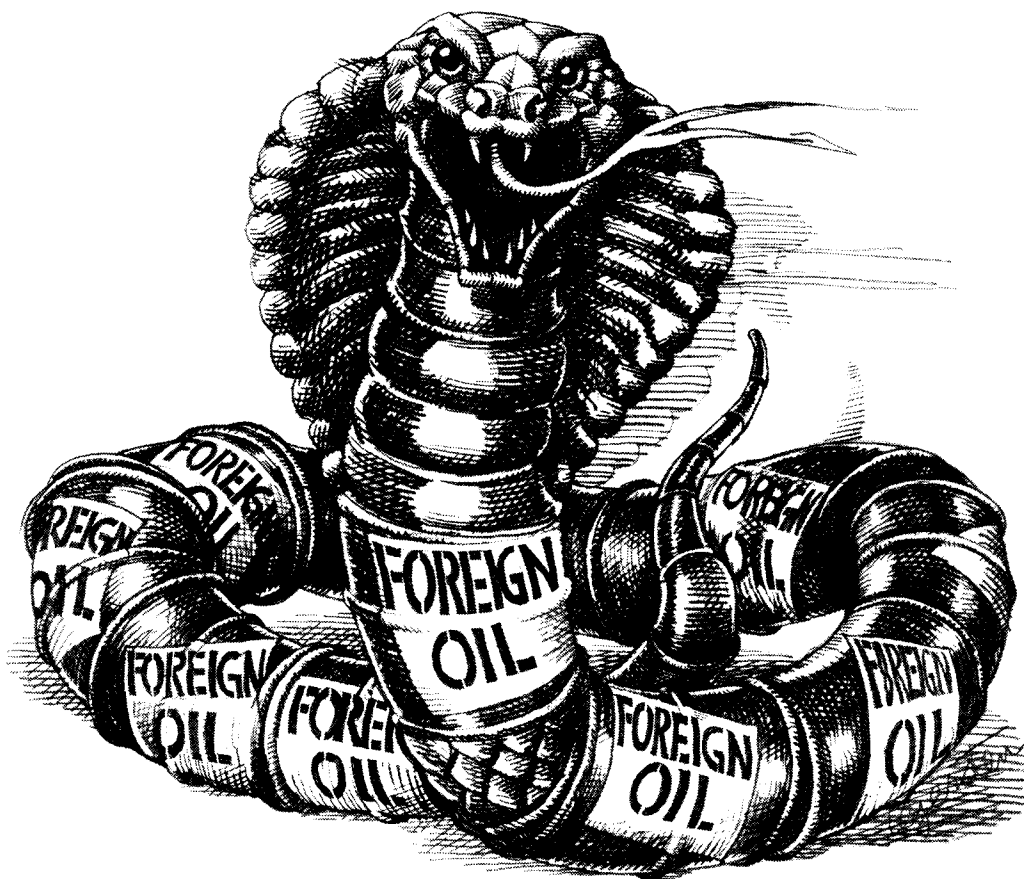
Other attempts to break the physical segregation of dysfunctional families are also needed. The typical single mother on public assistance lives in stark withdrawal—closeted in an apartment to avoid the dangers beyond, doing no outside work, having no civic attachments or other means of integration into the larger world. Her universe is defined by a small circle of people living similarly. A check slips through her mail slot every two weeks. To break this isolation, welfare recipients ought to be required to satisfy certain requirements for activity during their period of dependency: completing high school or a high-school-equivalency program within a given number of years, getting a part-time job, taking classes in child-rearing or household management—whatever. Failure should mean loss of benefits. The emphasis must be on making measurable efforts toward self-improvement.

More generally, helping America's lower classes reclaim a solid family structure will require sharp changes in the way we transfer income in this country. Significant welfare reform is a grail that has eluded legions of crusaders over several generations, but some progress has at least been made in agreeing on what we ought to be disgusted with. Most observers now believe that our welfare programs ought to be made strictly transitional, phasing out entirely after a limited period of reciprocity, rather than serving as a long-term source of income (as they currently do for many). Support is growing for refundable tax credits for poor people with earned income—and for putting heavier reliance on the tax system to transfer

“My aunt
told a lie in
court and
had to go
to jail.”

Quotation and art:
ALONNA, age 7





THE KISS OF DEATH?

We now import more than 40 percent of all the oil we use, and that percentage continues to grow. This excessive dependence on foreign oil could poison America's economy and our national security if our supply were ever disrupted.

But the more we use nuclear energy, instead of imported oil, to generate our electricity, the less we have to depend on uncertain foreign oil supplies.

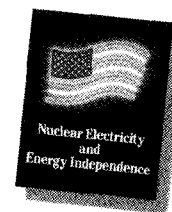
America's 112 nuclear electric plants already have cut foreign oil dependence by 4 billion barrels since the oil embargo of 1973, saving us \$115 billion in foreign oil payments.

But 112 nuclear plants will not be enough to meet our rapidly growing demand for electricity. We need more plants.

Importing so much oil is a danger America must avoid. We need to

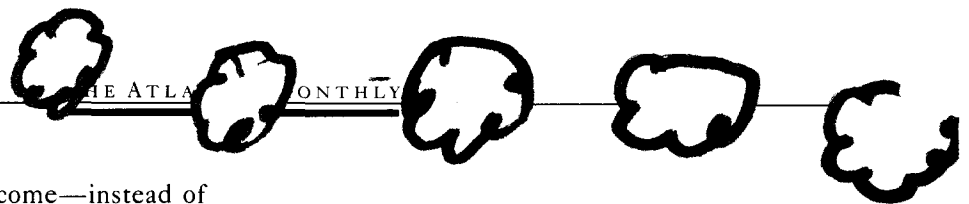
rely more on energy sources we can count on, like nuclear energy.

For a free booklet on nuclear energy, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66080, Dept. SK29, Washington, D.C. 20035.



U.S. COUNCIL FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

Nuclear energy means more energy independence.



money to people without earned income—instead of fishing checks to welfare recipients through multiple layers of social workers. There is a growing consensus that the presence of children, rather than the mere fact of low income, ought to be the trigger for assistance. And sentiment is growing in some quarters for discrimination in favor of intact families in public-housing, tax, and entitlement policy.

Public policy ought to aim to weave parents and children together in webs of mutual responsibility and obligation. With respect to child support, the state should set itself up as a kind of bondsman—enforcer of private obligations first, gap-filler second—stepping into the breach only when payments cannot be collected from an absentee parent. Only 37 percent of mothers with absent spouses received payments from those spouses in 1985; the average annual amount was just \$2,220, down 25 percent in constant dollars from the level of seven years earlier. Tracking down irresponsible fathers will not always be cost-effective; many of them have no earnings. (A variety of evidence suggests that up to half of inner-city young men have not worked a single day in the past year.) Nonetheless, the effort of establishing a paternity decree is worthwhile, if only to force wider recognition of the parental obligations that are being defaulted on.

One fatal mistake to be avoided in government efforts to promote healthier families is undertaking measures that supersede or substitute for parental efforts. If you house the child, and feed him his hot meals, and provide all his intellectual and moral instruction at school, you run the risk of persuading marginally involved parents that they are superfluous.

Interventions must operate through and with parents, not around them. Day-care programs, for instance, ought to require classroom participation by each parent on a rotating basis. Child counseling should include parents. Unless undertaken cautiously, well-intentioned public efforts to compensate for parental remoteness can have the inadvertent effect of apologizing for, and increasing, such remoteness.

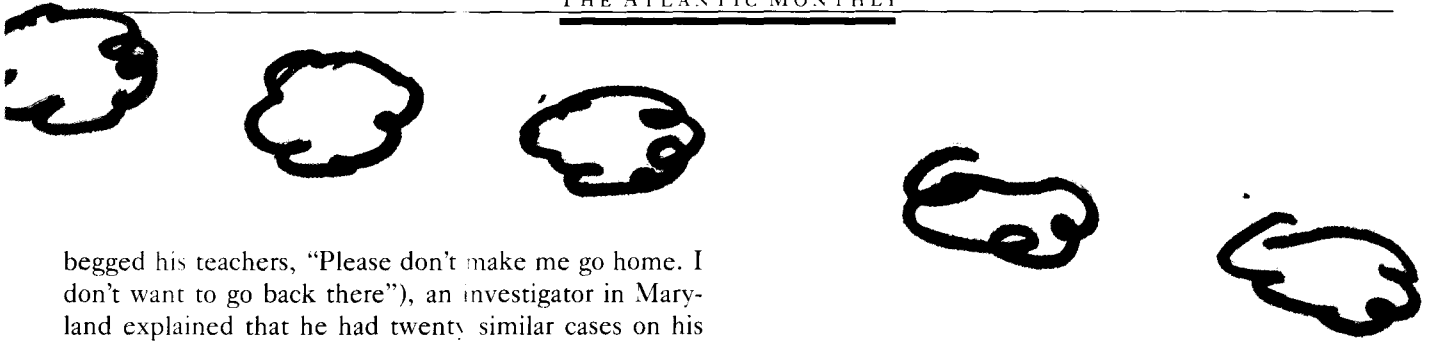
Confronting Bad Parents

PARENTS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR CHILDREN. They need to be *held* responsible. We already have limited laws holding parents to account for truancy and early school dropout by children. There is growing agreement that keeping control of one's children ought to be a condition for residence in public housing—twenty-nine states have won a federal waiver to evict families from projects if a child is found to be using or selling drugs. Florida has just passed legislation that punishes parents and other adults who let their guns fall into the hands of children. In Wisconsin and Hawaii parents can be forced to support offspring of their unmarried teenage children.

Real sanctions should be meted out against uncooperative mothers and fathers when juveniles repeatedly violate youth curfews in those cities where they exist. Some cities are considering giving family courts new powers to force parents to participate in court-ordered counseling along with their delinquent juveniles. The California legislature passed an anti-youth-gang law in 1988 that allows parents to be arrested for failure to “exercise reasonable care, supervision, protection, and control over their minor child.” Under its provisions derelict parents can be directed into various forms of treatment and counseling, with criminal penalties of up to a year in jail and a \$2,500 fine if they refuse. (British authorities recently proposed the adoption of a similar statute.) Though growing in number, parent-accountability statutes are not yet enforced nearly as often, or as effectively, as they should be. In Los Angeles, which has been making active use of the California statute, thirty to forty cases are being processed every month. These include instances where parents have openly tolerated guns and gang insignia in the home, where friends of the parents have tried to recruit their children into prostitution, where drug-addicted parents have simply stopped providing and caring for their children. Egregious negligence of this kind justifies public intrusion into certain parent-child relationships.

In instances where parents prove unwilling or unable to provide their children with the care and oversight they need, our child-protection services must have the resources and will to act. Currently they don't: our standards of child protection have fallen to scandalously low levels in recent years. Many child-protection agencies are now doing little more than preventing murder, and sometimes they fail even to do that. In the state of Washington, for instance—where conditions are better than they are in most other places—seventeen children who were on state case rolls for protection have died from abuse or neglect in the past three years. (Another twenty-eight not previously known to the authorities also died of neglect or abuse.) In Washington, D.C., where reporters last summer discovered that the backlog of child-endangerment cases yet to be investigated numbered 771, one social worker says, “‘Prevention’ is not a word that exists in our agency anymore.” He goes on: “When we define tragedy, it is not a child's failure to thrive. It is either they are maimed . . . or they are dead.” Asked why he hadn't acted to remove a six-year-old boy from a known crack house run by the child's mother (the boy regularly





begged his teachers, "Please don't make me go home. I don't want to go back there"), an investigator in Maryland explained that he had twenty similar cases on his desk, and that he didn't have time to go through the time-consuming process of taking a child from a parent unless there was "imminent danger." Such a minimal standard of child welfare verges on the barbaric.

Making child-protection agencies more attentive will be particularly important if we intend to continue the standard practice of erring on the side of risk—that is, keeping children with previously abusive parents and hoping for the best. Family courts are generally unwilling to terminate parental rights these days unless there is a threat of immediate physical harm. The increased levels of violence and drug addiction that we are now seeing have, strangely, done little to change this pattern.

Some jurisdictions have won so-called "findings of abuse" against drug-using parents in the juvenile and family courts. These findings have no criminal ramifications, but they allow the

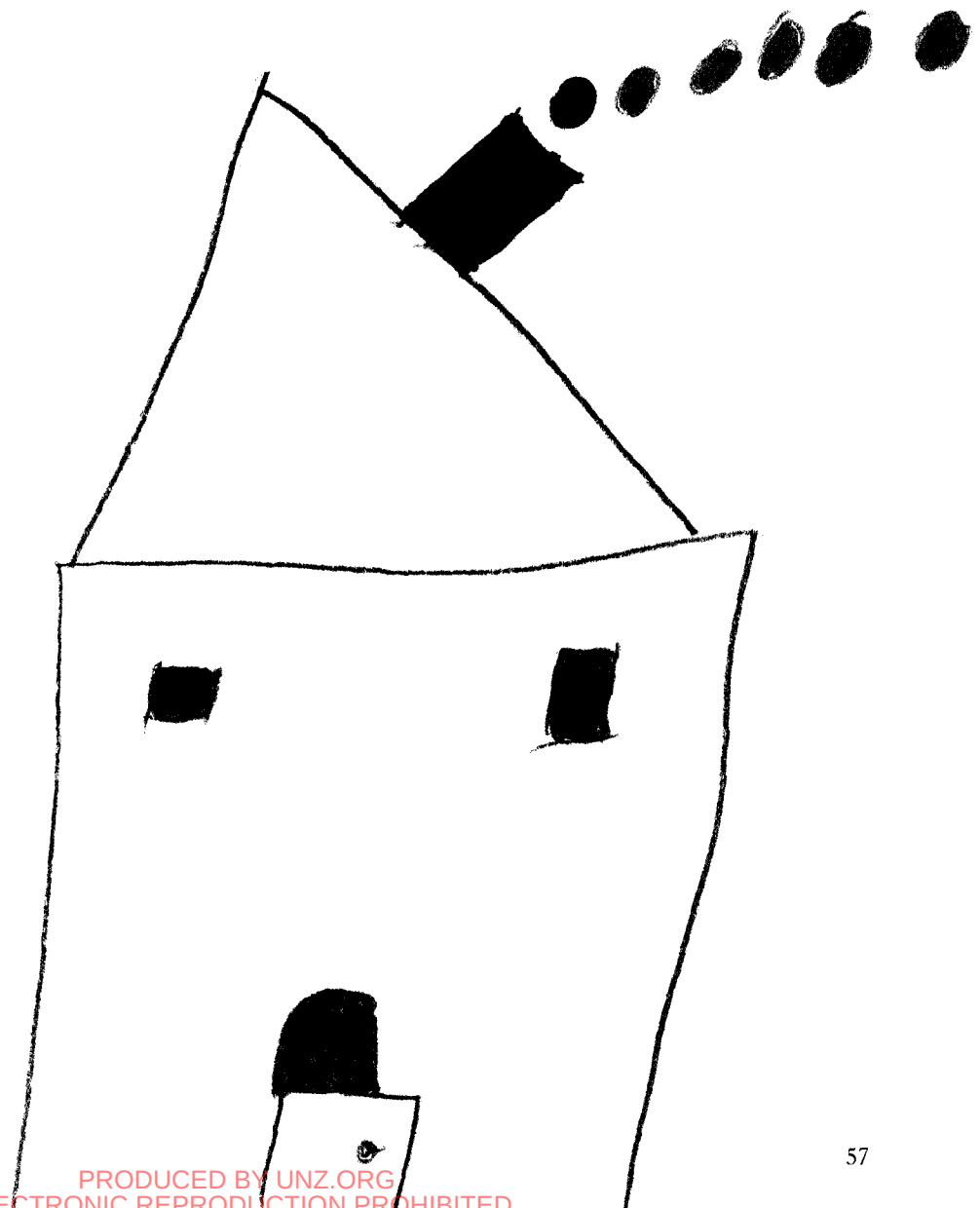
court to enter mandatory orders of protection in the child's behalf (for instance, forcing a parent to enter a treatment program) and to take custody of a child if a parent undertakes no constructive change. "We don't want newborns going home with drug addicts," says Paul Logli, the state's attorney in Winnebago County, Illinois. "To me, those places where babies are handed to mothers regardless are examples of a collapsing system. If prosecutors and social workers can't work out something better than that, then we ought to just close up shop."

Unfortunately, most cities and counties are unwilling

"I saw this man go around my way and kill people. I ran in the house and got down on the floor."

Quotation:
T'KIA, age 7

Art:
BISMAL, age 8



Why establishing a insurance program is

IT'S NOT A PRETTY PICTURE.

Scientists warn that the probability of a cataclysmic earthquake striking the United States is becoming greater all the time.

They're not just talking about California, either. A major quake might well strike the East Coast and Midwest.

Such an earthquake, measuring, say, 8.0 on the Richter scale, could result in thousands of deaths. With property losses alone reaching \$70 billion.

THE ENTIRE COUNTRY WOULD SUFFER.

Consider this.

Were a major earthquake to strike a city like Los Angeles, St. Louis or New York, the entire country would pay the price. And the impact would extend far beyond the deaths, personal injury and property damage in the immediate quake area.

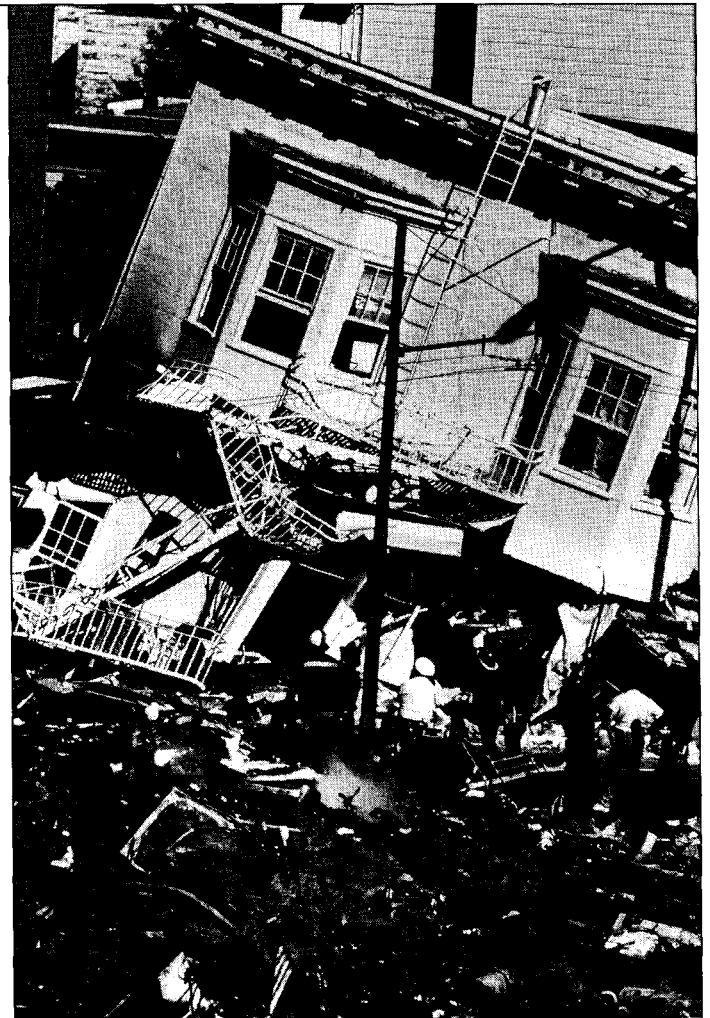
Start with disruption of critical energy and communication lines, food distribution and transportation. Add the problems in the financial markets that would inevitably arise as the insurance industry mobilized the funds to pay massive claims.

Worse yet, the insurance industry, drained of cash, might be unable to raise new capital to meet ongoing obligations and offer new coverages in the future.

As a nation, we can't afford to let this happen. Yet it easily could.

WE NEED TO BE BETTER PREPARED.

Destructive earthquakes will continue to occur throughout the world. The only real uncertainties are when and where.



Minimizing their effects calls for some fresh thinking. That's where the Earthquake Project comes in.

The Earthquake Project is supported by companies that have been working individually and through trade groups for several years to lay the groundwork for legislation to address this problem. Our goal

federal earthquake vital for all Americans.

is to protect the integrity of our economy in the event of a major quake.

And to make earthquake insurance available and affordable to every American homeowner and business.

A GOVERNMENT-INDUSTRY PARTNERSHIP APPROACH.

The proposed legislation would create a federal earthquake insurance program based on a government-industry partnership. The program would increase the number of homeowners purchasing insurance, thereby spreading the cost of risk more broadly. As a result, rates would be generally lower than they are today and coverage would be more affordable.

Another feature of the program would be the creation of a federal earthquake reinsurance corporation. Commercial insurance companies could purchase additional reinsurance from this corporation to supplement their existing capacity. This extra layer of protection would come into play in the event insurance industry earthquake losses exceeded some predetermined large figure—say \$8 billion.

IT'S NOT A MATTER OF CHOICE.

With such a program in place, compensation could be available to every earthquake victim suffering property losses. Moreover, the reinsurance aspect of the plan would assist the insurance industry in performing its role of efficiently allocating the resources needed for rapid

recovery and for rebuilding our economy.

As we see it, a federal earthquake insurance program, undertaken with the participation of government, business and American homeowners, is no longer a matter of choice.

It's a necessity.

WHY IS AIG RUNNING ADS LIKE THIS?

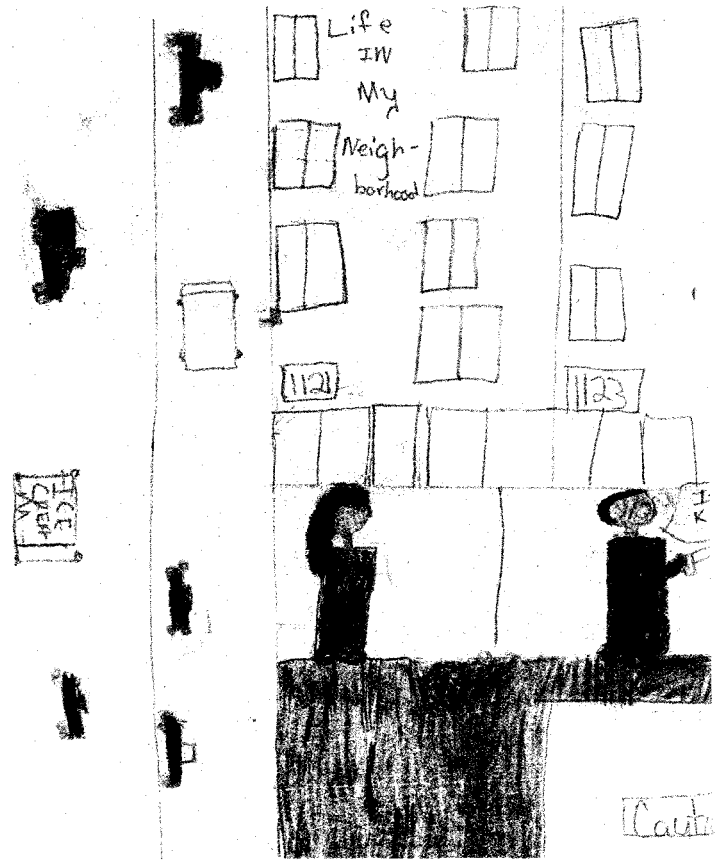
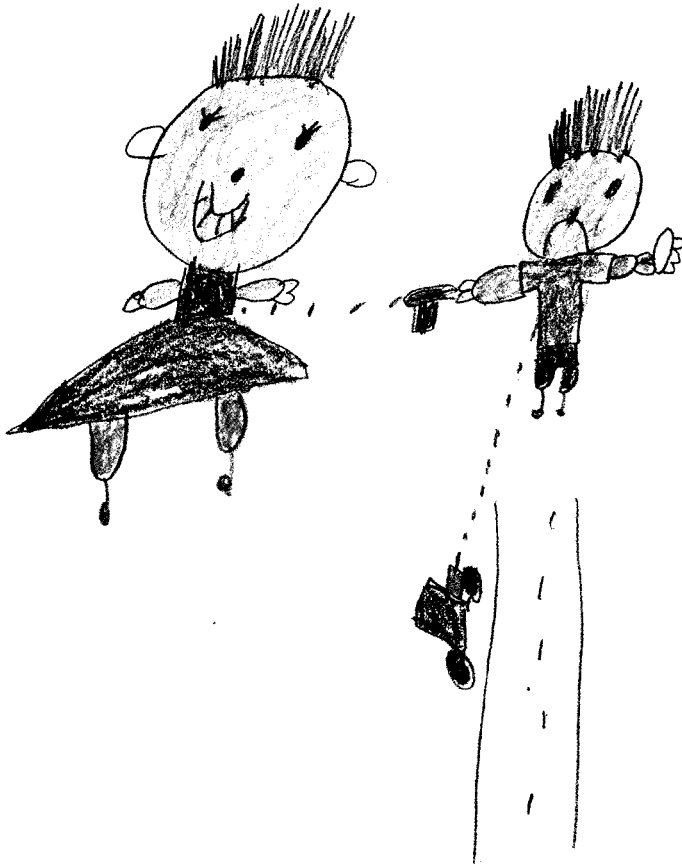
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to intervene. Keeping children with problem parents is the pattern even in notably extreme instances. One example came to light in Philadelphia last year. In June a child named Michaela Robinson was born addicted to cocaine, after a pregnancy in which her mother had sought no prenatal care. The addicted infant underwent withdrawal and then boarded for a period at Temple University Hospital. Social workers, meanwhile, were having difficulty making contact with the mother, and when they did, she was "very unaccommodating." The woman had been under investigation by the city's Department of Human Services since 1988, because of tips that she was caring improperly for her other three children. Nonetheless, the mother was persuaded to take Michaela home.

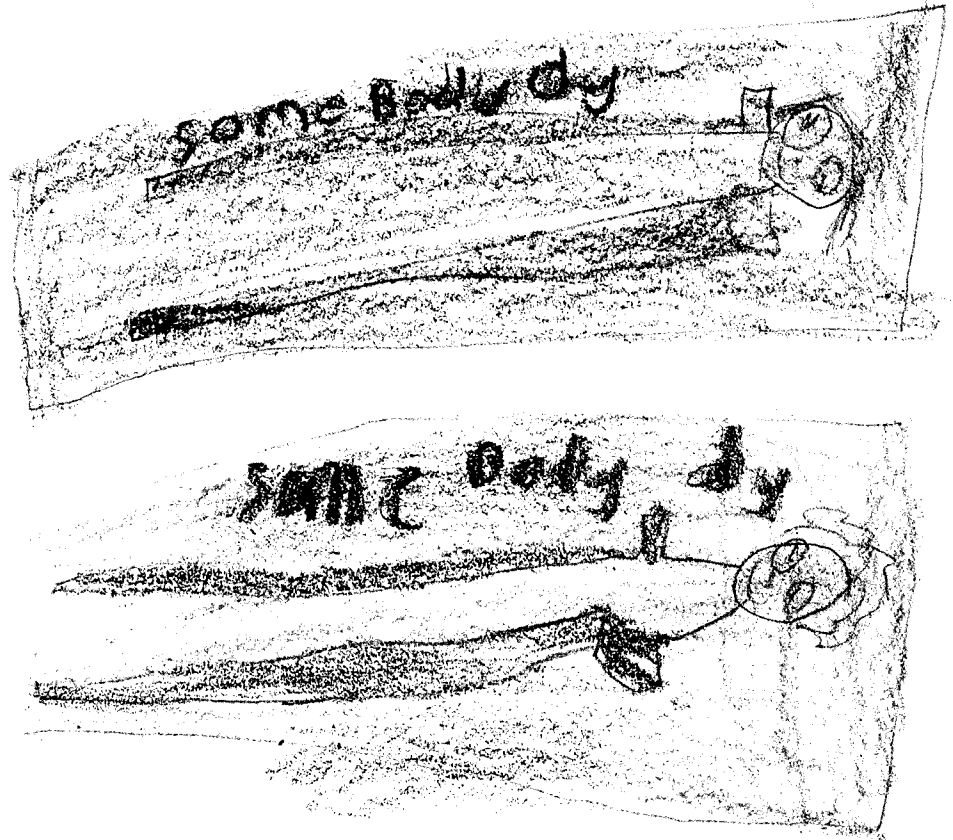
The mother was uncooperative in her dealings with social workers in the months that followed. When investigators were able to get into the residence, they noted that the baby was very small and unclean. "We saw evidence of neglect," one DHS worker said, but not what would have been considered enough to have the child removed. Finally, on December 23, paramedics found the emaciated body of the six-month-old dead in an infant seat. According to authorities, cocaine poisoning was the cause of death; crack smoke blown into the baby's face and mouth in an attempt to pacify her was possibly the source of the fatal intoxication. The medical examiner reports that ten other infants, ranging in age from twenty-eight days to

ten months, have died in Philadelphia over the past three years after inhaling crack fumes.

A strong case can be made that mothers giving birth to drug-addicted babies should lose them, unequivocally and permanently, unless they submit to immediate treatment. Yet in Washington and other cities legal strictures and anesthetized agencies often impede custody transfers, even for abandoned infants. Of course, many of these children, because of their damaged brains and unhealthy bodies, will eventually become a public responsibility anyway.

Besides new standards for action and increased efficiency at child-protection agencies, we also need safe havens for youngsters who have been pulled out of danger. In particular, we need a big push to support and improve adoption in this country—a market with bulges at both the supply and demand ends but with a host of bureaucratic interferences in between, which prevent congenial matches.

Referring to the drug-affected babies living in his institution, Haynes Rice, the director of the Howard University Hospital, says, "A lot of people really want to adopt these babies, but there have been social-services cutbacks, and city authorities and the judicial system don't have a speedy process for handling the proceedings." Some small, specific changes—for instance, ending prohibitions where they exist on adoptions by foster parents, reducing strictures where they exist against cross-race



adoptions, cutting enormous adoption fees, strengthening legal protections for adoptive parents, and restoring some confidentiality to the adoption process—could ease the placement of thousands of youngsters into supportive and loving homes.

Bringing Schools to Order

SCHOOLS ARE THE PRIMARY PUBLIC INSTITUTION IN the lives of children. If dangerous disorder is allowed to exist there, children will get a powerfully negative impression of society's interest in protecting them. Schools must be sanctuaries, where at a minimum physical safety is guaranteed. "If we can't ensure at least inside a school building or a schoolyard that there is still safety from the chaos of the streets," says Sandra Feldman, the president of New York City's teachers' union, "then I fear for the future of our whole society." Unfortunately, we are not now even close to providing such a guarantee. We seem to have decided that the level of violence in our schools today is something we can live with—indeed, that it is virtually normal.

There is nothing normal, however, about the present situation. Some 3 million incidents of attempted or completed street crime (assault, rape, robbery, theft) take place inside schools or on school property annually. Nearly 300,000 high school students are physically attacked each month. One teacher in twenty is assaulted every

year. Twelve percent of all teachers hesitate to confront misbehaving students for fear of reprisal. The results of the National Adolescent Student Health Survey, which queried 11,000 eighth- and tenth-grade students in twenty states in 1987, indicate that nearly two percent of all students (that would amount to 338,000 students nationwide) carried a handgun to school at least once that year. A third of those students packed a pistol *daily*. About eight times as many students carry knives as guns.

There is no way to justify bringing a weapon to school. Brandishing a firearm there challenges every civilized norm, and until the possibility of such conduct is eliminated, there can be no fine-tuning, or even functioning, in our classrooms. Hectoring against television violence, doling out food and health care, and pressing children to "respect themselves" and practice "self-esteem" are ludicrous—and hypocritical—

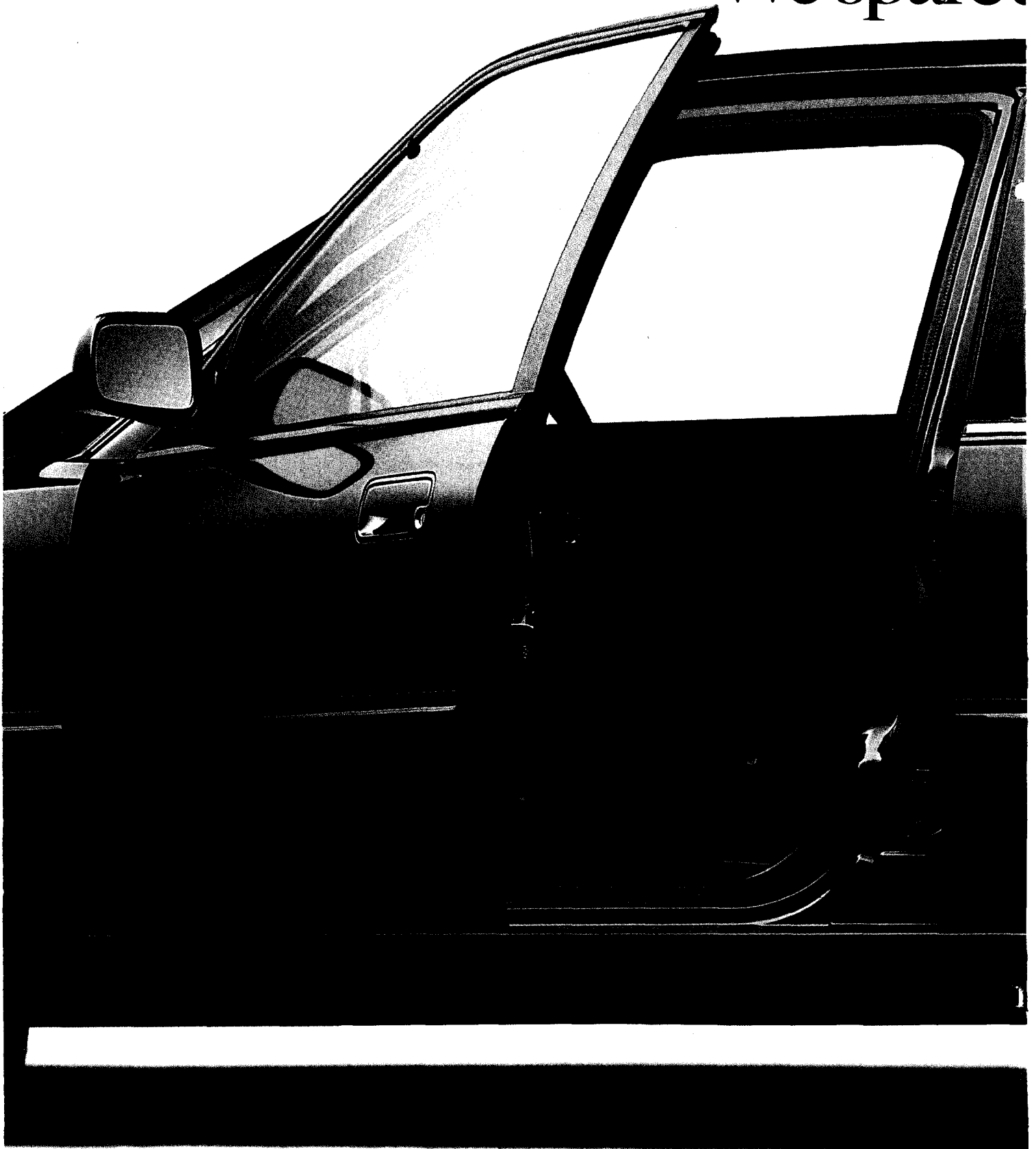
"Somebody pulled my cousin out of the car and shot him in the heart two weeks ago."

Quotation and art above:
DANA, age 7

Art on far left:
JARRAL, age 7

Art in center:
DIONDRA, age 9

We sparec



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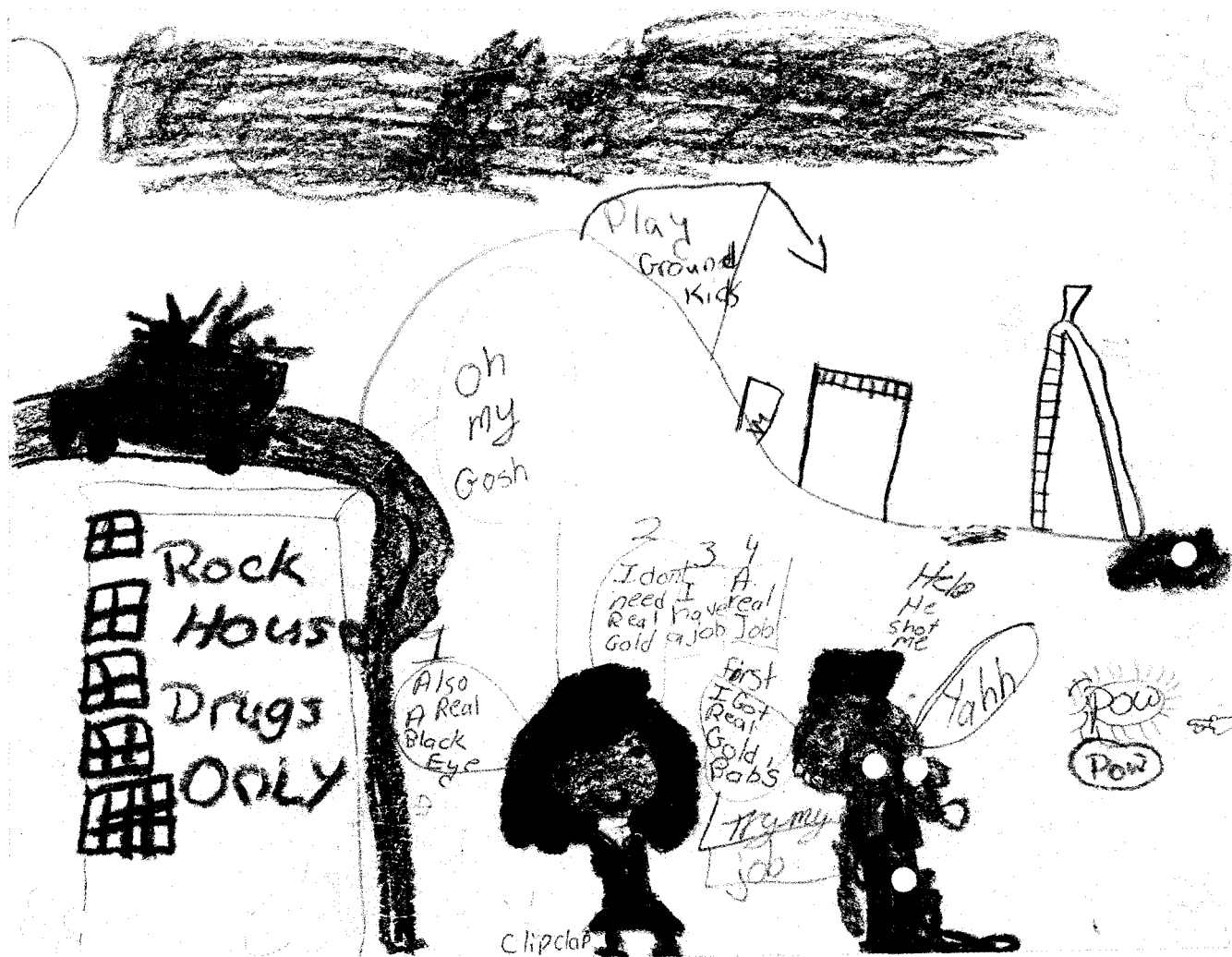
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“The man was selling drugs and he got locked up.”

Quotation:
MAURICE, age 8

Art:
ANDREA, age 9

report that someone threatened to hurt them in school, and 13 percent report actually having been attacked on the premises or on a school bus at least once during the past year. As one would expect, the meekest suffer most. Klaus Bornemann, a Bronx schoolteacher, says that in his violence-plagued junior high, “The kid who demonstrates fear

measures under conditions where responsible authorities do not even secure life and limb. The individual improvement and social training that are a school’s mission cannot credibly take place in an atmosphere of terror.

And terror is not too strong a word. Eight percent of urban junior and senior high school students miss at least one day of school a month because they are afraid to go. More than a third of these students re-

is raw meat.” It is not only the meek, however, who feel exposed. Nearly half of all students in New York City’s public high schools stayed home from school on Halloween last year, out of fear that there would be trouble on what has in recent years often been a violent occasion.

STRONG SUPPORT FOR TEACHERS AND PRINCIPALS who exert discipline at the schoolhouse level will be needed to dissipate this climate of fear. And some educators will have to be prodded. Only one teacher out of the 63,000 in New York City’s public school system was fired in 1988, and only one principal (a convicted drug user) has been fired in the past eleven years—not exactly evidence of public revulsion against the anarchy in New York classrooms. Beating down gangsterism takes strict policies and determined personnel. It will require making suspensions and expulsions stick, and establishing more alternative schools for chronic miscreants. In some places metal detectors, more guards, ID cards, occasional locker searches, and similar steps will be necessary. Squeamishness about such measures often reflects the public-relations worries of administrators more than

anything else. Whether we choose to admit it or not, violence has entered our schools. To pretend otherwise is unconscionable.

Fortunately, even in the meanest schools it is usually a limited number of youths who cause most of the turmoil. Klaus Bornemann estimates that most of the danger in his school originates with just 10 percent of the students. Toughness with this group can make a difference. In 1988 New York City finally began a weapons-detection program in five high schools, and nine more high schools and one middle school were added this school year. A security team with metal detectors visits three of the fifteen schools on a random basis every day. Principals and students report that even this modest step (there are 119 high schools in the New York system) has improved school safety. A federal "schoolyard drug law" is now on the books, stipulating heavier penalties when a drug-trafficking offense takes place within 1,000 feet of any campus, but overworked federal prosecutors rarely invoke it. Taking matters into their own hands, some states have recently begun to levy heavier sentences for certain offenses when they take place on school grounds.

An example that should *not* be followed was set last year by California's First District Court of Appeals. In 1982 California voters added a "Victim's Bill of Rights" to the state constitution. Part of it reads: "All students and staff of public primary, elementary, junior high and senior high schools have the inalienable right to attend campuses which are safe, secure, and peaceful." In a 1986 lawsuit Constance Hosemann and her son Stephen, a student in Oakland who had been repeatedly bullied, beaten, and robbed at school, charged that their school district had failed to protect Stephen's right to a safe classroom. The Alameda County Superior Court judge in the case ruled in the Hosemanns' favor, holding that they could seek monetary damages, and ordering the school district to develop a safe-schools plan. In May of last year a three-judge panel in the First District Court of Appeals overturned that decision, arguing that while the California constitution does provide students with a "general right" to security, it "imposes no express duty on anyone to make schools safe"—a perfect rationalization of the inertness that has so damaged the serenity of American childhood in the past twenty-five years.

Giving Criminals No Quarter

NOT JUST AROUND SCHOOLS BUT ACROSS SOCIETY we need to crack down on personal crime. There are those who will say we are now in the midst of just such a cleanup. They are wrong. Figures produced by the Bureau of Justice Statistics show that only 18 percent of people arrested for violent felonies are convicted and sentenced to at least a year in prison. For those arrested for drug felonies, the figure is 10 percent. Among people arrested for homicide, only 49

percent are sentenced to a year or more behind bars. For rapists, the figure is just 29 percent. A typical inmate getting out of lockup these days has spent seventeen months there. That is 45 percent of the average original court-ordered sentence. In other words, there is relatively little chance that criminals will go to jail even if arrested, and when they do go, they usually spend less than a year and a half in confinement. That's our war on crime?

It is no wonder, then, that four out of five state-prison inmates today are repeat offenders. Almost half of them are serving at least their fourth sentence. These people are making crime a career, in which occasional short prison terms are just a cost of doing business. Along the way, many of them are recruiting the young as criminal accomplices.

There is little motive today for criminals to avoid further illegal activity. This is particularly true for juveniles, who can expect especially light treatment. Judge Reggie Walton, a black jurist who saw thousands of juvenile offenders while sitting on the Superior Court of the District of Columbia for eight years (before becoming the nation's assistant "drug czar"), says, "Many of the young people [who get] involved in the illegal drug trade do so because the risk of prosecution does not act as a deterrent. Knowing that a conviction in juvenile court will in all probability result in little or no punishment, the benefits . . . outweigh the risks. . . . We must not permit this situation to continue." Walton points out that if the young men who attacked the Central Park jogger last year had committed their assault in the District of Columbia, they would have been jailed for at most two years before being released back into the community, if their behavior was good.

In California, our "leading indicator" state, rates of arrest for burglary, theft, car theft, arson, and robbery are now higher among juveniles than among adults. Using the underaged to sell drugs and carry out shootings is a common gang practice nationwide, and thwarting it will require expanding the list of crimes for which a juvenile is automatically certified to stand trial as an adult. Increased juvenile accountability in general would be a good idea. Little things like revoking the driver's licenses of youngsters convicted of certain crimes—as some states now do—would communicate an appropriate message, linking civic privileges to minimum standards of behavior. The aim of tough juvenile programs is not so much to punish as to startle, to communicate resolute concern. In an earlier era, when the sentiment that there are "no bad boys, only bad societies" prevailed, the usefulness of firm responses to individual antisocial acts was often ignored. Today we are beginning to remember. The truth is, children and adolescents hunger for clear limits, caring authority, even the occasional boundary-delineating confrontation.

The way we have been using the criminal-justice system to protect children's interests is perverse at both

ends of the age spectrum. The very young, as we have seen, suffer from grossly insufficient protection. Meanwhile, the older young—teenagers who in many societies would be accorded full adult responsibilities—are over-protected and excused from accountability for even the foulest offenses. A lack of nerve and an indulgent passivity characterize both responses.

The only way to reverse the flow toward criminal experimentation by the young is to reverse the incentives facing criminals generally. That means building more prisons and boot camps and work farms and military schools and electronic house-arrest monitoring systems and whatever else works, and then making sentences stick. Genuine compassion demands that we forgo the comfortable, and ever so much easier, responses of softness.

Creative thinking in the area of corrections is desperately needed, particularly for juveniles. In 1984 Oklahoma instituted a program called RID (for "regimented inmate discipline"), which it uses to segregate and try to reclaim young offenders. RID inmates face a structured environment, including physical conditioning, rigid dress codes, and limits on personal property. (If you imagine that those are things all prison inmates face, you are mistaken.) They receive military-style haircuts every two weeks. Rooms must be neat. For many RID inmates this is a first encounter with discipline. Intense classroom training and homework are required, and inmates are tested. Stays are short—about three or four months—and when probationary releases occur, intensive supervision is provided for a minimum of three months afterward. This seems to help.

WITHOUT DENYING THAT CARROTS ARE GENERALLY far more important than sticks in keeping a society on track, it nonetheless seems clear that government priorities have recently been unduly skewed away from directly defensive responses to personal violence. Governments currently spend seventeen times as much on income transfers, education, and social aid as they do on law and order. This is not to say we ought to do without social programs or measures to promote employment. The point, rather, is simply this: the way to fight crime is to fight crime. Public policies that operate on the premise that brutality is merely an effect of limited economic means are both inaccurate (right through

the recent murder wave in Washington, D.C., the unemployment rate for people age sixteen and over was less than three percent in the metropolitan area, and between four and five percent within the District itself) and unfair to the large majority of low-income Americans who conduct themselves peaceably.

Besides, there is a hierarchy of social dysfunction, and first things must be secured first. A child who comes of age under a haze of fear will never know the early assurance that is the only reliable basis for adult competence. Later he will discover that schools dominated by outlaws are no place to acquire job skills. If he is afraid to wait at a bus stop in the evening, he will be no candidate for steady employment. And economic opportunity will never come to him in his neighborhood so long as shops are vandalized and potential customers must fear for their safety. Peacekeeping and aid-sprinkling are complementary, not mutually exclusive, undertakings. Yet while we've tried a lot of the latter over the past quarter century, we've neglected the former.

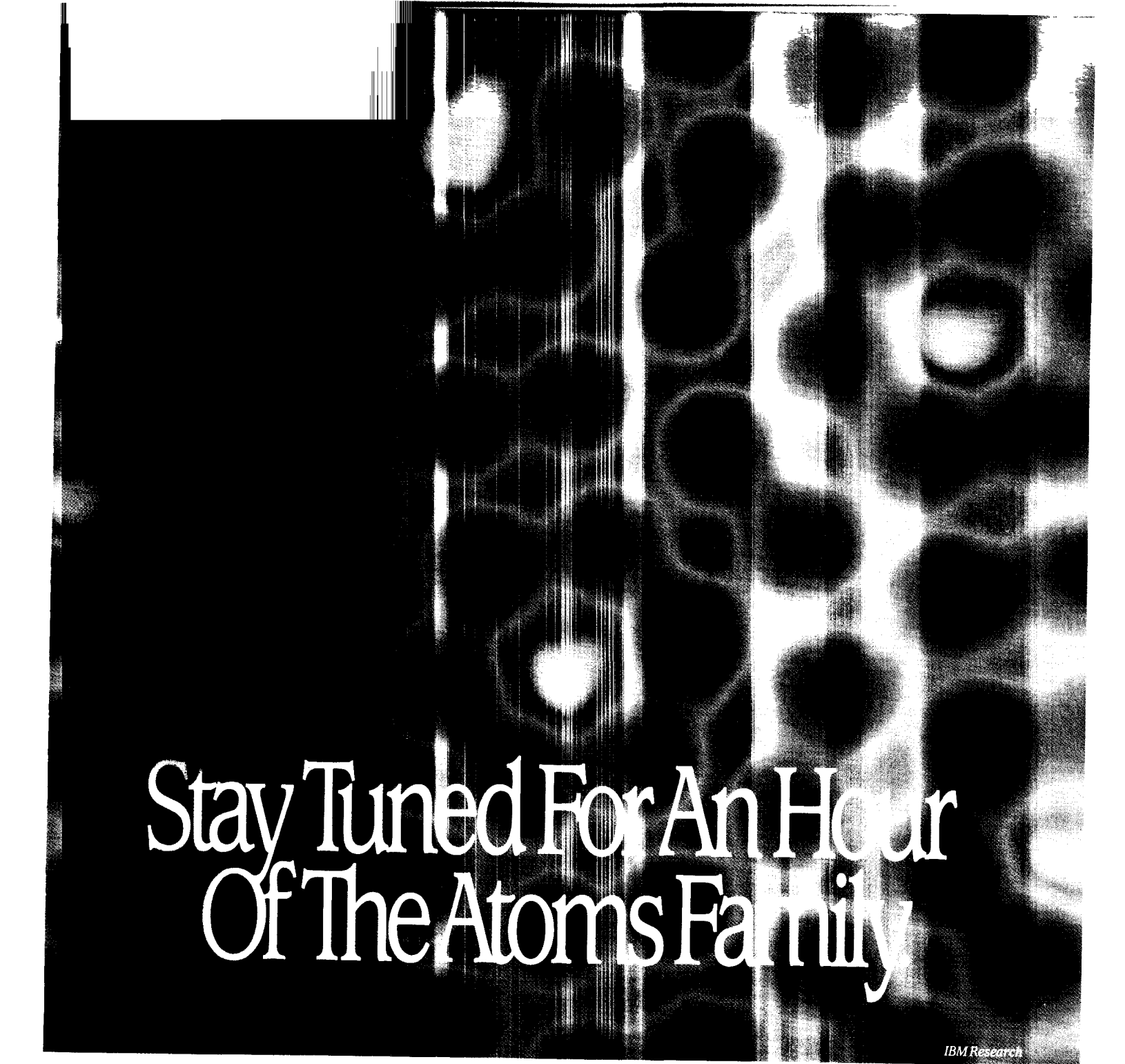
A final point: The origins and effects of childhood disturbance are obviously of interest to public-policy makers. If we can identify children at risk of being caught up in the turmoil swirling around them, then possibly some of the turmoil can be avoided. But once a particular juvenile has committed a serious crime, the "whys" and "how comes" can no longer be a central issue. At that point justice must be pursued—for the sake of the aggrieved, and to maintain the essential proposition that crime brings on punishment. If you injure another human being, your liberties will be suspended: that is a message that can be comprehended by adult and juvenile citizens alike, and behind which a society can justly stand. Too often today we become paralyzed trying to decide whether the juvenile criminal is a victim or a victimizer. That leads to very dangerous territory.

If we are to have any chance of preventing young criminals from infecting a class of successors, and from stalking an innocent public, then we must see with clear eyes what they have become: sad cases, but now unambiguously part of the problem. Unless this new crop of teenage marauders is incapacitated, the vicious cycle of youths preyed upon and then preying on others may become unbreakable in our cities. And blameless children, never having known the protections and sanctuaries that are civilization's original justification, will be hurt most. □

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The pictures in this article are the work of students at the Greenbelt Center Elementary School, in Maryland, near Washington, D.C., and the J.W. Hennigan Elementary School, in Boston; both schools take students from troubled neighborhoods. The students were asked by their teachers (with no further discussion) simply to draw pictures of both good and bad things about their neighborhoods; we have primarily reproduced pictures of the latter kind. At Greenbelt teachers asked students to describe what they were depicting; this is the source of the quotations that appear with the pictures. Alonna, Andrea, Dana, Diondra, Donald, Jarral, and Kimberly, whose work appears here, are students at Greenbelt; Bismal, Jemeal, Melvin, Miguel, Tanya, and Victor are students at J.W. Hennigan. For their help with this project we would like to thank John Van Schoonhoven, the principal of Greenbelt, and Eleanor Perry, the principal of J.W. Hennigan.

For their assistance to our cover artist we would also like to thank Scott Bruce, a collector of lunch boxes, and the Boston Police Department.



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Reports of its imminent demise have been greatly exaggerated

INSIDE THE "COLLAPSING" SOVIET ECONOMY

BY RICHARD PARKER

IKHAIL GORBACHEV AND HIS COUNTRY'S STRUGGLING REFORMS PRODUCE A deeply ambivalent reaction. The Soviet leader's policy of *glasnost*, his willingness to seek an end to the Cold War, his ability to set free more than 120 million Eastern Europeans—all exceeded our wildest hopes for the end of the twentieth century. When *Time* early this year named Gorbachev "Man of the Decade," it was no more than a dramatic reflection of popular American sentiment. In a recent

Harris survey Americans gave the Soviet leader a higher approval rating than George Bush.

But with the fall of the Berlin Wall and the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe, our euphoria has been replaced by much darker expectations about the Soviets' own future. To most Americans the continuing outbreaks of ethnic conflict, the secessionist movements in the Baltics, the turmoil of Soviet politics, and, most important, the apparently intractable problems of the gigantic Soviet economy add up to an impossible situation, too large for control, and doomed to a fateful outcome.

Within days of *Time*'s "Man of the Decade" issue the journal *Daedalus* opened the nineties with a much more ominous assessment of the future of the Soviet leader and his nation, by the anonymous "Z." The author foresaw only collapse and chaos for the Soviet Union, and failures for Gorbachev. Weeks later, in *The Washington Post*, a highly regarded Sovietologist even named the military figures he thought might soon replace the Soviet leader. When CNN reported in January that Gorbachev was about to resign, the Tokyo stock market fell, and Secretary of State James Baker waited twenty-four hours before denying the rumor outright.

Among America's European allies there is a growing sense of puzzlement at our mood swings and especially our gloom. I talked not long ago with one of West Germany's top bankers, a man who travels frequently in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. "You Americans seem overwrought about Gorbachev," he told me. "He is stronger now than he has ever been politically. The ethnic minorities are a problem, yes—but taken together, the Baltics and Central Asians are no more than five percent of his population, and you seem to forget he still has a four-million-man army. The economy is his problem, and the bureaucratic resistance to change—but he

doesn't need you to tell him that." Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher takes an even more optimistic view: back from a recent visit to the USSR, she told reporters, "I believe *perestroika* is now set on its course—and will go through to success."

Some of America's top experts on the Soviet economy seem just as perplexed by our popular sense of an imminent collapse—especially when it centers on the Soviet economy. Vladimir Treml, a professor of Soviet economics at Duke University, says simply, "Economies this size don't collapse." John Hardt, the Congressional Research Service's top Soviet analyst, likewise sees neither imminent collapse nor any immediate threat to Gorbachev's political future.

Jerry Hough, a Brookings Institution political scientist, whose judgments about Gorbachev are highly regarded, is blunt: despite its current problems, he expects the Soviet economy to begin showing significant improvement within the next two to three years, and he says that when he raised the issue of Gorbachev's possible downfall with a broad range of Soviet citizens on a recent trip, "they looked at me with a blank stare." Hough says that "no one I talked to has the sense of an imminent popular uprising" or of widespread collapse.

But can Gorbachev in fact survive? And can his economic reforms work?

An Evening's Meal

IHAD DINNER AT THE HOME OF A SOVIET FRIEND IN Moscow not long ago. Set in a ten-year-old high-rise complex south of the Lenin Hills, my friend's small apartment is nicer than many but not at all distinctive by Moscow standards. What surprised me was the sumptuousness of the meal I was served. Delicious hors



d'oeuvres of pickled vegetables, served with Georgian wine, were followed by roast duck with figs, potatoes, and beets, accompanied by Moldavian champagne, and by a dessert of cream cakes and chocolates. The meal ended with Armenian brandy.

Obviously, it wasn't in any sense a typical Russian evening meal. I was a foreign guest, my hosts (he a psychologist, she a high school teacher) were upper middle class; but even so, the variety and richness surprised me, given all the complaints both the Western and the Soviet press record about food shortages and growing consumer discontent. Like everyone else in Moscow, I had watched the long lines gather each evening outside stores, and

had seen just how poorly the shelves of those stores were stocked—even compared with a few months earlier. I asked my hostess how she had managed what seemed to be culinary magic.

The pickled vegetables had come from her garden, and she had canned them herself. (The garden was attached to their dacha—a small one-room wooden cabin located just east of the Moscow Ring Road.) The duck was from a private market down the street—very expensive at thirty-five rubles (three days' wages for the average Soviet citizen), but, as my hostess said, "Of money there is no shortage right now." The cakes were from a neighbor, a retired woman who liked to bake and then

sell her wares to others in the building, for a few rubles each. The champagne had been brought back from a summer vacation; the figs came from a "relation" in Georgia. The wine and chocolates had been bartered for theater tickets my friends couldn't use. Only the potatoes, beets, and brandy had been bought in public stores.

"You know," my friend said when his wife finished, "we Russians have a saying: *To, schto ne videsh v magazinakh, videsh na stole*. What you don't find in the store, you find in the home."

Soviet living standards have been declining for the past two years, as scarcity and suppressed inflation have surged through the economy. But for more than seventy years the Soviet people have survived—and in many cases prospered—by trading on the wisdom summed up in my friend's aphorism. Anyone who has spent more than a few days in the Soviet Union knows what a complex strategy its citizens have developed to maintain and improve their lives amid perpetual shortage. But the sheer dimensions of the world in which they pursue this strategy—and its role in daily life—are hard for most Americans to grasp.

The largest part lies in a vast gray area that Western economists sometimes genteelly call the Soviets' "second economy." *Blat*, *tolkachi*, *shabashniki*, *fartsovshiki*, are terms the Soviets use to describe elements of the world that lies beyond the view of Moscow's statisticians. Roughly translated, they cover aspects of life that range from a generous tip for securing hard-to-find merchandise to the black-market realm of the Soviet Mafia. All economies include such netherworlds, but according to estimates by Gosplan, the Soviet central-planning ministry, this one may account for some \$150 billion a year, which is equivalent to about 11 percent of the Soviet gross domestic product.

The Soviet economist Nikolai Shmelev cites survey research showing that 83 percent of the population buys goods and services in this vast second economy. In cities almost half the apartment repairs, 40 percent of auto maintenance, a third of appliance repair, and 40 percent of all tailoring and shoe repair happen beyond the gaze of Soviet statisticians. Owing to waiting lists at Soviet hospitals, anywhere from 4 million to 8 million of the abortions performed annually are done illegally, and 15 percent of all new housing construction—some 170 million to 180 million square feet a year—goes on outside official channels.

This immense second economy supplements not just Soviet consumption but incomes as well. Something like 20 million people, according to Shmelev, make their principal living in it, and millions more moonlight in it. When the Sovietologist Gregory Grossman, of the University of California–Berkeley, surveyed recent émigrés, he found that among those from Leningrad's working class other sources of income had yielded an average of

38 percent of official wages, while among those from Armenia, Georgia, and the Central Asian Republics (where Marxist orthodoxies have never been strictly observed) second incomes had yielded as much as 179 percent of official earnings.

The official economy itself also provides a labyrinth of consumer opportunities. Few Westerners seem to realize that much of the official Soviet retail trade goes on not in the stores but in the factories and offices where people work.

Stalinist planners years ago settled on building giant enterprises that concentrate production in a few hands (the Soviets have something like 700,000 enterprises, as compared with some 17 million in the United States). Along with production, these enterprises have been charged with responsibility for everything from providing workers' housing to repairing and replacing tools and equipment. As a consequence, over the years these enterprises have come to look and function like the vast, mainly self-supporting feudal estates that covered medieval Europe and that lived on in czarist Russia well into the nineteenth century.

These behemoths offer their workers a host of in-plant goods and services that might range from delicatessens to dry cleaners, clothing, and consumer electronics. When a Soviet worker buys a new refrigerator, he is more than likely to do so by ordering it through his enterprise. Nearly half of Soviet meat production passes through factories, schools, and ministerial canteens and shops. And many enterprises go a step further—raising food and manufacturing their own consumer goods for employees' consumption.

To Western eyes, this Soviet fixation on enterprise self-sufficiency and the neglect of normal retail markets can seem bizarre. More than 20,000 factories and large construction sites now have their own agricultural departments, raising everything from sheep to lettuce to beets. The practice is so widespread that the Presidium in late 1987 reprimanded the Ministry of Non-ferrous Metallurgy because only three out of every four Soviet metal-smelting plants had their own herds of cows. What was wrong, the Presidium wanted to know, with the other plants?

Even retail shops have their own peculiar Soviet twists. Although shortages are commonplace, they frequently are what Soviet economists call "rolling shortages": one store may be out of a certain kind of shoes but in another store two blocks away the shoes are in stock. Or typing paper available in one store on Monday may be gone Tuesday, only to reappear on Thursday. Shoppers have learned to cope by buying "for the shelf." One survey, for example, found that 80 percent of Muscovites will buy goods even when they have no immediate need for them. This tendency to hoard has grown worse in the past two years, as Soviet incomes have soared. The same survey found that the average Moscow home now keeps

nineteen pounds of sugar on hand, and the economist Nikolai Shmelev claims to have a friend who has seven *years'* worth of soap and laundry detergent stockpiled at home.

All this amounts to more than just a footnote for Kremlinologists. According to Richard Ericson, of Columbia University's Harriman Institute, while food shortages are endemic at the retail level, there is no evidence of a fall in nutritional intake by Soviet families. Vladimir Treml, of Duke, says that he sees large cities like Moscow and Leningrad suffering public-market (though not private-market) food shortages, but that these appear to be the result not so much of outright production failures as of delivery failures and hoarding by local authorities and households. In Leningrad public-market shortages have worsened also because the neighboring Baltic states have sharply reduced their role as the city's principal suppliers in the course of escalating their demands for independence.

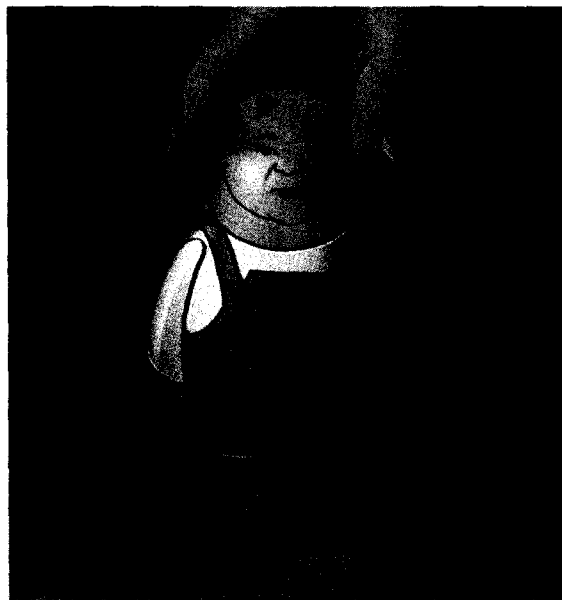
Not long ago I asked Vitaly Korotich, the editor of the popular magazine *Ogonyok*, how bad life had become for ordinary Russians, expecting a pessimism to match what the stores seemed to show. But Korotich, a leading reformer who has consistently attacked the slow pace of reform, surprised me by sharing a poll that his magazine had just commissioned. Asked how *perestroika* had affected their standard of living in the past three years, 23 percent of Soviets said life had gotten worse, while more than half (52 percent) said it was the same, and another 23 percent said it had actually gotten better.

The Black Box of Soviet Production

WHEN AMERICANS THINK ABOUT THE SOVIET Union, they often tend to think about scarcity. That, after all, explains the lines, the discontent, the seeming perennial shortage of goods.

The peculiar fact is that the Soviet Union produces an enormous abundance of goods. When you look at primary production (in what is still the world's second largest economy), the Soviets come out first globally year after year in things like oil, natural gas, iron ore, and steel. In

THE SOVIET UNION PRODUCES AN ENORMOUS ABUNDANCE OF GOODS. WHEN YOU LOOK AT PRIMARY PRODUCTION, THE SOVIETS COME OUT FIRST GLOBALLY IN THINGS LIKE OIL, NATURAL GAS, IRON ORE, AND STEEL.



1988, for instance, they produced nearly twice as much steel as the United States did. Taken together, all the things that Marx, Smith, Ricardo, or any other classical theorist of capitalism would tell you are important to industrial success are hallmarks of the Soviet achievement. That's what makes the current disarray of Gorbachev's Russia seem so peculiar at first glance. The disarray down the line leads everyone—Soviets and Westerners alike—to debate what is going on, and why.

Harold Willens is an interesting person to ask about problems on the shop floor, where much of what goes wrong with the Soviet system occurs. Willens, a well-to-do retired businessman from Los Angeles, describes himself as a "card-carrying capitalist." Politically active and long interested in East-West affairs, Willens decided in 1988 that he wanted to learn more about just how his Soviet counterparts worked. He says, "I was born in Russia, and left with my parents when I was eight, just after the Revolution. I'd be the first in the family ever to go back." With *glasnost* and joint ventures the rage in Moscow, Willens wrote a letter to a Soviet newspaper which said simply, "Successful American businessman available to consult to Soviet enterprise, without charge." The letter brought 4,000 replies.

Sifting through the responses, Willens settled on a brassiere manufacturer in Moscow; he had once been a clothing manufacturer in California.

Arriving at the Cheryomushki sewing factory late one summer afternoon two years ago, he was "shocked" at what he found. The plant itself was huge, employing more than 2,000 workers. It had been built a half century ago, and showed little sign of maintenance or repair in the intervening years. But inside the plant, Willens discovered, the equipment was relatively new—two to ten years old, and for the most part in good condition. The managers and workers' representatives were enthusiastic—"overwhelmed, really, by the idea someone had come nearly 10,000 miles to help *them*." The first day, Willens recalls, was spent in toasts, welcoming speeches, and an endless round of hand-shaking and smiles.

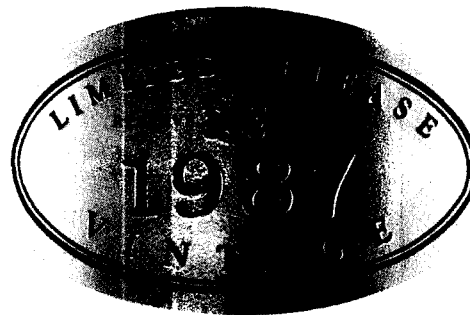
Over the next two weeks, as Willens and several associates he had brought along spent time with managers, bookkeepers, shop foremen, and workers (talking

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through interpreters), the dimensions of the plant's troubles became clearer. As with almost all Soviet enterprises, the appropriate ministry determined labor and material inputs and set production goals. The factory obediently churned out 22 million bras each year, and turned a profit on the books by selling its product back to the ministry. The problem, though, as the plant's veteran manager, Liudmilla Palchunova, explained it, was that Soviet women wouldn't buy the bras. Production was, in the Russian phrase, "for the warehouse." The Soviets were being forced to import bras from the West.

Willens decided that a little market research was in order. He conducted an American-style focus group. Among the seventeen women who gathered at the first meeting, there was initially a lot of nervous laughter at the sheer novelty of being asked what a consumer might want. After an hour or so, though, reticence gave way to candor: not one of the women was wearing a Soviet-made bra; fewer than half believed that the Soviets could make a bra a woman would want to wear.

Back at the plant, senior staff told Willens they thought they could solve the problem, if only they could import some foreign-made lace that would soften the feel of their product. But their ministry, short on hard currency, prohibited it. It was more important, the bureaucrats insisted, to focus on output—seven minutes per bra was the new work-norm decree.

Willens had met with officials in the ministry, including its head, and realized that skepticism was the kindest word to describe their feelings toward this Westerner and his presence in their back yard. So the American decided he needed to demonstrate the solution on his own.

Willens decided on a blind test—a Soviet lingerie version of the Pepsi challenge. Through a friend who owned a successful brassiere company in the United States, he arranged for the manufacture of a hundred bras, using precisely the same specifications and the same materials that the Soviets used, down to the thread—but including the imported lace the Soviet factory manager wanted. He also had the Soviet factory make a hundred bras with the imported lace. Willens then deliberately mislabeled fifty of the American-made bras as Soviet and fifty of the Soviet bras as American, and distributed all the bras among a new group of Soviet women, who agreed to return three weeks later to discuss their opinions of the "American" and "Soviet" bras they'd been wearing.

Packaging beat product. Bras labeled American were the women's favorite. Bras labeled Soviet were the subject of general derision, whether in fact they were Soviet- or American-made. The results made clear to Willens and his associates just how deep a prejudice Soviet citizens hold against the products of their own economy.

When Willens explained the labeling switch, there was much laughter and some chagrin. But Willens, who had taken care to have ministry officials present along with

factory staff, was pleasantly surprised when a deputy minister congratulated him on his "little school lesson." Several weeks later hard-currency authorization for the imported lace appeared. Within months new orders came in for what the factory's managers now proudly called "world-class" bras. Willens says he still wants to work on improved packaging and rudimentary marketing, but he feels that the Soviet people he worked with have learned something important.

He says he also has a new understanding of the difficulties Soviet industry works under—and a newfound respect for the capacity it has. He believes that continued bureaucratic interference remains the chief threat to Gorbachev's reforms and that what he calls the "for want of a nail the kingdom was lost" problem arises daily throughout the Soviet Union. He also worries that Soviet consumers, so long abused, will be slow to see any improvement in goods even when improvement exists—a measure of how deeply distorted the economy has become in seventy years.

What *Perestroika* Has Done

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV CAME TO POWER IN 1985 because the perception of economic stagnation had grown pervasive at the highest levels of the Soviet government. His claim to leadership rested on his ability to convince particularly the younger generation of Soviet leaders and their advisers that he could do something about the stagnation. "He might have a good smile," Andrei Gromyko is said to have told the Politburo, "but he has iron teeth."

From 1985 through 1989 the Soviet gross national product grew—by official measure—at better than three percent a year. Even by the CIA's much more skeptical estimates, the economy has grown on average nearly 1.5 percent—not especially bad considering the tumult that Gorbachev's reforms and the resulting unrest are putting the Soviets through. Agricultural production has risen: 1989's grain harvest, at 211 million tons, was up 26 million tons from the previous year, and barely missed being the best harvest of the decade. Meat, milk, and egg outputs are all measurably up. The production of consumer goods (a centerpiece of Gorbachev's plan) is up 10 percent, and overall industrial production is up, in Western-calculated real terms, by 14 percent. Domestic wholesale and retail trade is up by a similar amount, and construction by nearly 30 percent. Foreign trade is also up, particularly with the West. Soviet incomes have risen even more dramatically—last year they rose nearly 13 percent.

What's more, many of Gorbachev's key reforms seem to be making headway. Beginning in mid-1987, at the nineteenth Party plenum, Gorbachev and his supporters have pushed through a dizzyingly complex array of reforms, including new laws on enterprise management, cooperatives, and joint ventures. The law on enterprises

was a giant step toward turning the 50,000 industrial enterprises that make up the core of the Soviet economy into something like full-fledged businesses, no longer answerable to ministries but responsible for their own profits, products, and investments. The law on cooperatives legalized small and medium-sized businesses for the first time since the 1920s, and left them free to decide what to sell, whom to hire, and what to charge. The law on joint ventures, by abolishing the state's monopoly on foreign trade and legalizing foreign investment in the USSR, allowed Soviet businesses large and small to seek foreign partners, trade abroad, and spend hard-currency profits without ministerial control.

As critics in the West have pointed out, roadblocks were thrown up by frightened officials. Ministries fought to keep control of the "state orders" for goods. Co-ops were prohibited from entering a range of businesses, from videotape rental to selling religious icons (a monopoly given to the Orthodox Church). Firms seeking foreign partners faced a myriad of obstacles and noncooperation from officials, and started with little knowledge of world markets and almost no hard currency.

But barely three years later what those changes have actually achieved is significant. After seventy years of operating often with only a dim awareness of their costs and profitability, nearly 90 percent of enterprises are making money—in some cases (such as construction and engineering) so much money that there is debate whether profits of 35 or 40 percent are "socialist." By the end of last year reportedly 25 percent of transactions were taking place directly between enterprises (instead of through ministries). The Soviet economist Abel Aganbegyan says that he thinks the percentage will grow to 70 percent or so in the next year, as areas of the country go over to regional cost accounting, further weakening the hold of ministries. Even supposing Aganbegyan's estimate is rosy, *The Economist* recently noted, "if [ministry control] falls only half as much as that, it still implies a huge cut" in the amount of business conducted as usual.

Similarly, if the three-year-old co-ops are sometimes unpopular—as they clearly still are among older and poorer Soviets, because of "speculation" and high prices—they are nonetheless booming. At the end of

1987 the nascent co-ops employed fewer than 200,000 people. By early this year they employed nearly 5 million, with no end to their growth in sight. Co-op sales in the same period went from less than a billion rubles to nearly 30 billion, and by the end of this year should top 50 billion—one eighth of all Soviet retail sales. That's the equivalent of adding the top ten U.S. retailers—Sears, J. C. Penney, Safeway, K-Mart, 7-Eleven, and the rest—to the U.S. retail market in twenty-four months, a not insignificant feat.

After a shaky start, joint ventures seem to have gained surprising momentum. The world's largest McDonald's,

in Moscow, whose opening was widely covered by the American press, is only one of more than 1,200 joint ventures registered in the past two years (by comparison, just thirty-six ventures were registered in the first year). Pizza Hut has followed the golden arches to Moscow; Gulfstream Aerospace is negotiating to develop a new line of high-priced corporate jets with Sukhoi, better known for the SU-27 fighter. Fiat is building a new plant to manufacture 300,000 cars a year; Ferruzzi Group, Europe's largest agribusiness, is developing some 1.5 million acres of prime Soviet farmland. A consortium of five of Europe's largest banks has joined with Soviet partners to launch the Moscow International Bank, which will both train budding Soviet bankers and finance new trade and investment. Chevron, Johnson & Johnson, and Procter & Gamble have all begun to make multi-

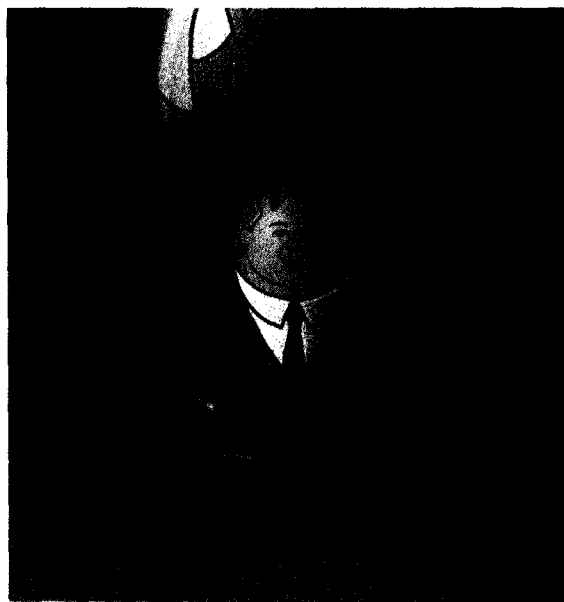
billion-dollar investments. Even H. R. Haldeman, Richard Nixon's former chief of staff, has turned up in Moscow, as the developer of a new hotel.

So why the gloom and the near-universal sense that the Soviet economy is "coming apart" or "collapsing"?

Between Ministries and Markets

THE FIRST ANSWER, AT LEAST ACCORDING TO many economists, is inflation. Historically, the Soviet economy, as part of its tradeoff of affluence for security, has kept not just unemployment but also inflation at near-zero levels. As Gorbachev pressed his reforms, inflation started to appear—at, to the Soviets, alarming levels.

■ NEARLY 90 PERCENT OF ENTERPRISES ARE MAKING MONEY—IN SOME CASES (SUCH AS CONSTRUCTION AND ENGINEERING) SO MUCH MONEY THAT THERE IS DEBATE WHETHER PROFITS OF 35 OR 40 PERCENT ARE "SOCIALIST."



Part of the price for having pried enterprises loose from central controls and demanded that they become profitable immediately is that, given their giant size and their control of industry, they are quickly learning to behave the way John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil trust behaved. Faced with an almost endless demand for their products, they raise prices, guaranteeing profits.

But because price controls are still extensive, the inflation isn't always overt. To escape government regulators, the manufacturer may announce a "new" product, with a new and much higher price, that turns out to be nothing more than an old price-controlled model with a new coat of paint. Or it may produce the "same" price-controlled product but substitute poorer-quality materials. As a consequence, Western specialists now estimate, unreported Soviet inflation has risen from three or four percent at the beginning of the Gorbachev era to eight or nine percent today.

Soviet TV and newspapers, liberated by *glasnost*, are filled with stories about these rising prices and their consequences. In late 1988 Soviet soapmakers began to shift from low-cost to higher-cost brands, as Gorbachev's new

economic ground rules came into play. Consumers in response began scooping up the lower-priced soaps, fearing an impending shortage. As the shortage then naturally emerged, they turned to any soap they could find—and Moscow found itself faced with the howling resentment of citizens who couldn't find soap at any price on the shelves. Rationing was instituted, striking Soviet miners made more soap one of their demands, co-ops were discovered selling soap at six times the regular price, and doctors in Tadzhikistan reported patients whose tiny homes were so full of stockpiled soap that the inhabitants were suffering allergic reactions.

Repeated hundreds of times over, the great Soviet soap crisis illustrates the dilemma now facing Gorbachev and his economic advisers. The economy is caught part-way between the old command economy and a new one meant to respond to market signals and consumer demand. But inflation isn't the only problem Gorbachev must confront: by forcing reforms that have loosened wage and profit restraints while maintaining still-extensive controls on prices, Gorbachev has created an unprecedented deficit crisis. In effect he has become what some

MOTHER'S DAY

From sleep I turn to day and fetch
The straight-edge spade and the steel rake
And start by cutting in and slicing under
The turf, lifting the pared squares,
Heaving rectangles, triangles, odd
Clumps of green earth-skin away
To plant a tree here, add grass there;
Trundling loads in the wheelbarrow
Around back, fitting them in again,
Tucking them back (friable selva
Of drying root-strung loam pellets,
Dribble from earthen soffits, hanging
Like bangles from Grendel's necklace). I push
And pat, snuggling them close together
As if bedding bricks up in mortar
At the spread and slap of the trowel, kneading
The roughly sifted dirt in, pulling
Sinewy taproots of dandelion,
The insidious net of bittersweet fuse
Snaking in the hush of soil to blossom;
Then the tamping down with booted feet,
Lightly springing my body, lightly
Beating earth with an easy measure;
Connecting the hose with rusty couplings
Stiff from winter, washers brittle

Or gone altogether, slobbering; then
Hosing the ground, soaking the sods that look
As if pleased to be hugging earth again
—Heavy they lie, pressing warm dirt!—
Letting the water play over the sods,
Washing them green, sogging them in.
Now while the streams are mingling over
The mosaic of living pieces knit up
In a strange bed, clods no more aware
Of where they once were than where they are,
Indistinguishable in a week from grass
They're bedded next to, now I watch
The new flies gather for their first rally
Of the season, swarm on the rim of the blue
Wheelbarrow. There at the hedgerow, under
The maple sprouts making ready to leaf
But still gray sticks in the gray ground
I watch ajuga, hosta, fiddleheads coming,
Taking tentative looks at the new world;
And hear the redwings calling, and the robins;
Strange; after drear dark the strange, sweet
Business of the birds overhead once more.

—Stephen Sandy

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economists once upon a time charged Ronald Reagan, that other great economic reformer of our era, with being: a "turbocharged Keynesian." The deficit rose from 14 billion rubles in 1985 to nearly 92 billion last year. A few years ago the U.S. deficit approached seven percent of GNP; the Soviet deficit now tops nine percent.

But the deficit, like the inflation, has a peculiarly Soviet cast to it. The economy has reached a midway point between a Stalinist past and a Gorbachev-envisioned future. As enterprises have boosted profits, they have also paid out higher and higher wages—well above what would be supported by gains in productivity. Last year, for example, Soviet incomes rose 13 percent, an average of \$800 per household. Designed to buy a measure of social peace as the economy is restructured, the increases have achieved the opposite. They outpace the production of goods, and workers with more to spend sweep goods off the shelves; the government, unwilling so far to decontrol retail prices, must pay more and more in subsidies for food, housing, and other fixed-price goods. As a result, the deficit rises.

What Gorbachev Must Face

PATRICK COCKBURN WAS the Moscow correspondent for London's *Financial Times* from 1984 to 1988, and reported regularly on Gorbachev's first three years in power. He left Moscow to spend a year as a Carnegie Endowment fellow in

Washington, where he continued to follow Soviet developments. He has since returned to the *Financial Times*, and reports from London. Like many others who have watched the Soviet leader at close range and then spent time in Washington, he is constantly surprised by the wide mood swings in American opinion.

"What you must realize is that Gorbachev, each time he reaches a roadblock, raises the stakes," Cockburn says. "It doesn't matter whether it's with the Politburo, the Party, or the bureaucracy—or you Americans. It's important to understand that all the while you were preoccupied with his conservative opposition—Ligachev and the Brezhnev holdovers—you seemed not to realize that whenever he was weak, his opponents were weaker. In 1964, when Brezhnev and Kosygin took over from

Khrushchev, it still was plausible within Soviet leadership to think that the system was basically sound and just needed some tinkering with. Twenty years later no one believed that."

Today, five years into Gorbachev's reign, Cockburn believes that what was true then is even truer today. The Central Committee is almost entirely of Gorbachev's own choosing, and more than three quarters of the Party and government leaders down to the regional level are new. His ability this spring to force the Party to renounce its seventy-year monopoly on power, Cockburn says, and to press through sweeping new powers for himself as President are dramatic symbols of Gorbachev's secure position.

When Ed Hewett, the Brookings Institution's Soviet-economy specialist, and John Hardt, of the Congressional Research Service, try to look into the Soviet economy's future, they see not so much a general collapse as a series of distinct problems that seem more manageable to Western economists and business people than to the Soviets, because of our familiarity with them. How quickly the Soviets can become familiar both with the problems and with solutions remains for Hewett and Hardt the real question.

"Right now," Hardt says, "I think Gorbachev's problems are twofold: first, structural bottlenecks, and second, managing the financial crisis he's in." The energy and transport systems are the bottlenecks that give Hardt the most cause for concern, because of their effect

on everything else. Last year's coal-mining strike held down performance in the rest of the economy, and by late fall even prompted concern in the Western press about a winter disaster—a disaster that didn't happen.

The transport bottlenecks are just as acute. The Soviet economy relies much more on its rail system than Western economies do, and the system is beset by problems—last year rail tonnage actually fell by two percent. The near-record harvest placed heavy demands on the system, as have rising Soviet imports, which end up waiting weeks at ports while rail officials search desperately for trains to move the freight. When conflict broke out last year between Armenians and Azeris, it tied up more than 10,000 rail cars, which in turn caused breakdowns in the system nationwide.

■ WITH NO EFFECTIVE POLITICAL THREAT IN SIGHT, GORBACHEV HAS THE ROOM TO KEEP MOVING FORWARD. AND HIS ADVISERS HAVE FOR THE FIRST TIME GIVEN HIM PLANS THAT OFFER REAL HOPE FOR SUCCESS.



Financially, what both Hardt and Hewett fear is inexperience among Soviet officials, who for decades have lacked the opportunity to develop either the intellectual framework or the practical experience for dealing with inflation and deficits. At the international level Soviet traders and financial officials are "world class," according to Hewett, but their expertise has yet to filter down to domestic officials. Meanwhile, Hewett describes the Soviet economics profession as being in "full chaos," as it attempts to absorb almost overnight macroeconomic traditions established over a half century in the West.

Taking the Next Step

LATE LAST NOVEMBER, WHILE WESTERN EYES watched democracy galloping across Eastern Europe, Mikhail Gorbachev took a second giant step toward turning the world's oldest communist regime into its latest social democracy.

Leonid Abalkin, the Deputy Prime Minister for Economics, rose to address 1,400 of the Soviet Union's top managers and economists in Moscow's grandiose Hall of Columns. Standing beneath a scowling bust of Vladimir Lenin, he presented what the *Financial Times* has called "the most radical document on the future of Soviet economic reform yet to emerge."

"We have become convinced," he declared, "that there is no worthy alternative to the market mechanism. . . . It is also the most democratic form of regulating economic activity. . . ." There was no choice, he said, but to move toward a consistent denationalization of the entire Soviet economy.

Over the next five years (anticipating this year's debate on the forthcoming thirteenth Five-Year Plan), he said, the Soviet Union would have to accept:

- New forms of property that include not just the nascent co-ops but also long-term leasing by managers and workers themselves of what are now state enterprises, stock ownership and a stock market, and wide-ranging small-scale enterprises.
- The liquidation of money-losing factories and farms, deep cuts in defense and large-scale investment projects, and long-term leasing of agricultural lands to farmers, with the right of inheritance.
- The creation of a full-fledged banking system, the use of credit (rather than central planning) as a means of macroeconomic adjustment, and the introduction of anti-monopoly laws to break up concentration in industry.
- The removal of subsidies, the release of enterprises from ministry-set pricing, and further encouragement of foreign trade and investment, including the creation of free-enterprise zones and, eventually, full convertibility of the ruble.

Abalkin left little room for doubt about what all this would mean. "The diversity of forms of property, their equality and competition, is the fundamental condition

for the economic freedom of citizens," he told his listeners. No one in the room doubted that Abalkin spoke with Gorbachev's blessing.

Some Western observers have taken to calling the Abalkin speech the beginning of stage three of *perestroika*. Stage one, Gorbachev's first year and a half in office, served as prelude, a chance to test Andropov's ideas and to consolidate power. Stage two began in mid-1987, with the rash of legislation on enterprise management, co-operatives, and joint ventures, and was Gorbachev's true inaugural as the Soviet Union's most radical reformer. It also taught the Soviet President that to achieve his goal of making his country an economic (as well as military and political) superpower, legislation would not be enough. The corruption of the Communist Party, the entrenchment of the bureaucrats, and the disillusion of his people had gone on too long for policy measures, however far-reaching, to achieve his goals. And so there would have to be more.

Looking back over the past two years, the outlines of where Gorbachev is headed are clearer. If the Party will not change, the Party no longer has a right to monopoly power. If the centralized ministries and plans cannot promote growth and prosperity, then the time has come for the enterprises themselves—the workers and managers—and local officials and leaders to take charge of their own destiny. If the isolation of the Soviet system from world trade and competition has retarded the economy and distorted its parts, then the Soviet Union must open itself to the world, and learn from it and grow. And if superpower confrontation and the Cold War, the domination of the restive nations of Eastern Europe, and foreign adventure all have done nothing but impede the Soviet Union in its quest for its rightful place under the sun, then they too will have to end.

This year the economy will be shaken again, and likely won't show much, if any, growth. But in the midst of such enormous restructuring, it probably shouldn't. No one—least of all Gorbachev—seems to think that the next steps toward economic reform will be easy, since so much needs to change. But with no effective political threat in sight, Gorbachev has the room to keep moving forward. And his advisers have for the first time given him plans that offer real hope of success.

Will they produce the "world-class" Russia that Gorbachev has always said he wants? Not without further steps, and even then, as Abalkin acknowledges, not until after the century's end. Will the economy get worse meanwhile? Quite possibly. As government controls loosen, prices will rise. Closing inefficient factories and farms will mean unemployment. Gaps between incomes will grow. But five years after taking power Gorbachev seems as determined as he was at the start to follow this course, to bring the Soviet Union to the edge of the twenty-first century with a refined sense of both greatness and power. How he succeeds will affect us all. □

A Short Story



Westward Without Clementine

by Roy Blount, Jr.

SO IT WAS APRIL OF '69, my heart was young and full of Clementine, and what was I doing? Could it be that I was driving west without her? Already reduced to *remembering*?

Yes.

Could it be only, let's see, forty-two hours since we met? She naked for political reasons, I rescuing her from the forces of order, including slaver dogs, and giving her what I had, my dirty softball shirt? And we ate ice-box pie, were sweet to a handicapped lady, discussed Henry Fonda and Ford Madox Ford, sang an old crypto-erotic hymn together ("I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses"), and fell in love?

Yes.

And she sprang me from jail, and our love grew, and she quit college and I left my job, and we, both of us, were driving away from the religion-ridden, Godforsaken town of Dingler, South Carolina, whence we were both, I thought, eager to escape—cruising off across America together, free as birds, right?

Right.

And then what happened?

She showed what she was made of, is what. Before I knew it, we were heading back toward Dingler, and she was going on about marriage (hey, I was as serious as she was, but) as if she and I were in perfect agreement.

We weren't.

Which is why she was back in Dingler and I was setting off again on our American journey, but alone. I didn't even know how I could reach her except by calling the offices of her deeply irritating lawyer friend Milam and his jackleg partners Wormsig and Peet.

Breaking up is hard to do by yourself.

Why should the burden all be on me? And here is what

*This wasn't any way
to go through life, meeting her naked,
boom in love, boom broken up*

I think is the worst thing I can confess: an element of me was thinking, Well, if she's this intolerant of dissent, I'm well out of this.

I'd tried to get her to see my point of view. She'd gone all hunched and angular and uncondusive to being hugged. Might as well have had quills out. Her eyes not the same.

I didn't even feel like hugging her.

I was mad.

She must be crazy.

I was going to drive west. To Puyallup, Washington.

Where we'd said we were headed together.

I left my job for her! Okay, it was a bad newspaper, but it was a newspaper. How many other jobs are there whose purpose is to tell the unvarnished truth? Even if management wouldn't let us tell any unvarnished truth, about anything interesting, we knew that we would, by God, if they would only let us. The only thing more American than a job like that is the open road.

If she'd just said something like, "Oh, I know you've got your heart set on traveling, but wouldn't it be more exciting if we made history and love together," or something.

I felt like hugging her.

Fifteen miles down the highway—JIM'S BAIT. JUST GOOD BAIT. AND ORANGE DRINKS. AND SINKERS AND FLOATS. AND MOTHER'S OATS—



I was thinking, "Oh, Jeeesus."

I called Milam's number and Milam answered and I hung up.

Fifty miles down the highway—WELCOME TO BEATTIESVILLE. SEE THE BIGGEST CHAIR IN THE WORLD—I called again and no one answered.

I could see, rationally, that we weren't meant for each other. Anybody that cold.

Sixty miles down the road I got the number of the only

lawyer in Dingler named Peet and called him. No answer. Probably didn't exist. What kind of asshole would practice law with people named Wormsig and Peet?

Eighty miles down the road I had lunch. At a snake farm that had a big hand-painted sign out front, a big snake saying to a little one with a mouthful, "Junior, stop chewing your food before you swallow it."

The waitress said to a woman at one of the tables, "Did I think he was good-looking? I could eat his face."

"Ooo, Zalie," said the woman the waitress was talking to.

"But he ain't ever going to be anything but passing through," Zalie added.

"Well, now, how about Linton? Linton is around."

"Around is right. But he is so *needy-acting*. Makes you want to go, 'Ew.'"

"Oh, I know. Lalina come in like that all the time?"

"Yeyuh. She don't know what to do withersef now. She'll come in sevle times a day. If she wants something she'll nod when she comes in the door. If she don't she'll shake her head."

"I didn't hardly see no misery at all before I lost Luther. If I had to go through all that again, Zalie, I think I'd just completely go down."

I called Wormsig. Milam's voice answered. Milam probably *was* Wormsig and Peet.

"I'm trying to get ahold of Clementine Searcy," I said.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"You know who the fuck this is, asshole," I said.

"I'll tell her that," he said, and hung up.

I woke up that night in a motel bed shuddering. I couldn't remember shuddering since I was five.

This wasn't any way to go through life, meeting her naked, boom in love, boom broken up. Shuddering.

America and all her people lay ahead of me to be delved into. West up into the hills I sped, the ground swelling more and more voluptuously under the caress of my tires. No other traffic, just me and the country. A pair of deer ran, starting with a lurching scramble and then flowing swiftly and briefly into an abrupt but seemingly brakeless stop; stopped to feed in someone's garden, cropping for a moment perfectly camouflaged except for the twitch of their tails, then lurched again and flowed into the woods as I flowed around a bend and could see a lake, soft-looking and luxuriously smooth. Its surface, only faintly and sparsely rippled, clung to the water level like a soft, dark-green muslin gown to a woman's flank.

I had my typewriter. I recorded my observations. I wrote her letters. Explaining my position further. Telling her I didn't think it ought to end this way. I didn't tell her about shuddering. I wrote her a poem, which said in part,

I poured my heart a glass of wine.

It burned and said, "Where's Clementine?"

Burma Shave. I didn't send it. I didn't want to be

needy-acting. "Here is my projected itinerary," I wrote her. "You could write me general delivery, these towns, and I would be sure to get it."

No mail for me in Lovelady, Arkansas. I waited around a day in case.

In the *Snake County New Era*, a weekly paper, Mrs. Zinnia Appling (her byline includes the "Mrs.") begins her report on the week's goings-on in the locality of Poltsville as follows:

"The hills so green and the sky so blue, I can hardly think to write."

I want to show that to Clementine so bad. But then I think, she probably wouldn't want to be shown anything, even anything that nice, coming from me. My midsection contracts. I remember my uncle Gene telling me about being out in the woods hunting with a man who had heartburn and no water so he swallowed an Alka-Seltzer right down dry.

"He bowed up like a cut worm," Uncle Gene said.

Lumpy's Bait and Gifts, couple miles west of Lovelady.

Two old ladies seem to be in charge.

"Is somebody . . . named Lumpy?"

"That was my late husband," says one of the old ladies. "He died of a fox bite."

Don't know what to say exactly. "I'm sorry to hear it."

"Well, it was so many years ago."

Long rectangular box on the floor, front half screened so you can see some cedar chips and a shed snakeskin, back half wood so you can't see what's up in there. A sign on it says, LIVE HARECOON.

"What's a harecoon?"

"Just a little old ammal down in there," says the lady behind the counter. "She'll let it out for you. I don't like to mess with it much. Something they found when they were clearing some land."

Other lady finds me a RAZORBACKS FOR PEACE T-shirt, extra large, to send to C., and then bends down to let the harecoon out. She flips a latch on the box and *wango!* something furry jumps three feet through the air and lands at where my feet were when the *wango* started.

"Good Godomighty," I yell, and I move a good two steps toward the door.

"Noisemaker didn't work," the lady says. "That'd'a really got you." The harecoon is two coontails tied together with a piece of black velvet. The old lady fusses about with the box, resetting its mechanism.

"Somebody's going to have a heart attack and sue you," I say.

"I know it's the truth. We've had it for two years though, and nobody has yet. Some ppl are so touchy, though, that it's a wonder."

Something I didn't mention is what I said just before Clementine got out of the car in front of the Milam-Wormsig-Peet offices, in the rain, in her yellow dress, hunched over, looking more defenseless than was called for. "I . . . love . . . you," I said, and the way I said it was, "I [I don't know about you] love [if you even know the meaning of that word] you [even if you don't have the simple decency to love me back]."

I guess that was pretty shitty, to say that to her like that. After she'd offered her life to me. But at the time . . . God damn.

"All this *feeling* can't just go to *waste*," I thought to myself. Just then the tailgate on the truck in front of me fell open and I drove for the next two or three minutes through bursting watermelons.

NO MAIL FOR ME IN YELLOW DRESS, OKLAHOMA. I left a forwarding address.

Driving along on U.S. 183 west of Yellow Dress through the dark when I notice a white floppy shape by the side of the road. What looks like a head goes *vwoop* as I pass.

"A turkey," I think. "A big old hurt white turkey."

I have a lot of things in the car—postcards, three different kinds of hat, firecrackers, a bottle of moonshine I scored somewhere—and it's all getting so messy that the last thing in the world I need to throw in on top of it is an injured turkey. Don't have the facilities for a turkey. But I keep thinking about that turkey lying by the side of the cold road in the pitch-black dark out in the middle of Oklahoma. How do you know that a turkey isn't really suffering, or that there's nothing you can do for him? You don't.

The least I can do is put him out of his misery in some way. So I turn around and drive back three or four miles to where he is and just as I see him again I also see a pickup with a trailer on behind, pulling up. I stop and get out, and when I emerge from the pickup's headlights I see an old man in a cowboy hat run across the road through the wind and grab the turkey up. It flaps a little but he has it in hand. I run back to him. There's a younger man in a red cap with earflaps with him. The wind is whipping us all around.

"Hey," I yell. "I saw that turkey too."

It may have passed through the old man's head that I am trying to establish a prior claim. He and the younger man are scurrying around trying to secure the turkey in the back of the truck. The turkey resisting.

"Where you from?" the old man asks. The turkey gets away from the younger man, off onto the shoulder.

I tell him I'm from Georgia originally, but driving to Washington State now and seeing a little bit of the country along the way.

Meanwhile, he is yelling at the younger man, "Grab him under the legs. Grab him under the legs!"

"I guess you got a place to keep a turkey!" I shout.

"That's right," the old man says.

"What you reckon you'll do with him?"

He looks at me a little funny and I think for a minute he's going to say sarcastically, "Name him Eddie and keep him around for my grandkids," but he just says to the younger man, "Here, put him in the trailer."

"If nothing else, you can eat him," I say.

"If nothing else," the old man says.

"Well, I'm glad someone came along who can use him," I say. They get back in their truck and drive off into the night, to where they live.

Wind still whipping.

I wouldn't know what to do with an unprepared turkey. I also don't know a soul within miles and miles and miles.

I need to meet somebody.

Beer-pool hall, just west of Caress, Oklahoma. Serving "red beer"—tomato juice in Coors. Graffiti in men's room: "In case of an air raid, Jump in Stool. It's Never Been Hit Yet." And "We Dont Piss In Your Ash Trays So Please Dont Put Your Butts in Our Urnil."

One young gap-toothed bargirl (people used the word "girl" more back in those days, so sue me), Linda. Older blonde married one, Emmer Lou. Emmer Lou, two middle-aged women, and middle-aged man talking: "It'll take all the hair off your tongue, now, but it's the best thing in the world for toothache." Then they get to talking about how sick it makes them to have to put their bridgework back in in the morning, which is a bit too much for me. Emmer Lou says tomorrow's her birthday. "Are you going to celebrate?"

"Is a bear's breath strong?"

The gap-toothed bargirl, who's big in the beam but amiable- and sensuous-looking, is talking to one of two youngish guys. "You mean a triangular?" she asks him. "Okay, you run get us a motel room in Greenup. And hurry back!"

Then the local beautician comes in. I say local beautician because when the gap-toothed girl says something to her she says, "I got a seven, a seven-thirty, and an eight o'clock. I'll do you at night, though." Beautician looks like a Hollywood version of a too-much small-town girl. Big sweeping shock of black hair, great big high boobs, and as tight a pair of pale-blue Levi's as could be molded to and halfway up inside a figuratively but by no means literally out-of-sight behind. (Prurient? Okay, prurient.) She's come in with her husband, who has slightly thinning blond hair frizzed up in front and a yellow ribbed cardigan sweater and bell-bottom pants on, and looks overmatched (as though there's no way of his ever disassembling his wanting her every minute whether she wants him or not and he's worried about whether he can live up to her demands whenever they come), and their

roughly eight- and nine-year-old son and daughter, who keep picking on each other. The husband is the one who keeps telling them to stop. The whole family goes to shooting pool, and she seems full of herself but also content (but then why does he look so fazed?).

The guy who went off to get a motel room in Greenup returns. He and his friend (who's been talking to the gap-toothed girl) play two games of pool, then the girl announces, "I'm going to go get drunk," and they all three leave.

Emmer Lou's telling the other end of the bar that she bought a little girl's dress the other day. "You can't wear no little girl's dress," one of the middle-aged women says. "As a top over slacks," she explains.

I don't meet any of these people.

NO MAIL IN GRAND WASH, TEXAS. HARD OF HER. Mean of her. I called the law offices and got Wormsig.

"Listen, Wormsig," I said. "Do you like Milam?"

"Do I like . . . Milam?"

"Okay, listen. Does Clementine come in there?"

"Yep."

"Look. Would you talk to her for me? Would you ask her how I can get in touch with her?"

"You would like me to represent you in this matter?"

"Represent . . . Okay, okay."

"My fee is fifty dollars an hour. So far you owe me for five minutes."

So, hell, I wired him fifty, and waited there in Grand Wash for a phone call. The next afternoon. Collect—I'd had to put down a deposit with the motelkeeper, who said, "There's so many rogues around. There's more rogues than good people."

Wormsig: "Her attorney says she doesn't want to have any more communications with you because they are getting worse and worse, to the point of involving lawyers."

"Great work, Wormsig. How many minutes did that take?"

"You have three more."

"Go shit in your hat, give it a careful little flip, and put it on."

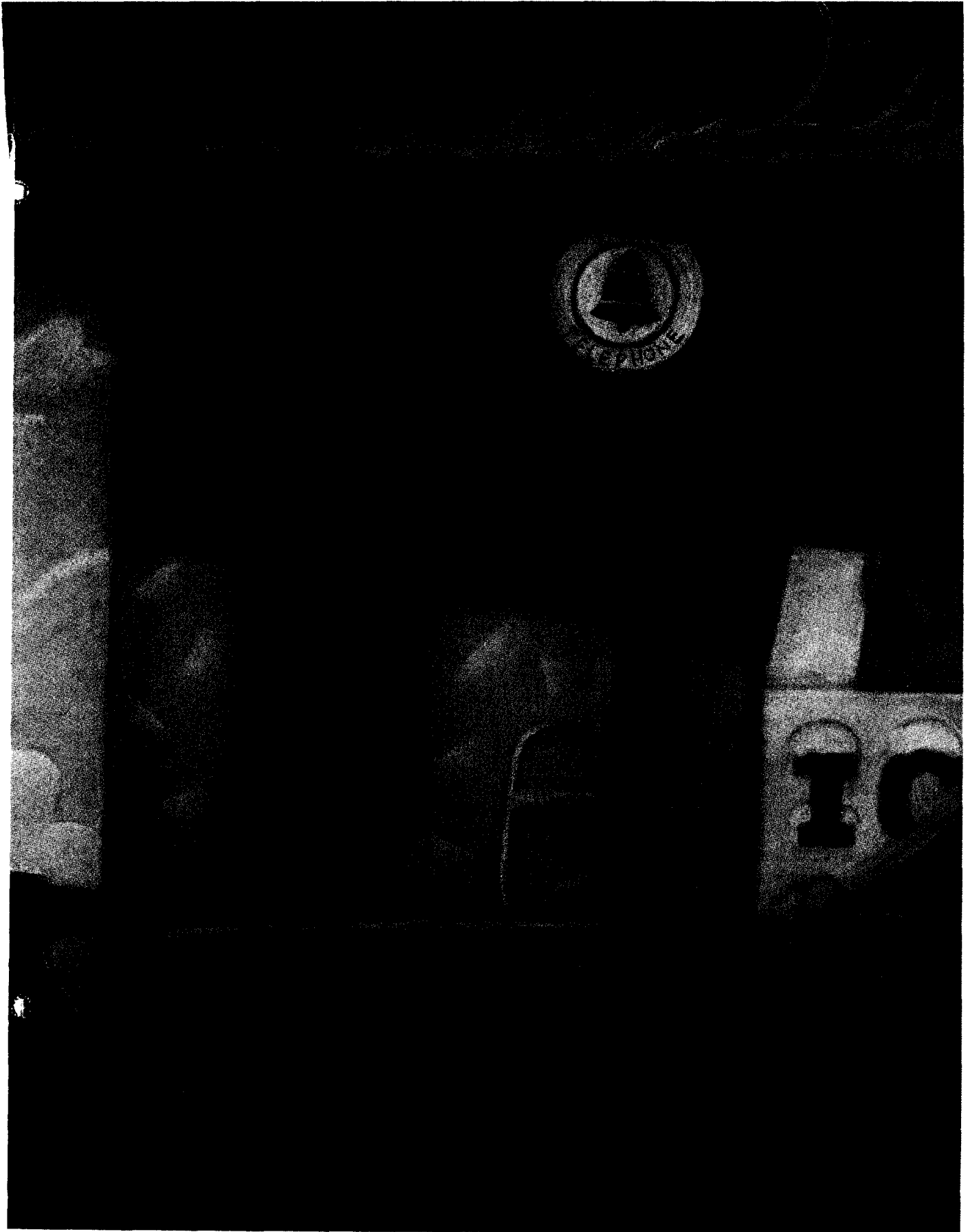
Bar in Pye, New Mexico, where also no mail.

Talking to another guy who's passing through. He used to run a bar of his own:

"Where I live you got to not only sweeten the po-lice but you got to sweeten the po-lice on time. I got a little behind with 'em and first spot of trouble I had in my place, people selling pills, they come and throwed me in jail, I mean.

"Now, you don't want to go to jail in a iron suit, much less shower shoes and running shorts. Which I was at the





time. So I picked the first medium-sized old boy I saw in the tank there and went to hit him just as hard as I could in the face so as to show people, you know, but before I could do it he hit me! *Flam*.

"I said why'd you do that. He said, 'I knew to do it. 'Cause you're the third old boy tonight to come in looking straight at me. The first one hit me right in the face as hard as he could.'

"So anyway I had made an acquaintance. He said he was in for simple battery and pointing a pistol at another. He said he didn't want to go into it. But he said, 'I'll tell you one thing, if you knew the whole thing of it, there wadden a thing *simple* about it.'

"Idden anything simple about anything."

If I set all this down, maybe something will add up.

Another thing I didn't mention is that I started hitting myself in the head, there, in the car, when she wouldn't discuss things.

Crazy thing to do.

And I yelled, I guess.

It scared her, I guess.

But God damn.

She scared me.

Well I humped it all the way to Puyallup, by God. No mail.

Sitting in a coffee shop there, I begin to pick up some remarks about Shakespeare. Two seats down from me is a heavysset man in prominent white socks and a short blond crewcut, talking to a smaller dark-haired man (who never says a word) in glasses sitting next to him:

". . . went through *Hamlet*, choosing parts and adding my interpretations, typed the whole thing out, and sent it to the Queen of England. Not a word. Not a damn word. So I sent it to the American Shakespeare Society. Not a word from them! It wunn've mattered if it was pro or con, if they had just acknowledged my effort. But nobody replied. It dunn make sense.

"You know my book is going to be out in two months. Sent it to every major publisher and they never even read it. Had to publish it at my own expense.

"And if anybody intelligent picks it up and reads it, and talks about it, and rumors start flying around, people will be going to the educated people with questions about it, and these people are going to have to read it. Because to understand the problem, you have to read the problem. And then if any man who's recognized as a notable, in any major field, picks that book up and reads it, that starts the line of questioning."

Friend silent through all this, as they eat their salads with Roquefort.

"Did I hear you say you've got a book coming out?" I ask him.

Friend looks away a little uneasily. The writer turns to

me. Senses a kindred spirit perhaps. "Yes. Mostly philosophy. It's taken me a long time, I started on it in 1961, but whenever you get into that controversial an area, it's hard to get something accepted."

"How is it controversial?"

"Well, the title of it is *Censor Twain*. It means 'censor two.' I'm cutting away both the Old Testament and the New Testament. *Censoring both of them*. Except for two small remanents. In the Old Testament, the first and greatest commandment. New Testament, all of Christ's teachings in the future tense. 'Thou shalt . . .' I'm taking those as the present American law."

"How you find out these things?"

"It's hard. There's no way you can do it unless you have contact with angels."

There, but for the lack of any very distinct idea of the grace of God, go I.

I never did write my book about driving around the country. Maybe I should have.

But it would have been about Clementine.

I DIDN'T MEET ANY WOMEN, TO SPEAK OF, EXCEPT ONE. In Chihuahua, Arizona, where no mail awaits me, I take a look at Old Lon's Trading Post.

In the window, cuspidors, with a sign: WILL OUTLAST 10 PLUGS OF STAR CHEWING TOBACCO—OLD LON WILL BET \$25 YOU CAN'T HIT THIS DEAD CENTER AT 20 PACES (NO SWEDES PLEASE). Pillboxes. Camel bells: 300 YEAR OLD CAMEL BELLS—PLAY THE GIRL CAMELS FAVORITE LOVE SONG—ALTHO THEY CALL YOU ONE HUMP HARRY, YOU'RE STILL MY FAVORITE DROMEDARY.

Another sign: DOESN'T OUR PRICES MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD ALL OVER? AND EVERYWHERE ELSE.

Inside, old Victrola with thick records, commodes, chifforobes, old shoes, harness hames, and the most alarming sight in some time:

A dress dummy, from the knees up, dressed in a policeman's uniform with a card saying, DON'T SAY "OINK" TO ME stuck to the shirt. Staring straight ahead, but one of his skinny, jerry-built arms (the other is hanging limply down) is poised to hit over the head, with a billy stick, this creature:

A dress form clothed in a long pinkish gauzy-skirted tutu and around the neck a red bandanna, and above that one of those monkey's heads carved out of a coconut, and on top of the head—at about the point the club, if it ever descended, would strike—sits a bunchy, raggedy, voluminous blue bow-ribbon. And jammed on top of that is a coonskin cap. American humor!

I hear some odd breathing-habit noises, and then I see, concealed by this assemblage, in a small circle of light cast by a reading lamp, at a round table, intently working



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the Jumble puzzle in *The Arizona Republic*, a roundish man with short white hair. Presumably old Lon.

To me, when I finally locate him, he says only, "Good morning, *nnng-hm. Wolley?*"

"Excuse me?"

"There a word, *wolley? Lowley*, with a *E*? Six letters. *P-toop'toop'too. Leyowl?*"

"*Yellow.*" I say after a minute. You meet all kinds of people on the road. I never knew anybody to work the jumble aloud.

"*Awwwm.*"

The policeman dummy and the monkey-head dummy are both looking straight ahead out into the store, not even noticing each other, apparently, but covered by the same amount of dust.

A tired-looking but attractive woman in her twenties comes in. She's carrying a big case with a handle. When old Lon says, "*Good morning, mmmmmn-hng,*" she looks at me. I point toward him. She sees the cop and the demon and is taken aback, and looks back at me—why does she need this?

"No, no," I say, still pointing. Then she sees Old Lon.

"*Verorf?*" he says.

"He's working the Jumble," I say. Why do I always feel that I have to explain things?

She sets the case on the table and opens it to reveal a big set of silver, looks like service for eight or ten, with all the big serving spoons. Folds the case out into three velvet-lined racks. The silver has all slid down out of the slots and she begins to slip each piece back into place. Smooth silver into smooth velvet, slip slip slip.

Old Lon looks over from his table. "That's nice silver, *rrrr-nga,*" he says. "*Frover?*"

"Yes, and it's never been used," she says. "Needless to say, I'm desperate for money."

"Ain't none of us set to retire right away," Old Lon says. "*Nnnnnng-nmf, mf, mf. Verorf?*"

"I know it's the truth," she says. "I'm trying to get my marriage back together and make a go of it, and I'm having a time of it." Still slipping silver back into slots.

"Looks like they'd make those so the silver would stay in place," I say.

She gives me an even look. "Well, I guess they didn't count on people carr'n it around much."

"*Vorfer.* Wonder how much you'd need to realize," Old Lon says. "*Rrrn-nf.*"

"*Fervor,*" I say.

"I'm asking a hundred and fifty dollars." Finishes slipping last piece in. Smoothly, with feeling.

"Well, that looks like the nicest silver I've ever had brought in here, *a-hnnng.*"

"Thank you."

"But I just can't handle it. *Nf. Nf.* I'm known pr'marily for furncher and guns. People know I don't deal in this and they don't come in for it. *Fffff.*"

"I'd even take a hundred and twenty-five for it."

"If you had time to advertise it on the radio, you could get more for it," he says. "*Nn'n'nie. Sherto.*"

"I know I could. But I just don't have that time right now."

"*Ethros. N'rff,* you try the pawnshop down the street?"

"Well, he sounded crooked over the phone."

"*Horset.* Say *nn'y* what?"

"*Throes.*"

"I talked to him on the phone, and he sounded kind of . . ."

"Welllll, *nnng,* either the pawnshop or Roe's Trading Post, down the street."

"I tried Roe, and he sent me down here."

"Well, that's Roe for you, *pt'f.*"

"Well, okay," she says equably, with some unforced spirit. She closes the case and as she goes through the door with it you can hear all the silver sliding to the bottom again. She leaves.

I head for the door myself and the policeman's limp arm gives a jerk! This weird, lifeless appendage *dances.*

Old Lon is pulling a string that leads from his chair to this slack, stupid, abjectly undirected limb. "*Ufff* that's what makes a body's heart jump," he says. "*Hooooon* see, you might 'spect to see the *club* arm . . ."

THE AFFECT OF ELMS

Across the narrow street from the old hotel that now houses human damage temporarily—
deranged, debilitated, but up and around in their odd postures, taking their meds, or maybe trading them—

is the little park, once a neighboring mansion's side yard, where beautiful huge old elm trees, long in that place, stand in a close group over the mown green lawn watered and well kept by the city, their shapes expressive:

the affect of elms is of struggle upward and survival, of strength—despite past grief (the bowed languorous arches) and torment (limbs in the last stopped attitude of writhing)—

while under them wander the deformed and tentative persons, accompanied by voices, counting their footsteps, exhaling the very breath the trees breathe in.

—Reginald Gibbons

The thing is, she walked a little like Clementine. Un- tentative but with a kind of give to her gait, a roll but a tight roll, like the spin on a major-league curveball. Something *sui generis* in her stride. I use the word "stride" in the old-fashioned tailor's sense, meaning, well, crotch: "Let out a little in the stride." Nothing bobbly about it, or hitchy, but something *funny*.

I catch up with her in the dusty street.

"Scuse me, it's none of my business—that's your wedding silver?"

Stops. "Yes it is."

"I couldn't help overhearing you in Old Lon's. He wasn't too helpful, was he?"

"Course he's got a business to run."

"That terrible dummy thing, there, that he sits behind." I can't think what to say about it.

"Don't rilly encourage you to appeal to his finer side, does it?"

"I just wanted you to know—if I had the money I'd lend it to you."

"Well, thank you."

"I mean—not that it does you any good, but."

"What are *you* doing in Chihuahua without any money?"

"I broke up with somebody. In South Carolina."

"Well, if I had any hearts and flowers, I'd play 'em for you."

Ooooo, a woman's smile. Directed at me. I can't go for long without one of those. "She told me I *scared* her," I blurt. Oh great.

A blink and an even nicer, though tougher, smile. "Well I guess she knows you better'n I do, then."

"Would you like to get a beer, a cup of coffee or something, I'd—"

"I've got a valentine to get home to."

We're standing out in the middle of the street. In the middle of Arizona. We start walking along together.

"I heard you say—you're fighting to keep it together. I admire that."

"Thank you."

"Can I carry your silver?"

"Thanks just the same, you might be a highwayman."

A highwayman! People come up with words! "You look a little like her."

"Thank you."

"I got mad at her."

"That'll happen."

"That's what *I* thought, that's what *I* thought. But it made her just go completely cold. Just rigid. She got this little voice . . ."

"You must've dragged over an old wound in her."

"Oh. Does that happen to you?"

"I don't have any old wounds. My husband does. He says. So I take it that it's true. My daddy grew up on a farm in Mississippi. He says, 'When you come to a stump you can't pull up, plow around it.'"

"That's what you recommend?"

"It's what I'm trying to do."

"How did you drag over his old wound?"

"Asked him whether he had read the 'Jobs Offered' yet."

"Seems like a reasonable question."

"Don't matter how it seems to you, though. And I must've asked it *hard*, you know."

"Hard."

"Hard or sharp, or snide. Don't say anything snide or sharp or hard to one you love, I realize now. It just hurts or frightens, and then you either have to turn away, or be hurt or frightened back, or make up for it. My parents would talk to each other sharp and hard, it is bred into my voice, but I remember now how it made me feel to hear them do it. It made me feel scared. And they talked to me that way too, sometimes. Although they loved me. I am going to ream it out of my voice. I ain't going to live like that. I just am not. I am going to improve in my generation. I am."

"What's his name?"

"Cody."

"Hers is Clementine."

We have reached the pawnshop. Which *looks* crooked, even on the outside.

"Want me to go in there with you?"

"It wouldn't look right."

"Oh, okay, uh-huh. What's your name?"

"Bonita."

"Bonita. Could I—I just need, could I say something to you?"

"What's your name?"

"Guy."

"Guy. Okay."

"I mean, just—out here in the middle of Arizona. She won't—I can't call her and she won't answer my letters."

"You want to tell me, 'You bitch you bitch you bitch?'"

"No. I'm sorry. Never mind."

"Tell me. If it scares me I'll just scream and clonk you on the head with my wedding silver."

"I love you."

Nicely.

"You a *ro*-mantic son of a bitch. I see why somebody let you *at* her old wounds." And she wrinkles her nose in a way that I still remember and hauls her silver through the pawnshop door.

That's the thing that gave me heart. □

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APT. #

*As the world moves toward more democratic governments,
we should consider how much emphasis is on the rights of the group and
how much on the rights of the individual*

WHAT KIND OF DEMOCRACY?

BY RAYMOND D. GASTIL

AS WE CONGRATULATE OURSELVES ON A WORLD becoming increasingly democratic, we should recall that several times before in the past century it seemed that democracy had won universal acceptance, but the acceptance was much less trustworthy than had been imagined. In 1900–1901 leading newspapers announced the good news that the twentieth century was to be the century of democracy; in 1920 a prominent authority on political systems could write that democracy no longer had any challengers.

A society is generally said to be a full democracy if it has a political system that guarantees both the civil and political liberties of its people. In other words, a democracy must not only allow its people to choose freely who will govern them but also guarantee the freedoms of expression and organization, which make possible effective oppositions that can compete for, and eventually attain, office. Unfortunately, in most historical treatments of the growth of democracy the emphasis tends to be on the existence of electoral or legislative mechanisms that allow

for choice, with less attention paid to those civil liberties that make that choice effectively free.

It is easy, and probably fundamentally wrong, to assume that the most important characteristics of democracy are the political rights that the word “democracy” most clearly implies. Let me use personal experience to explain this. Annually from 1973 until last year I produced the Comparative Survey of Freedom, which placed countries on a continuum of freedom. I tried to balance aspects of democracy by using a rating system that included both political rights and civil liberties in the final score. During the first few years of the survey I considered that when the final scores of two countries tied, I would give the rating for political freedom—that is, for the extent to which there were free elections and those elected gained power—the greater weight. Perhaps I made this choice because it was much easier to get information on elections and legislators than on the state of civil liberties in a country. However, as time went on and experience accumulated, I dropped this largely theoretic-

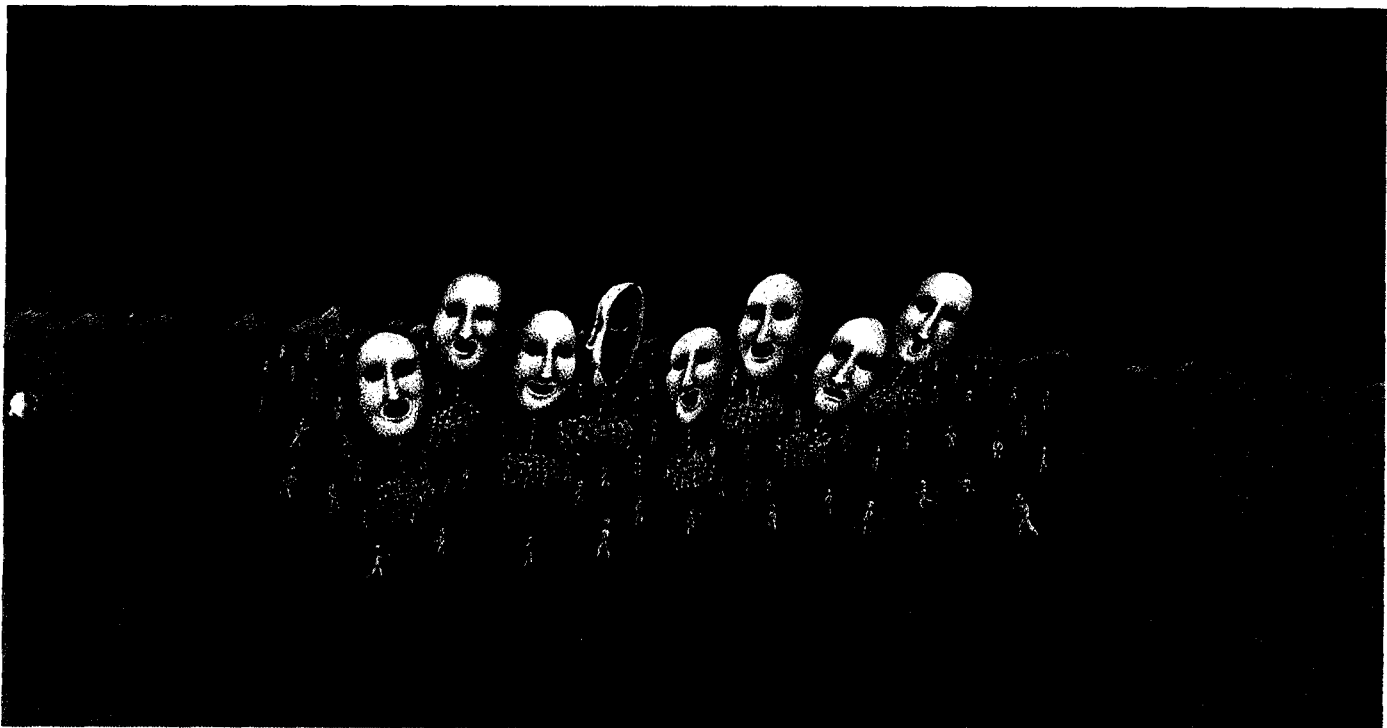


cal distinction in weighting. In the past few years I have come to believe that if one thinks of freedom, or in this case democracy, in time periods longer than a year, civil liberties will be seen as the more important of the two kinds of democratic freedom. I came to realize that political rights without civil freedoms would offer few of the values that I cherish in democratic societies, while civil freedoms without political rights (insofar as this is conceivable) would offer the major values that I understand democracy to promote. The primacy of civil freedoms becomes even more apparent in societies whose governments appear to respond to the popular will as expressed by the communications media, demonstrations, and other informal channels with more alacrity than they do to the often indeterminate results at the polling station.

DEMOCRACY AS WE KNOW IT HAS TWO QUITE DIFFERENT roots. The first is the universal desire of people to manage their own affairs, or at least to have a say in who manages their affairs. In the primitive band all adults, or sometimes all heads of families, tended to have a say in the affairs of the band. This tribal or village democracy can be traced down through all of history. The democracy of ancient Athens is no doubt the most famous example of a community ruling itself—a community of relatively large scale. Of course, women, slaves, and other outsiders were excluded. But a substantial part of the population took an active role in the decisions of the society; when “the people,” thus defined, changed their minds, society moved in the direction of

the change. When we speak of the democracy of the medieval Swiss cantons, or of the units of the Iroquois confederacy, this is also the democracy we have in mind. The democracy of the New England towns of the seventeenth century and the democracy of the Swiss communities of Rousseau’s day, including his native Geneva, were essentially successive expressions of the tribal or community democracy of primitive society. Though for limited purposes these might form together in larger “leagues,” they were little more than alliances among independent units whose interrelationships might be no more democratic than those in nondemocratic leagues.

The second root of modern democracy is liberalism, defined as that set of social and political beliefs, attitudes, and values which assumes the universal and equal application of the law and the existence of basic human rights superior to those of state or community. As used here, the term “liberal” is not meant to suggest any particular economic doctrine, or doctrine regarding the state’s economic role; nor is it meant to be an antonym of “conservative.” It does imply that the state’s interests cannot override those of the citizenry. Derived from a variety of secular and religious tenets, liberalism affirms the basic worth of individuals, their thoughts, and their desires. In the liberal canon no one, whether king or majority, has the right to tell people how to think, or even act (except in instances of imminent threat to social well-being). Although it has ancient foundations, liberalism is primarily the outgrowth of the efforts of political and social philosophers since the seventeenth century to free humanity from the fetters of unchecked state power and imposed religious dogma. Before the eighteenth century,



liberal democracy's role in history was much less important than tribal democracy's.

It was liberal democracy that abolished political censorship, that eventually found it impossible to justify slavery of any kind, or torture for any reason, or the unequal position of women and minority races and ethnic groups. It is liberal democracy that is always teetering on the edge of denying that the individual has any substantial duty to sacrifice himself for the community if he chooses not to. It was liberal democracy that fascism and similar ideologies sought to destroy utterly. It was liberal democracy that the Marxist-Leninist regimes now dissolving in Eastern Europe found so repugnant in its individualism and inherent tendency to sacrifice group interests to individual interests.

The international human-rights movement is based on the tenets of liberal democracy, and is a natural product of this political system. Everywhere, these rights have become the hope of the oppressed, and the societies that support these rights become the natural allies of all peoples.

WHEN THE CURRENT DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTION IS discussed, we should remember that we are referring to changes that represent the legacy of both these traditions, the tribal democratic and the liberal democratic. We must remember that their conjunction in modern democracies is the result of a long historical process, and far from automatic. Historically, democracies have tended to be more tribal than liberal. Regardless of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and the values of the Founding Fathers, acceptance of liberal democracy came slowly to the American public. Even in recent years the United States has had periods in which tribal democracy rode roughshod over liberal democracy, as in the expulsion of the Japanese from the West Coast in the Second World War. Public-opinion polls continue to show that the tenets of liberal democracy may not be as thoroughly accepted in the United States and other democracies as we would like.

The slow pace of the liberalization of democracy, even in recent years, explains why as we go further back in history, the association of democracy and peace becomes more and more tenuous. Although the political systems of Athens and Sparta were far apart, both states were war-like; indeed, Athens became a specialist in imperial wars. The democratic Swiss cantons produced the mercenaries of Europe for several centuries. At the same time that democracy was being perfected in the West, its military forces conquered most of the world. Yet gradually the record has improved, as democracies have become more liberal. War became unfashionable in the democratic West after the First World War. Colonies became unfashionable after the Second World War. But if there is



to be a "peace dividend" from the democratic revolution, it will occur only to the extent that tribal democracy has been overcome by liberal democratic attitudes that respect the rights of all peoples.

Today, as we contemplate a democratizing world, we must ask ourselves how strong the tribal and liberal elements actually are in the new democratic movements. We should recall that fascism in Italy, Japan, and Germany grew to maturity in democratizing societies, societies that provided the tools for free discussion and mobilization of small groups. Those groups were then able to use these privileges to overthrow the democratic system by capturing the attention and perhaps the majority support of peoples in whom the assumptions of liberal democracy were only weakly rooted.

Outside the West democracy is beset with the problem of incorporating basically illiberal peoples and movements into the democratic framework. In the recent Indian election the third most powerful party was a Hindu party dedicated to advancing the cause of the Hindu majority at the expense of both the rights of Muslims and the concept of the secular state. In some parts of India many Sikhs and Muslims and members of other groups are equally intolerant of those whose beliefs or backgrounds are different from their own. Pakistan's emergence as a democracy has been repeatedly delayed by the claims of Muslim movements against the rights of others, and these claims may again cause the collapse of democracy in Pakistan.

The clash of tribal democracy and liberal democracy has been particularly acute in the Middle East. It is either the case or feared to be the case that a really open electoral process in most Middle Eastern states would result in the establishment of an oppressive Muslim fundamentalism in place of the less oppressive current regimes. Sudan's most recent attempt at democracy was ultimately torn apart by tribalism, which made democracy as we know it impossible. We should note that Iran, under Islamic guidance, has had several contested elections with fair voting procedures since 1980. From the political-rights viewpoint it can be argued that Iran is now ruled by an elected democratic government, a government more democratic than most in the Third World. But its oppression of individuals or groups that lie beyond the boundaries of tribal morality or acceptance has been persistent. Its initial unwillingness, for example, to allow the Bahais any place in Iranian society, and its equally vicious destruction of the radical left, represented tribalisms that an elected parliament could overwhelmingly endorse. Despite the panoply of Western political institutions in Iran, it remains outside the democratic world that requires a commitment to civil liberties as well as political rights.

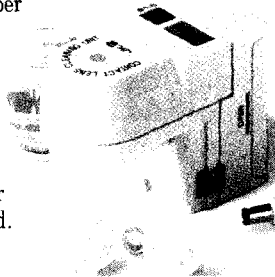
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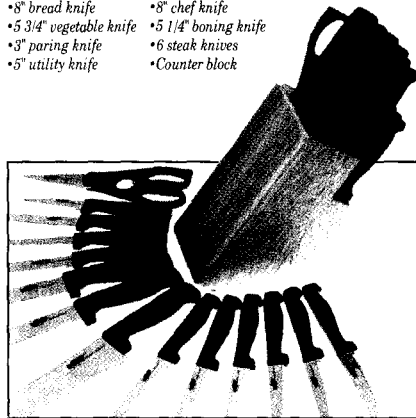
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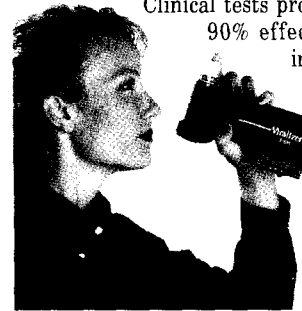
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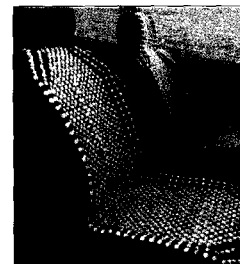
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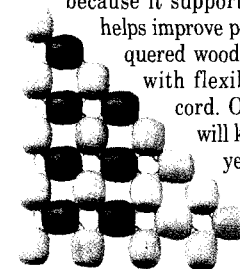
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tion is a demand for freedom. From another, it is a demand for independence unrelated to the maintenance of those freedoms basic to liberal democracy. Too often the demand for self-determination is a tribalist demand that ends by narrowing rather than broadening the sphere of human rights. It is the demand that has torn Sri Lanka apart, destroying what was a functioning democratic system. It is the demand that came very close on several occasions to arresting the development of democracy in our own South. In itself, self-determination is a legitimate right, and should be recognized insofar as it does not threaten other rights. But this right should not be confused with those basic civil rights fundamental to liberal democracy, nor is it as important as they are.

It is with this consciousness that we must consider the prospects for democracy in those areas of the world that remain nondemocratic but may soon institute full political democracies if current trends continue. We must ask particularly what values we hold most dear. Do we want the establishment of democratic regimes that will soon come to deny those liberal, humanistic values we see as essential to a full human life? Do we want, for example, a politically more democratic but also more fundamentalist Egypt? Would we really want a "free Afghanistan" whose political system put women back in the Middle Ages? Would we still endorse the democracy of an India that ended up exacerbating religious or ethnic tensions to the point of new and endemic slaughter?

If we are lucky, we may be able to avoid facing such questions. But if the development of democracy in the Soviet Union, for example, proceeds as it has, with an increasing emphasis on self-determination at the popular level, will we not find larger and larger sections of the population developing independent political systems in which the desires and opinions and interests of the majority allow for the suppression of all those who disagree, or all those who belong to other "tribes"? Some years ago I regarded descriptions of the danger of the highly nationalistic Pamyat movement in the USSR as little more than the scare-mongering of scholars or anti-Soviets. Today I wonder if "pamyats" might not break out all over the Soviet world, fueled by the frustrations of failure in other sectors of life, much as fascism was fueled between the wars.

WHAT DO WE BRING AWAY FROM THIS DISCUSSION? Certainly we should not conclude that because democratic movements are often less than thoroughly imbued with modern liberal ideals, we should stop pushing for the democratization of the world. We should continue the effort for several reasons. First, people do have democratic rights to self-determination, even if we do not like what they do with these rights. Second,



the continued rolling of the democratic bandwagon may bring us closer to our overall goals. Third, nondemocratic regimes are often as illiberal as democratic ones. Fourth, since democratic systems are often initially more tribal than liberal, by denying the right of tribal democracy we may end up denying the right of a people to any democracy at all.

But the discussion suggests some dangers, and perhaps some changes in direction, in the pursuit of the millennium. It suggests that the campaign for liberal democracy, represented in part by the human-rights movement, should be continued and enhanced even as states become democratic in form. Also, we should develop educational programs that teach liberal values to broader and broader segments of the population in new democracies or states that have not yet become politically democratic. To avoid the arrest of this educational process we should in particular instances and for particular countries avoid pressing for the establishment of political democracy so long as the system in power takes an active role in developing and teaching the concepts of a liberal society.

I suspect that one reason for the collapse of communist systems in the Soviet sphere is that they appeared increasingly estranged from the world culture that has penetrated nearly everywhere since the Second World War. This culture simply no longer accepts the controls on movement and thought that characterized most of the world until recently. It no longer accepts discrimination for reasons of ideology, religion, gender, or ethnicity. It no longer accepts rulers that are not freely elected by their peoples. This culture has come upon the world rapidly, and may ultimately be destructive of essential values. But for now it advances the cause of the assumptions basic to liberal democracy, and therefore becomes an important aspect of the struggle for the extension of democracy.

In promoting democracy, governments and private organizations should place at least as much stress on the liberal underpinnings of modern democracy as on the forms of political democracy. The emphasis should be on the absolute value of the individual and the universal applicability of basic rights. We should support movements that undercut tribal thinking. We should refrain from insisting on rapid transitions to the political forms of democracy when establishing these forms appears likely to threaten the eventual attainment of the freedoms due every individual, and not just every group. We should be careful not to confuse the demand for self-determination with the demand for democracy. Thus the campaign for democracy, the campaign for human rights, and the campaign against war and armaments must become ever more closely identified with one another as we press on, both publicly and privately, toward a world of peace and freedom. □

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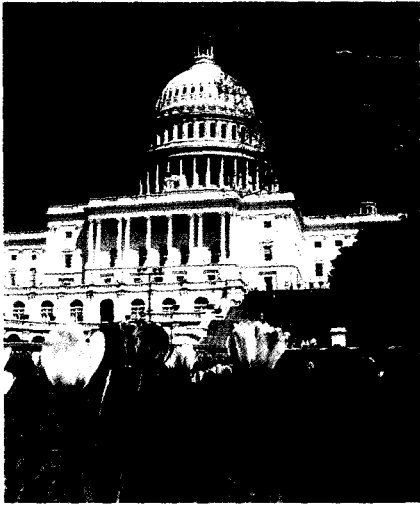
*Judith Martin explains
the mannerisms of
Washington, D.C.*

Judith Martin writes the Miss Manners syndicated column and books, and is also a novelist. She was born in Washington, D.C., and has lived there most of her life.

"Visitors to Washington should make a point of seeing our government in action—the House of Representatives, the Senate, the Supreme Court. It's the best show in town. Visiting Congress in session gives you an idea of how our government works—or how it doesn't work. At the very least, you can observe how polite we all are. Note the manners and other techniques we use to handle very controversial issues. The more controversial the issue, the more manners you need. You will learn the true meaning of 'I

believe my distinguished colleague was greatly mistaken'; elsewhere in this country people would say, 'You're lying, you bastard.' Politeness is the method we use in order to continue arguments.

Depending on when you visit, you may be able to observe various levels of public protest, some effective, some not. The issues change all the time, of course, but there is a complete range of street theater performed in the interest



of protesting. Effective protesters target one particular issue while not offending those involved in another issue. An 'orderly' protest is one in which protesters actually explain their issue, and is more effective than the spot embarrassment you might see in Washington. There are those who believe that the way to change society is to single out members thereof and cause public embarrassment. The more a person can identify with the protester, the better.

Washington also has some rather good trials, involving both the federal and city governments, which I would certainly recommend attending.

Washington is a great theater town. Some is in the theater; a lot isn't."

—interviewed by Lisé Stern

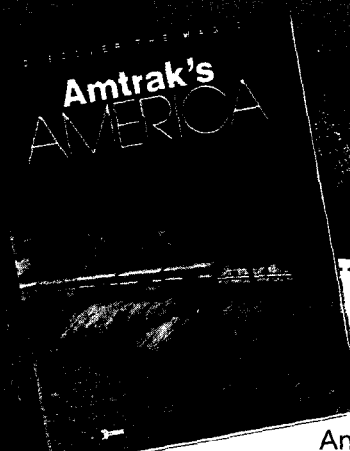
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"WITHOUT ANY EFFORT AT ALL"

Ed Asner acts natural in Jackson Hole, Wyoming

Best known for the role of newspaper editor Lou Grant, Ed Asner has just finished a Broadway run in Born Yesterday and recently starred in the TV mini-series Not a Penny More, Not a Penny Less. He has had a vacation home in Jackson Hole for seven years.

"When friends come to visit me here, I tell them that, for me, being here is enough. I'm content just soaking up the atmosphere,



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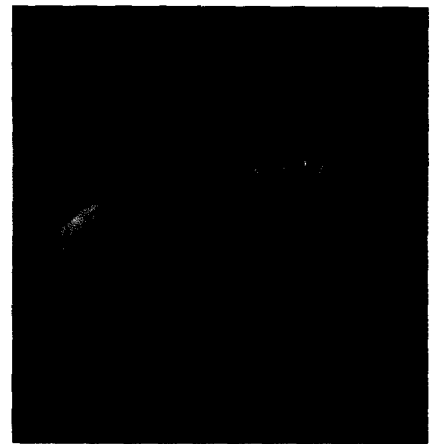
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the climate, and the scenery.

The first time I came to Jackson Hole, it was a sunny fall day and the piercing clarity and crispness of the air was like a smack across my face. It simply flooded my being and seemed to drive out all the Los Angeles smog I was carrying in my sinuses. There is such a pristine quality to the air and the light casts a shine on everything.

What I love is driving around a curving road and having to brake because a moose has the right of way. In my Los Angeles backyard there are raccoons and squirrels and the occasional hawk in the sky. Here there are eagles instead of hawks, and a buffalo may be sunbathing in your path. I am still constantly dazzled by the magnificent species of American wildlife that exist in this pocket of my world.

Every vista in Jackson Hole is beautiful. And you can be part of the grandeur without engaging in strenuous mountain sports. The Teton make me think about climbing, but I have resisted the urge so far. I sit in my living room, at an elevation of 11,000 feet, and watch the colors change as the sun



moves across the hills and into the valley.

Yes, we have some wonderful shops where you can spend hours browsing, and there are many fine restaurants. The skiing is great and there are trails for walking and running.

But I tell my guests that though they are welcome to do all these things, for the real joy of Jackson Hole, just breathe deeply and keep your eyes open and you will receive the gifts this place has to offer without any effort at all."

—interviewed by Lucie Prinz

"A PERSONAL DISCOVERY"

*Gian Carlo Menotti conducts
an unguided tour of Charleston*

Gian Carlo Menotti, the internationally known stage director and composer, is the director of the Spoleto Festivals, which take place every spring and summer in Charleston, South Carolina, and Spoleto, Italy.

"When I visit a city, I never ask for a list of the 'must's' or names of restaurants or for letters of introduction. I like to wander unprepared and be surprised. I recommend that Charleston be such a personal discovery. Don't prepare yourself for the visit. Pretend that you have arrived there by mistake—go out in the street, walk, and look. After almost fifteen years of festivals, I still don't know the names of the houses and plantations one must visit, nor the size of the population, nor the city's historical past except what

I've seen in the movies. But when I am there, I do have my secret itinerary—in and out of gardens, mysterious poetic cemeteries, narrow and silent alleys that simply lead nowhere. Now and then I recognize a charming house where a friend lives, but I don't bother to learn the name of the street or the number on the doorway. That would break the enchantment.

During the Spoleto Festival, in May and June, the main streets are teeming with tourists and artists, and the city acquires a certain feverish activity that adds color to its faded charm. The tourists who get on one of the quaint horse and buggies and let a garrulous guide explain to them what they are looking at are not to my taste. To know Charleston, walk and talk to the people: Charlestonians are charming talkers, and love to tell you *all*. You'll find out things that guides don't know and that are far more amusing and memorable than who built what and at what date. Stop at any restaurant. None of them is really first-class, but the service is always courteous and the specialties are special, and you

Highlights among the 114 events of the Spoleto Festival U.S.A., which runs through June 10, include the world premiere of the opera *The Hydrogen Jukebox*, with music by Philip Glass, text by Allen Ginsberg, and visual design by Jerome Sirlin; productions of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Wagner's *Parsifal* directed by Gian Carlo Menotti; the world premieres of *Pioneer*, by the Paul Dresher Ensemble, and *Praise House*, by the Urban Bush Women; and performances by the Martha Graham Dance Company, the Joffrey Ballet, Dublin's Gate Theatre, and the Chick Corea Akoustic Band. Tickets, especially standing-room tickets, are available to virtually all performances. Standing-room tickets and returned tickets are put on sale the morning of the performance, at the Spoleto Festival Box Office, 14 George Street, Charleston; (800) 868-7228 or (803) 577-4500.

are never unhappy when the bill arrives.

If you can, manage to be there during the Spoleto Festival. The flowering of the azaleas and camellias is over, but the celebration of the arts that give excitement to the very air you breathe will not make you regret the passing of spring. And there will still be plenty of flowering magnolias to sweeten the air as you walk to the opera, or to one of the chamber-music concerts in the charming old Dock Street Theatre."

—interviewed by Corby Kummer



"FOND MEMORIES"

Mark Morris choreographs an evening in Seattle

Mark Morris, the dancer and dancer-maker whose inventiveness and musicality have prompted comparison to the late ballet master George Balanchine, has left his native Seattle for Brussels, where he heads up the Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris. In the days when he still called his hometown home, the hot tip would have been to see him. As it is, he suggests a night on the town, with lots to eat and drink and some dancing you do yourself.

"On rainy nights in Brussels, I think of rainy nights in Seattle with fond memories. For dinner, my friends and I chose the reasonably priced joints—Guadalajara, Aoki, Bangkok Hut, and even Jake O'Shaughnessy's. For multiple beers—Pyramid for summer, Grant's for win-

ter—and burgers, the rightfully popular Deluxe. For multiple beer and badass pool, the perpetual Comet. But for extra fun, overpriced Coronas, and Western-style dancing with our lesbian and gay friends, the Timberline, home of the exuberant square-dance club Puddletown Squares."

—interviewed by Matthew Gurewitsch

"CERTAINLY A LOT TO SEE"

Savory days in Santa Barbara with Julia Child

Her latest book is titled The Way To Cook. And that's what Julia Child has devoted thirty years, seven cookbooks, and a long-running TV show to teaching us all. She lives part of the year in Santa Barbara, California.

"Well, I'd start a visit to Santa Barbara by spending a morning in the older part of the city, up-town. That's fun. There's certainly a lot to see, and you can find maps

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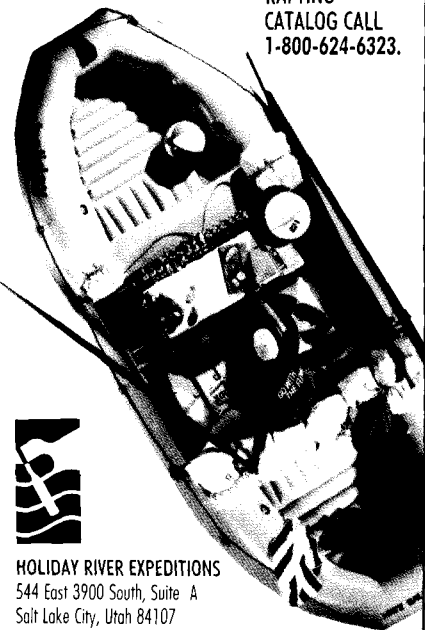
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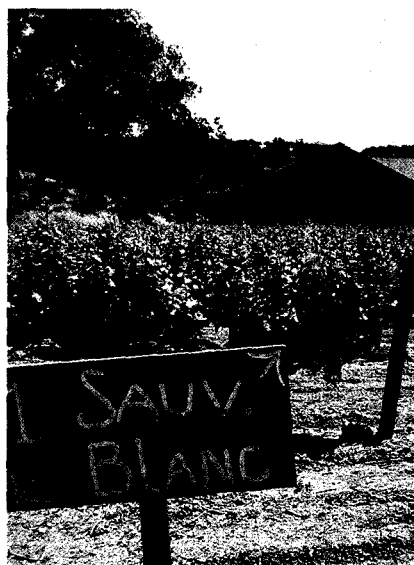


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and town guides very easily. The Court House is especially beautiful. They've protected that area with strict environmental regulations—you have to go through a committee if you want to change anything—and it's been very successful. Also, Santa Barbara has botanical gardens and an unusually nice zoo, which is good for children—outdoors, with lots of ups and downs, and lakes to sit by. And just wandering around in the town of Santa Barbara, you get lovely views.

Then stop at the Wine Cask, near City Hall, which is a restaurant and wine shop. You can get a very nice simple lunch outside on the patio, or maybe just a glass of wine. The people there know ab-



solutely everything about the nearby Santa Ynez Valley, where you can take a drive and visit wineries. Ask the owner, whose name is Doug Margerum, for advice and for a map of the wine country. This restaurant holds wine tastings as well—something that is good to know about.

Another good drive is through Montecito, in the southern part of town. It's a wealthy district, full of fancy homes. You can drive around and look at the big houses and the lovely foliage and gardens and just 'smell the rich,' as they say. The Biltmore Hotel in Montecito is well worth a look. And there's a pleasant friendly beach with lots of dogs running around."

—interviewed by Jan Nicholson

"AN ARCHITECTURAL WONDER"

Bobby Short sings the praises of Manhattan

Bobby Short has been playing the piano and singing at New York's Hotel Carlyle for twenty-three years. The Carlyle has been called one of the city's monuments—and so has Bobby Short.

"I'd want my visitors to scan the entire island with an eye to our remarkable architecture. I'd start down in the Bowery and go uptown, with stops at the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building, because they are such splendid examples of art deco. And they should go inside Radio City Music Hall and the Waldorf and take a look at the fabulous lobbies of these landmarks.



Up in Harlem there's Sylvan Terrace, where eighteenth-century row houses are a reminder of life in early New York. The city has several of these enclaves, which

remind one of the graceful, gracious times of our past. Just go to Washington Mews, in the Village, or Beekman or Sutton Place and you'll be back in history when life was easier than it is today.

I'm a big fan of Central Park, which is a remarkable accomplishment in a town of this size and offers so much recreation and relaxation for those who live here.

A lot of people don't know about our buses, which go from one end of New York to the other and are a great way to tour the city. You can see what you're passing and if you don't know your way around they'll give you all the information you'll need about routes and transfers. Look out those windows and you'll realize that New York is an architectural wonder with something for every taste, from my favorite art deco to the new glass towers."

—interviewed by Lucie Prinz

"THE BEST THAT BOSTON HAS TO OFFER"

John Kenneth Galbraith's economical city tour

John Kenneth Galbraith has taught for most of his life at Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was U.S. ambassador to India and has had a long and distinguished career in public service and as a writer in the field of economics. Recently he wrote the well-received novel A Tenured Professor.

"Oh, I've been asked that question hundreds of times and I'll tell you what I always say: I tell people to come to Cambridge and take a walk through Harvard

Even bulkier than a typical all-purpose guidebook to the entire United States, the AIA [American Institute of Architects] Guide to New York City, by Elliot Willensky and Norval White (Harvest/HBJ, \$21.95), covers nothing but New York's architecture. Its 999 oversize-paperback pages are crammed with detailed, opinionated, heavily illustrated commentary on block after block, borough after borough, of buildings. For example, the guide explains exactly where to find all the buildings that Bobby Short mentions, gives their dates, names their architects, and points out about Sutton Place, "This became an enclave of wealth and elegance in the early 1920s, when factories and tenements largely shared the banks of the East River. The Dead End Kids were the denizens of these blocks, which dead-ended into piers at the river and where summer fun included diving into that not yet fetid tidal waterway." The authors are themselves architects; Willensky is vice-chairman of the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission. The current, third edition of the AIA Guide was published in 1988, but don't hold your breath waiting for the fourth edition: it is not scheduled to appear until 1998.

Yard. It's something they've all heard about and it's got everything they need to see. I tell them to look at the Widener Library and at Memorial Church. And then they should walk over to Massachusetts Hall. The president's office is in there, so they can't wander around inside, but it's the oldest and most beautiful building in the Yard and it's better on the outside anyhow. Visitors should go to our two wonderful museums, the Fogg and the Sackler, as well as Boston's Museum of Fine Arts.

If they keep their eyes open in Cambridge, they'll see the Charles River. I don't have to tell anyone about that.

Would I send them to Sanders Theatre? Certainly not. It's the gloomiest building in the Western world; I wouldn't dream of going there myself. I don't recommend restaurants or that sort of thing. I find that people who know about food don't know much about anything else.

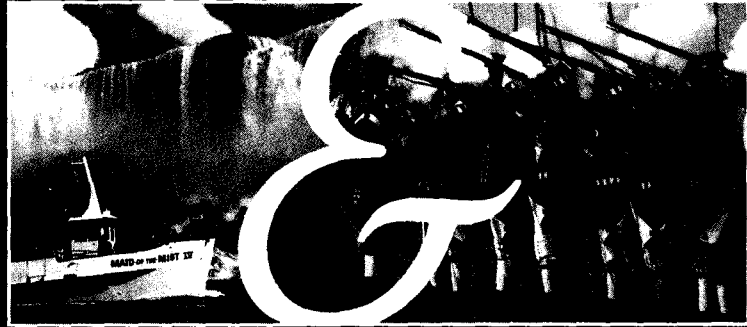
Let them come to Harvard Yard and those museums and they'll have seen the best that Boston has to offer. That's all I know."

—interviewed by Lucie Prinz

From June through August, Harvard and Radcliffe students lead free, hour-long tours of Harvard Yard four times a day (starting at 10:00 and 11:15 A.M. and 2:00 and 3:15 P.M.) Monday through Saturday, and twice (at 1:30 and 3:00 P.M.) on Sunday. During the academic year, tours are given twice daily (at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.) except on Saturday (2 P.M. only) and Sunday (no tours). The tours leave from the Harvard Information Center, at Holyoke Center, 1350 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, (617) 495-1573, where Harvard maps and brochures are also available.

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Untroubled Brewing

Ways to improve your coffee

by Corby Kummer

JUST AS THERE is no best coffee bean, there is no best way to brew coffee. But some ways are better than others. The current choices evolved surprisingly recently, and are not all improvements on the past. This doesn't mean that I have anything against making coffee in electric drip machines—in fact, I think it's the best way to make coffee in any quantity—or that I am about to recommend some archaic, labor-intensive method, even if I describe one or two. Vastly improving your coffee can be a matter of simply being more careful about fresh-

ness, changing the grind, using the right ratio of coffee to water, and not overheating coffee once it's brewed. But I do bear a grudge against percolators.

Liquid coffee started as a sort of wine, in which dried beans, first whole and later crushed, were steeped in cold water; around 1200, Arabs began boiling dried hulls, later roasting them too. What we think of as Turkish coffee emerged in the fifteenth century, in several Arab and Middle Eastern countries, and making it became an elaborate ceremony. Turkish coffee, which

some purists insist is the very best (I'm not among them—it's awfully strong), is still served in the Arab countries, Turkey, and Greece. In the ritual brewing, beans are roasted over a charcoal fire and then ground to a powder by hand with a mortar and pestle. The coffee is boiled several times in an *ibrik*, a long-handled tinned brass or copper pot that slopes inward at the top, and the froth—the sign of an expert maker—is distributed equally among the guests, as a sign of respect.

If you care to be walloped by your coffee, realistic instructions for making "Middle Eastern" coffee, a diplomatic term, are offered by Kenneth Davids in *Coffee*, an amusing and informative book that is the best available guide to brewing. Davids warns that accomplishing a head of froth is not given to everyone, and that the *ibrik* should be filled only halfway, to avoid having sludge erupt all over the stove. Turkish coffee is powerful and bitter, and many like its potency, even if they don't go so far as to collect the sediment with the little finger and eat it, as one mid-nineteenth-century traveler reported seeing Greeks do.

Until the late eighteenth century European coffee meant boiled coffee, and boiling persisted as the chief mode of brewing in both Europe and the United States, in the face of many superior methods. Writing in the United States in the 1920s, William H. Ukers, the author of *All About Coffee*, an encyclopedia that is still the standard reference work, called boiled coffee a "crying evil." American coffee went from bad to nearly as bad with the adoption of the pumping percolator, the only really harmful innovation of an extraordinarily inventive period in France, from 1800 to 1850, when devices for making drip and filter coffee—the forerunners of the pots and machines we use today—were patented at a feverish rate. (You'd think it would be easy to find good coffee in France today, but it isn't. The Germans and Swedes, among the world's heaviest coffee drinkers, were long the chief buyers of high-quality beans, and they still brew better, if lighter, coffee than the French. The best beans now go to Japan, where coffee-drinking has lately become an expensive exercise in connoisseurship.)

The percolator became as widespread an evil as boiled coffee. It does

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not work by true percolation, which is the passing of water through grounds set over a metal or porcelain screen—what we now call the drip method. Percolators force boiling water up through a tube and spray it over the grounds. This would be true percolation if the process stopped there. But the weak brew that results from the first pass through the grounds is sprayed over them again and again, and the progressively darker brew is repeatedly boiled, burning off aromatics and oxidizing aromatics and oils. It's true that few things are as cheering or welcoming as the "perking of the coffee right nearby," as Frank Loesser's lyric has it in the jaunty 1941 song "I Hear Music," and you shouldn't storm out of a house where perked coffee is served. But the percolator isn't a very good choice for making coffee—like boiled coffee, perked coffee is out of balance, with acids predominating and a sourish overtone.

Infusion, or steeping grounds in water without boiling it, had taken hold in France by the mid-eighteenth century, while England and America kept boiling away. Infusion survives today in three forms. Open-pot coffee, also called cowboy, campfire, or hobo coffee, is made by strewing ground coffee over water that has come to a boil and leaving it to steep for five minutes or so. It can be strained through cloth, or nylon mesh, or even a sock (part of campfire legend), or you can add cold water in the hope that the grounds will settle (they won't completely). Many people, especially the kind who scorn fancy appliances, swear by open-pot coffee, and indeed it resembles the method by which "coppers" evaluate coffee. I find the straining more trouble than it's worth, and prefer appliances to studied simplicity.

An easier way to steep coffee is the plunger pot, often called the Melior, for a famous French manufacturer of it. Water and coffee steep in a glass carafe for three to five minutes, and then you push a wire strainer down through the liquid to separate the grounds. This produces a strong brew with a fair amount of sediment, despite the fineness of the mesh (the real French model has a better-fitting screen than the



much more commonly found version made by Bodum). I don't like the plunger-pot method. Real Melior pots are very expensive—often twice the price of electric drip machines. You're paying for the materials and the 1920s design, with its strong chromed verti-

cals, which recalls Paris boulevard cafés. The suspended grounds have so much surface tension that the effort of getting the plunger to the bottom can lift your feet off the floor, and the problem is worse if the coffee was ground too fine; the best results come from an uneconomical, large quantity of coarse-ground coffee. If you push down at an angle you can easily break the carafe, which you can do even more easily when washing it. Fishing out the grounds from the bottom of the carafe is annoying. Worst, by the time the coffee has finished steeping, it's cold, a problem remedied only partly by the quilted plunger-pot cozies that specialty coffee shops sell or by wrapping a towel around the pot. This method, however, has many partisans.

The third form in which infusion survives is coffee made with cold water. This method becomes fashionable every few years and then retreats into deserved obscurity. Ground coffee steeps in cold water for ten to twenty-four hours and is then filtered through a funnel-like device. The resulting extract, which is stirred into hot water, is mild and characterless, because cold water does not extract the lighter aromatics or acids in coffee—or the oils, or much of anything.

BEFORE YOU CAN make good coffee you need the right grind. I won't take the attitude, which prevailed for centuries, that the only proper way to grind coffee is with a mortar and pestle. I will say that you might consider spending a good deal more than \$15 on a grinder. Home grinders, both electric and hand-cranked, once ground with burrs; the beans flowed down a hopper, were fed through the burrs, and fell into a box. Now those have been almost entirely supplanted by cheap cylinders with a whirling blade in a small chamber.

That blade "beats coffee to death," according to Bruce Mullins, a whole-

salers of coffee-making equipment in Portland, Oregon. You have to shake the grinders to make them work efficiently, even ones that have the improvement of an oval grinding bed, which forces beans toward the center and slows them down at the sides. After thirty seconds the particles bounce off the blade, according to Mullins, and don't get any finer. The comparative inefficiency of the grinding heats beans and damages them, allowing aromatics to vaporize. Every whiff of delicious aroma in ground coffee means that much less flavor in brewed coffee.

Successively fracturing the beans does not produce a uniform grind. Cutting them with precise, sharp burrs does, and you should look for a grinder with burrs. The stronger the machine the better, because the less it will heat the beans. I've been very happy with a Japanese-made machine, the Jericho, which looks like a grinder from the beginning of the century, in a handsome maroon housing. You can adjust the burr settings, and you can shake all the ground coffee out of the cylindrical canister, instead of fussing with the end of a spoon to reach into corners or curves. (The Jericho retails for around \$225; you can order it from the Coffee Connection, in Boston, at 800-284-5282.)

If you grind your coffee at a supermarket or specialty-food shop, disbelieve the settings on the machine. Most grind much differently—usually more coarsely—from what they say, because the burrs have not been calibrated recently. Before putting in your coffee, run the grinder a few seconds to expel the remainder of the last person's. Then put just a few of your beans through, to check the grind size.

I THINK THAT THE best way to make coffee that is not espresso (I'll discuss espresso in another article) is in the drip pot, which appeared in France around 1800. The coffee is almost as rich as that made by infusion, without the sediment left in a plunger pot. Its advantage over filtered coffee, its sibling, is the metal or ceramic filter—a cloth or paper filter absorbs oils that give body to coffee. The grind for a drip pot should be fine, just coarse enough to discourage grounds from seeping through the filter, although some inevitably will.

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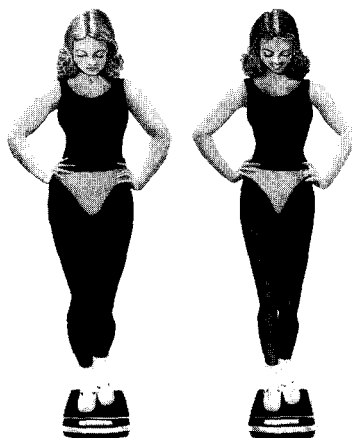
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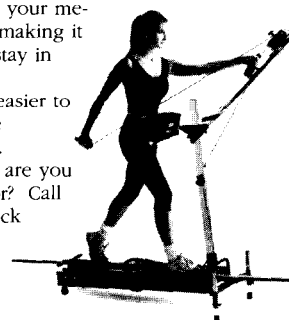
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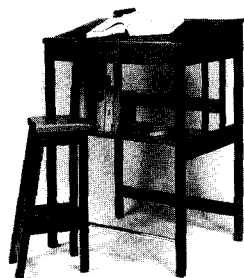
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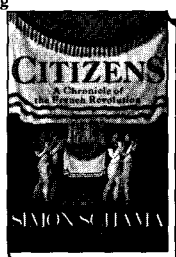
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ware stores, and for many people (the ones who didn't grow up with percolators) the clunky design, with its squat stacked compartments for hot water, ground coffee, and brewed coffee, connotes childhood in the suburbs. Unfortunately, many of these reassuringly familiar drip pots are made of aluminum, which interacts with the acid in coffee. Although the size of the basket of a drip pot implies that it holds just the right amount of ground coffee, it probably doesn't, and you should measure both the coffee and how much water the top compartment holds. An "approved coffee measure" is eleven grams, or two tablespoons, the right amount for six ounces of water; this is the size of the coffee scoops that are sold in supermarkets and provided in some cans of coffee, and most markings of cup quantity on coffee makers are for six-ounce cups. (If you're using a filter pot and measuring cups, this works out to a half cup of coffee grounds to three cups of water.) Stick to the proportions, which I find correct for flavor and body. If you prefer weaker coffee, it will taste better if you make it full strength and then dilute it with hot water or milk.

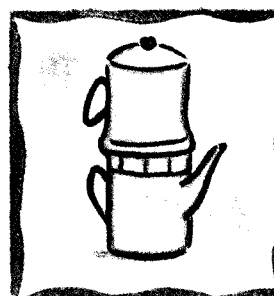
The drip pot I use is the kind that in Italy is called the *napoletana*, or Neapolitan, and in France the *café filtre* pot. (Many American shops call it a *machinetta*.) It has two cylindrical pots one atop the other, one with a spout, and between them a compartment for ground coffee, with metal screens at the top and the bottom. The holes in the screens of these pots are generally larger than those of American drip pots, so the coffee has more texture. When the water in the spoutless chamber is ready, you flip the pot and wait for the water to drip through (if you've latched the pot together there's no danger that hot water will spill out). As with all drip or filter coffee—including that made in machines—the finished brew should be stirred before it is served, since the coffee that drips through first is strongest. The chamber with the spent grounds should be lifted out (as should the coffee basket in an American drip pot), lest condensed steam from the coffee steep with the grounds and drip back into the brew.

Italians so closely identify with the *napoletana* that they wish they could take credit for it. An essay in a book on the history of the pot published by Alessi, the Italian tableware designer that makes the handsomest one, grudgingly admits that the pot originated in France but avers that its true home is Naples. The book is full of illustrations of fanciful *napoletanas* with arabesques of hammered tin, and whimsical ones that look like robots, or wear masks, or are gotten up like top-hatted dancers with canes. (The Alessi *napoletana* can be ordered from 617-932-9444; my plain, sleek stainless-steel pot is made by Stella, and is available from 800-247-9420.)

The book says that every resident of Naples knows you can't make decent coffee in a new *napoletana*. It's wrong. Seasoned coffee pots don't add flavor. A residue of coffee oils is unpleasant in any kind of pot, and a particular danger with a metal one—the oil deposits collect and become rancid. Metal pots should be regularly scrubbed in hot water but infrequently washed with soap, to avoid the flavor note of soap in coffee.

A *napoletana* should not be flipped just as the water boils. The ideal temperature for brewing coffee is thought to be 197°–205°F, which extracts the desirable aromatics and leaves behind the least pleasant ones, although the evidence for this is more anecdotal than scientific. The theory is that water at the boiling point not only turns to vapor but also vaporizes many flavorful volatile compounds in coffee. (When I was nearing the end of a long list of questions about the reasons behind standard brewing rules, an information officer at the International Coffee Organization, in London, said, after a string of no-one-really-knows replies, "Maybe you should open up your own research lab.") Since it is impractical to stand beside a kettle or a *napoletana* holding a thermometer, you can heat

the water in the open bottom before assembling the pot. Stop when small bubbles appear on the surface of the water without breaking, or wait a minute after it comes to the boil. Then put the pot together and flip it (use potholders and be careful).



The water you use is of course of great importance, since it is about 98 percent of what you will drink. If you wouldn't drink your tap water with pleasure, don't use it in coffee. Find a charcoal filter or buy a neutral bottled water. (The new wave in automatic coffee machines is a filter component that purifies water before brewing coffee.) Hard water is alkaline, which can dull the important acids and make coffee taste bland. If your water is very hard, use bottled instead of treated water: softeners can impart off flavors and interfere with brewing, depending on the agents used. A classic rule for brewing either coffee or tea is to start with cold water, which is thought to be fresher because it hasn't been sitting around in boilers for a while, picking up off tastes. Try hot water from the tap to see if it shows signs of any; probably it won't. Another reason cited for using cold water is that it contains more oxygen, but according to the head of the research and test unit of the ICO, that doesn't make any difference in flavor.



more slowly through an already wet and thus more resistant bed of coffee. The disadvantage of filtered coffee is the loss of body to the paper; the advantage is easy cleanup of grounds. (However clean a filter holder looks after you rap out the grounds and paper, both it and the carafe should be scrubbed in hot water.)

In recent years there has been concern that chemicals, including dioxins, created in the process of bleaching filter paper could leave harmful residues in brewed coffee. Unbleached brown-paper filters have also been marketed, but these in turn raised concerns over resins and other impurities that imparted off flavors and might cause health problems of their own. One solution seems to be a new white "oxygen-bleached" filter that several companies have begun to sell (so far the chief distributor is Green Mountain Coffee, at 800-432-3402).

A way of avoiding the issue entirely is to buy a metal filter that fits into the filter holder. This converts the filtration to true percolation, and returns body to the coffee. Some manufacturers of electric drip machines now supply gold filters. These are more convenient if you have a dishwasher or a garbage disposal, as cleaning out all the grounds can be a chore. I think they should always be used in place of paper, because they produce richer coffee. Several manufacturers market gold filters, which come in different sizes and cost around \$20—an investment more than worth it for the immediate improvement in taste and the long-term savings in paper filters.

THE BREAKTHROUGH in American home-brewing technology came only twenty years ago, with the spread of the electric drip machine. Bunn-O-Matic had since the 1950s manufactured filter machines for use in restaurants, but it took Mr. Coffee to vanquish the percolator. Today electric drip machines, made by both European and American companies, are the standard home coffee maker, and they make very good coffee. The recent machines offer useful features, such as a modified cycle for small quantities, in which the water drips

These caveats apply equally to filtered coffee, a comparatively recent arrival in America. In 1941 Peter Schlumbohm first marketed the Chemex, a hand-blown glass coffee maker with an hourglass shape which uses filter paper. The Chemex looks like it came straight from a laboratory, which it more or less did, and has a stark, International Style cachet. It's handsome (a cheaper model, made of pressed rather than blown glass, is less so) but hard to clean, and because the filter paper is sold in circles that are folded into quarters and set into the cone-shaped top, part of the coffee goes through three layers of paper. In the 1960s the German company Melitta began marketing a coffee maker with a wedge-shaped filter holder and filters that open like a pocket, so the coffee goes through only one layer of paper.

The procedure is simple: pour hot water through the grounds. It's better first to put in enough water to moisten all the grounds, and to stir them to make sure they have all been wet. This ensures that the water won't zip through channels in the ground coffee, and that the succeeding water will pass

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by Edward Dolnick

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THE CASE AGAINST INTERVENTION

by Stephen Van Evera

With the end of the Cold War the strategic rationale that has led the U.S. to send forces or weapons to so many areas of the Third World has been lost. Yet the Pentagon is still spending nearly \$100 billion on intervention forces and is still funding proxy wars on three continents.



YELLOW JACKETS

by E. S. Goldman

"I hollered, 'Help! Help! Somebody! Help!' into the limitless suburban universe. . . ." A short story.

through more slowly, and not-so-useful features, such as a brew-interrupt capacity, which allows you to pour a cup before the whole pot is made but spoils the balance of the coffee.

The most important feature is one you can't see: the heating element. The right water temperature and brewing-cycle time, ideally four to six minutes, will extract the desired amount of soluble substances and leave others in the grounds. Most machines don't heat water fast or evenly enough, which results in cycles that are too long and start at too low a temperature. The only clue a consumer has to temperature or time is the wattage, and the higher it is the better the coffee. An ideal rating is over 1000 watts, but most home machines average just 450 to 850.

German-designed machines are today the market leaders, with Braun and Krups competing to have the newest features and Bosch and Melitta making similar models; the American companies currently in the lead for useful features are Black & Decker and Salton. Most of the machines are manufactured in Hong Kong or China, and the differences between them are in fact usually small.

The great problem—the tragedy, it can fairly be called—of most of the coffee drunk in America today is that it has been overheated, and is as objectionable as yesterday's boiled coffee reheated. Coffee should be held at 176°–185°F, and not on a burner, which vaporizes many desirable aromatics, oxidizes others and also oils, and leaves coffee sour or bitter. Many burners on machines, especially those that brew coffee at the proper temperature, keep coffee very hot. New machines have knobs that adjust the heat of the burners on which coffee is held. But the real problem is coffee that stays on a burner too long—say, more than ten minutes. This is why so much restaurant and coffee-shop coffee tastes so bad, even though the method used to make it is unexceptionable.

The solution is to transfer coffee to an insulated pitcher as soon as it is brewed. Coffee-equipment sellers recommend three Japanese brands of pitcher, Peacock, Zojirushi, and Tiger, and a German brand, Alfie. Some look clumsy, some sleek. The object in using any pitcher is to provide as airtight a seal as possible, and the less room in

the top of the inner chamber the longer the liquid will stay hot. But even if you don't keep the pitcher full, you should use one. More and more electric drip machines come with thermoses instead of glass carafes (which also reduces breakage). A technician at the ICO who is in charge of brewing great amounts of coffee told me that she dreams of a day when coffee machines will have no hot plates. This would indeed improve the quality of American life.

THE MOST DRAMATIC way to make filtered coffee is in a device that was invented in France and England in the mid-nineteenth century—a vacuum machine with two glass globes, one mounted on the other, both suspended over a spirit lamp or other heat source. These machines became fashionable in America around the time of the First World War, and fell out of favor after the Second. Today the English company Cona, whose name is synonymous with the method, makes the best and handsomest model, but it's expensive—from \$100 to \$125, depending on size—and hard to find. Bodum makes a stovetop model for \$30, and one with a spirit lamp for about \$15 more; the Coffee Connection sells both brands.

You fill the upper globe with ground coffee, having latched a filter to a tube going out the bottom. You pour hot water into the lower chamber and fit the upper into it. Steam pressure forces the water into the upper chamber, where you stir the ground coffee and water; then you stop the heat. After a minute or so the vacuum created in the lower chamber sucks the liquid through the filter back into the bottom chamber, with a gurgling whoosh that will surprise and delight guests. You remove the upper chamber and ceremonially pour the coffee.

The whole rigmarole is best performed in the parlor after dinner, and it looks like an alchemical trick. But it's the purest way to sample a fine coffee with complex acidity—no other brewing method better showcases high flavor notes, although regular filtration and drip produce more full-bodied coffee. Treating the large contraption with the required delicacy means that you will use it very, very seldom. But it is the compact disc of coffees—all you taste is the coffee. □

Books

An Intellectual and Emotional Adventure

by Susan Rubin Suleiman

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR:

A Biography
by Deirdre Bair.
Summit, \$24.95.

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR was that most difficult of biographical subjects, a compulsive autobiographer. Like all autobiographers, she had some things to hide, and she did not hesitate to "rewrite" events in the retelling. The biggest challenge facing any biographer of Beauvoir is how to use her autobiographical writings without falling for them; how to write her life story without repeating or completely trusting the versions she herself gave of it, but without ignoring them either. Deirdre Bair, whose biography of Samuel Beckett won a National Book Award in 1981, has met and mastered this peculiarly sophisticated challenge to the biographer's art. Based on scrupulous historical research and hundreds, if not thousands, of hours of interviews with Beauvoir herself, as well as with a great many other people on both sides of the Atlantic, Bair's biography of this fascinating woman is a major accomplishment and splendidly readable.

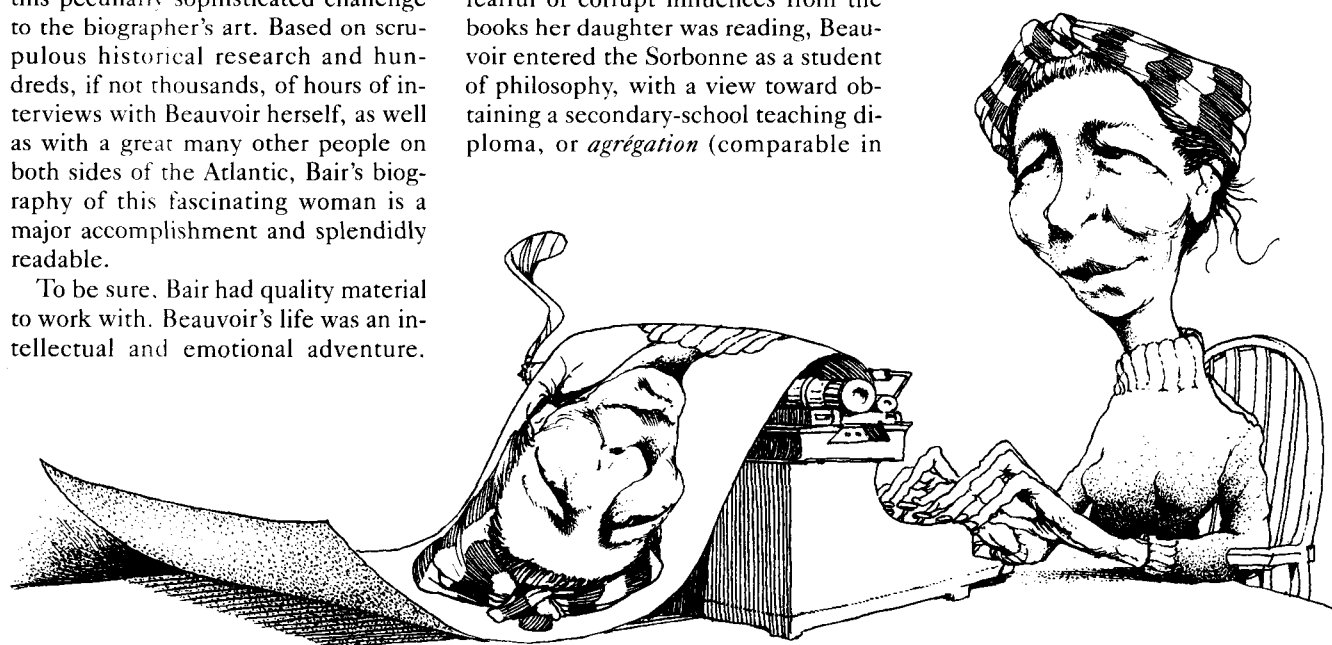
To be sure, Bair had quality material to work with. Beauvoir's life was an intellectual and emotional adventure.

Born in 1908 into a strict Catholic upper-class family with pretensions to the status of minor nobility (Simone had her own engraved calling cards at age three), Beauvoir escaped the common fate of young women of her age and class—a superficial education, followed by a proper marriage and motherhood—thanks in part to her family's rigorous social code. When she was around ten years old, her father, a charming ne'er-do-well lawyer, lost the small fortune that had supplemented his meager income (it had been invested in czarist Russian stocks), and the family was forced to move out of their grand Paris apartment on the Boulevard Raspail, where Madame de Beauvoir had given lavish receptions for selected guests, into a cramped apartment that signaled their decline. Since Simone and her sister Hélène (two years younger, still alive, and now a successful artist) had no dowries, marriage was out of the question, according to their father. The girls had better be prepared to earn a living.

For Simone, always an excellent student, this meant being allowed to go on with her studies, beyond the level ordinarily reserved for a "young girl from a good family." After some struggles with her mother, who was always fearful of corrupt influences from the books her daughter was reading, Beauvoir entered the Sorbonne as a student of philosophy, with a view toward obtaining a secondary-school teaching diploma, or *agrégation* (comparable in

prestige at that time to an American Ph.D.). There, while studying for the examinations for this diploma in the spring of 1929, she entered the circle of friends dominated by Jean-Paul Sartre—and began a singular relationship with Sartre that until his death, in 1980, was to be the fixed point of her life (and of his, too), as she saw it.

Beauvoir and Sartre became lovers in the summer of 1929, during an unannounced visit (Beauvoir's parents refused to receive him) that Sartre made to the family country house where the Beauvoirs traditionally spent their vacations. Bair tells this story wonderfully well, showing us Monsieur de Beauvoir's indignation and the two young people's polite way of telling him that he had no power over them. This complicity against a rigid bourgeois adult world was characteristic of the Sartre-Beauvoir couple's sense of itself, and would persist even in later years, when the sexual aspect of their relationship was long dead. As Bair astutely points out, there was an element of refusing to grow up in all this, and especially in Sartre's constant need to renew himself and remain young by getting involved with a seemingly unending series of younger (and younger and



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younger) women. But there was also an element of genuine indifference to bourgeois propriety, a determination to live their lives as they pleased regardless of social conventions (as late as 1939 Sartre's priggish stepfather refused to receive Beauvoir into his house, considering her a "fallen woman" and Sartre's "whore"), and a genuine devotion to each other that one cannot help admiring.

Until the very end of his life Beauvoir remained Sartre's "first reader" and devoted editor, spending huge amounts of time going over all his manuscripts even if it meant interrupting her own writing. He, in turn, gave her constant intellectual recognition and encouragement, at a time when the idea of a woman intellectual struck many people in France as a contradiction in terms. Indeed, he was instrumental in getting her first book published (*She Came to Stay*, 1943) by his own publisher, Gallimard, the most prestigious French publishing firm of the time. Since the novel was a huge success, she needed no further help of that kind. But there is no question that Sartre's genuine joy at her successes and his continuing interest in her work was a vital prop in Beauvoir's life, one she could not contemplate losing without terror. That goes a long way toward explaining why she went along with it when—just a few years after the beginning of their "couple pact" (he dutifully proposed marriage in 1929, but she refused, preferring the renewable pact)—Sartre began on his series of other women (what they called "contingent loves"), treating Beauvoir as his confidante and mother-figure rather than as a lover.

Bair tells the story with unblinking matter-of-factness; yet it is a sad and even sordid one. That Beauvoir, still a young woman (she was under thirty), could consent to the first of many triangles, with one of her students, in which Sartre pursued the girl and went to Beauvoir for emotional solace on the occasions when she refused him, can strike one as downright painful. This first triangle was with Olga Kosakiewicz (whose younger sister, Wanda, soon followed suit, and remained one of Sartre's mistresses until the end of his life), and Beauvoir discussed it in the second volume of her memoirs, *The Prime of Life*, and also made it the subject of her first novel. Characteristical-

ly, she did not admit in her autobiography just how much pain this and other similar arrangements caused her, and she omitted some of the more humiliating details. In the novel the main character, modeled on Beauvoir, finally kills the younger woman and gets away with it. In real life Beauvoir coped differently. First of all, she retained her position as trusted helper, literary adviser, official traveling companion on the many trips Sartre was asked to make to foreign countries, and faithful political ally during the postwar years, when Sartre became more and more involved in politics; she never forced Sartre to choose between another woman and herself, and never gave him any ultimatums, for which he was grateful to her—he hated disputes. Second, she threw herself into her work, starting new writing projects especially at moments of great personal stress, often as a means of exploring and thereby taming her feelings. Finally, she found a few contingent loves of her own. One of these, the American novelist Nelson Algren, had a place in her life on and off for almost two decades.

Beauvoir's love affair with Algren, especially in its first, passionate phase (1947 to 1951), is clearly an emotional high point of this biography, rivaled in intensity only by Bair's moving accounts of Sartre's final illness and death and of Beauvoir's funeral. Beauvoir herself told the story of the affair at least twice, once in her memoirs and once thinly disguised in her prizewinning novel *The Mandarins* (1954). But, as Bair points out, both those versions came after the cooling off with Algren had begun, and the version in the memoirs (published in 1963) is heavily inflected by the "myth of the writing couple" (herself and Sartre) that Beauvoir was promoting at that time as central to her life.

Basing her interpretation chiefly on Beauvoir's hundreds of letters to Algren (written in English, these are now at Ohio State University), Bair tells it as the story of Beauvoir's single great passion, the only love in her life that brought sexual fulfillment as well as intellectual communion. The story is dramatic and romantic, and occasionally comic, with Algren wanting her to settle in Chicago and marry him, while Beauvoir assured him that she would be forever "your Simone" but regularly

returned to Paris and Sartre, who was delighted at Beauvoir's happiness but pleased at her returns to his side when he needed her.

The whole thing ended badly, in several stages, definitively when Algren blew up at Beauvoir's publicizing their romance in her memoirs. But she never took off the large silver ring he gave her in 1947, and it went with her to the grave. It's a pity that Beauvoir's adopted daughter and literary executor, Sylvie Le Bon de Beauvoir, has said she will never allow Beauvoir's letters to Algren to be published, and that Beauvoir never allowed anyone even to read Algren's letters to her, aside from what she published in her memoirs. (Bair was given a glimpse of a few, but not allowed to quote from them.) But then, things change. Beauvoir's letters to Sartre, long claimed to have been lost, have just been published in France, in two big volumes. Alas, too late for this biography.

AS I HAVE TRIED to suggest, Bair is an accomplished storyteller, able to marshal the necessary details to make a setting or an event come to life for the reader. She even manages to weave interesting stories out of the process whereby Beauvoir wrote some of her major works, especially *The Second Sex* and *The Mandarins*. *The Second Sex* was several years in the making, and started as nothing more than a vague idea for a short "essay on women" that Beauvoir planned to publish in the journal she and Sartre had founded after the war, *Les Temps Modernes*. But as the idea simmered and as she observed the condition of women in the United States during her trips in 1947 and 1948 (the peak of her passion for the "macho" Algren, who nevertheless was extremely interested in her project and first suggested that she write a book-length version), she realized that it required a fuller treatment. When the book was published, in the summer of 1949, while Algren was on a very happy extended visit to her in Paris, she became truly notorious in France, receiving both hate mail and fan letters by the basketful.

Bair tells this story vividly, without ever going into an extended analysis of the content of *The Second Sex*, though she does summarize it briefly. She reports that Beauvoir did not consider *The Second Sex* to be her most personal

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Jerusalem

Whose city—whose "holy city" is it?

It's over twenty years that the city of Jerusalem has been reunited under Israeli administration. But there is still much talk, lately even from our own government, that the solution of the intractable "Middle East Problem" will not be possible until Israeli Jews stop "settlements" in the eastern part of the city, relinquish their "occupation" and restore the holy city—or at the very minimum, its eastern part—to those who claim to be its "rightful owners," the Moslem Arabs.

What are the facts?

■ Before the end of the 1967 Six-Day War, during which the Israeli Defense Forces reconquered Jerusalem from the invading Jordanians, claims to Jerusalem being a Moslem holy city were rarely, if ever, asserted. Jerusalem had always been a city in which many religions and nationalities lived side by side. It was only after the old city was back in Jewish hands that the Moslem Arabs declared their willingness to wage "jihad" (holy war) to bring the city back into Arab possession.

■ The notion to call Jerusalem an Islamic holy city has only come about in modern times and now has gained currency by dint of constant repetition. The basis for the claim is that Jerusalem does indeed contain an Islamic holy site, namely the Al Aksa Mosque. It is close to the place from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended to heaven. Mohammed himself never set foot in Jerusalem. But aware that it was the holy city of Christians and Jews, and wishing to convert them to his new religion, he commanded his followers to build a mosque in Jerusalem. In recognition of the city's holiness to Jews, Moslems built the Al Aksa Mosque. But never in Moslem history did this mosque compare in significance to the Moslem holy cities of Mecca and Medina—cities that no "infidel" may visit.

■ It's on the basis of this religious tradition that the Moslems designated the entire Jewish Temple Mount to be their

holy site. The Israeli Government, in its constant spirit of accommodation to Moslem sensibilities, has largely acceded to this tradition and has put the area in and around the Al Aksa Mosque entirely under Moslem control. But how would Christians feel if, instead of from the Temple Mount, the Moslem tradition had Mohammed ascend from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and if the Moslem Arabs were to claim that site as their property? The Christian world, often ready to consent to Moslem claims against Jews and Israelis, would be greatly astonished. But Moslem Arab assertiveness doesn't end there. On the tenuous claim to the Temple Mount, they have construed a claim to the entire city of Jerusalem (or at the very least to its eastern part), which they have declared to be their "third holiest city." And it would be an insult to all Moslems and all Arabs to leave the city in the hands of the "infidel Jews."

■ But the city of Jerusalem—in contrast to such cities as Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus—has never played any major role in the political and religious lives of the Moslem Arabs. It was never a political center, never even a provincial or sub-provincial capital. It was the site of one Moslem holy place, but otherwise a civic and religious backwater to the Arabs. The passion for Jerusalem was not discovered by the Moslem Arabs until most recent history.

Jews are not the usurpers in Jerusalem. They have been living there since the Biblical era and have been the majority population since the 19th century. Jews have holy sites in most cities of the world. But do they claim sovereignty over those cities because of it? Of course not! It would be preposterous. And the Moslem Arab claim to Jerusalem, based on the Al Aksa Mosque on the Temple Mount, is just as untenable. Jerusalem has been the center of Jewish life, of Jewish yearning, and of Jewish thinking for over 3000 years. That is the reason that the State of Israel has rededicated the Jewish holy city to be its indivisible capital.

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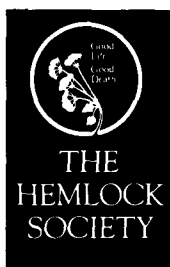
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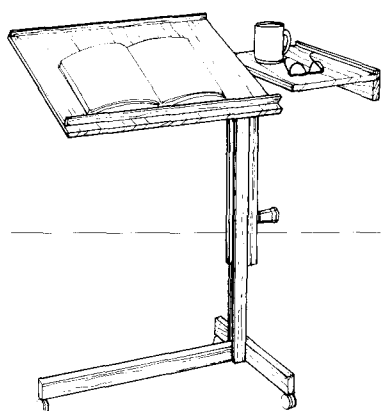
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or most important book ("Anyone could have written that book," she told Bair, whereas only she could have written her memoirs or *The Mandarins*), yet there is little doubt that this work was her most significant contribution to twentieth-century thought. It seems self-evident to us today that "femininity" is a social construct, not an unchanging essence, and so we may forget the originality of Beauvoir's work. But it was she who first argued, and demonstrated through a series of painstaking analyses, that "one is not born, but rather becomes, a woman"—in other words, that women's subordinate position throughout history was *created*, generally by and to the advantage of men, rather than occurring "naturally." And it was she who argued, with power and conviction, that women must work for their own liberation, or, to use the existentialist vocabulary that she shared with Sartre, that women must assume their own freedom and become "subjects" rather than objects. Admittedly, Beauvoir was not the first to urge women to fight for their own emancipation, but her analyses in *The Second Sex*, in the multiple frameworks of biology, psychology, anthropology, philosophy, and history, provided the basis for a renewal of feminist thought in this century and laid the groundwork for the feminist movements that have had such wide-ranging effects in the West, and indeed worldwide, over the past two decades.

In general Bair is weaker on politics and criticism than on narrative. Her account of Sartre's and Beauvoir's political activities after the war, especially in the 1960s and 1970s, is cursory, and she tends to shy away from critical evaluations of Beauvoir's works, often preferring to say that a work "is considered by many people" to be good or bad: an irritating reticence. She does suggest that *The Mandarins*, which won the prestigious Prix Goncourt in 1954, is "one of the most undervalued" novels of this century, and I agree with her. What makes this novel outstanding is the way Beauvoir combined the psychological probing that is characteristic of "domestic" or "women's" fiction with a wide-angle view of the Paris intelligentsia and the major political issues that preoccupied it in the years following the Second World War. To read the novel merely as a roman à clef about Sartre, Beauvoir, Camus, and

their friends (and enemies), or about Beauvoir's love affair with Algren, as people tended to do when it was published, is to miss its ambition, and success, as a historical and political novel.

Throughout this biography Bair makes an effort to treat controversial or highly charged questions with fairness and tact. She does not gloss over such matters as the less noble aspects of Beauvoir's life in Paris during the war. One example: after being fired from her teaching post in 1943 (itself something of a hushed-up affair), Beauvoir accepted a job with the German-controlled radio station Radio Paris. This was not exactly collaboration, and she did need to earn a living; still, Beauvoir mentioned it only in passing in her memoirs, and responded angrily when questioned about it. Later, Bair discusses with equal scrupulousness the nature of Beauvoir's relation to her much younger friend Sylvie Le Bon, who became her constant companion in the mid-1960s, just around the time when Sartre adopted his young mistress Arlette Elkaim. Bair respects Beauvoir's repeated statement that her relation to Le Bon was an intense friendship and that she was "not a lesbian," but also provides enough counterevidence to make most readers conclude that the two women were in love. Beauvoir adopted Le Bon in 1980, after Sartre's death, not in competitive emulation of Sartre (Beauvoir and Elkaim had a distressingly hostile relationship during Sartre's last years) but because Beauvoir's ill health made it imperative that Le Bon be able to make decisions only a family member can make. That, at least, was the official story, and Bair reports it as such.

She also reports, with desolate fairness but still with an unmistakable bias toward Beauvoir's perspective, the sad last years of Sartre's life and the growing rift between him and Beauvoir. Totally blind, diabetic, a human wreck at the age of seventy, Sartre spent his last years in what Beauvoir and other old friends thought of as the clutches of a young ex-Maoist, Benny Lévy, who had succeeded in getting Elkaim on his side. For a somewhat more detailed and rounded version of this final feud, one should read Annie Cohen-Solal's excellent biography of Sartre, published a few years ago.

As Bair writes in her introduction, there was a real dissymmetry in her

and Cohen-Solal's projects, for Cohen-Solal could write whole chapters of Sartre's adult life making almost no mention of Beauvoir, whereas Bair had to mention Sartre's name on almost every page. That melancholy disproportion is something we might ponder, as we look back on the life of the woman who, despite her oft-proclaimed aversion to motherhood, is considered by many women today to have been "the mother of us all." □

Populism in the Age of Celebrity

by Kirk Scharfenberg

THE POLITICS OF RICH AND POOR: Wealth, Poverty and Economic Patriotism in the Reagan Aftermath
by Kevin P. Phillips.
Random House, \$19.95.

IN 1969 KEVIN PHILLIPS sagely analyzed the backlash against permissiveness, the breaking of the shackles tying southerners to the Democratic Party, and the result of these two developments an "emerging Republican majority," which has dominated national politics for more than twenty years. In his new book he espies the rise of a new populist spirit in the land in the "Reagan aftermath." He offers a high-velocity account of the "math"—the politics and policies that made greed a 1980s art form—but little on the shape or texture of the "after."

Phillips identifies the Reagan years as the nation's third period of "heyday capitalism," following the Gilded Age and the Roaring Twenties. He finds a score of parallels between those periods and the decade just past. As reformist movements followed those earlier eras of excess, so, he believes, the nineties may see a new populist spirit.

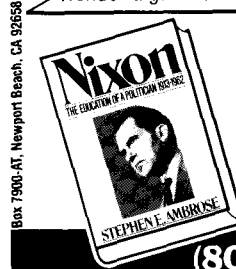
But the political logic underlying what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has called "the cycles of American history," the alternations of periods of reaction with periods of reform, has lost its old social and cultural bases. Anyone waiting for

a new populist revolt in contemporary America is kidding himself. The forces in the popular culture which tend to dampen our resentment of accumulations of wealth are probably stronger now than at any time in our history. We are wedded to the life-styles of the rich and famous. We may despise Leona Helmsley today and Donald Trump tomorrow, but we remain a society transfixed by celebrity. Earlier generations loved to hate Jay Gould and Samuel Insull, but it would have been substantially harder to abhor them had they been humanized on the covers of *People* magazine. Once upon a time men got rich by developing a product or a service that someone wanted to buy. Now, more than ever before, wealth itself is a product, used to enhance stature and profitability. Lee Iacocca is famous not for rescuing Chrysler but for being Lee Iacocca, and because he's famous maybe we'll buy his car. High-style fashions may be sold to the rich and famous, but the marketing of high-style fashion is now aimed at us. Hardly a month passes that a new magazine does not hit the racks whose dominant content is fashion advertising. *Smart*, *L.A. Style*, *Egg*, *Details*, *Interview*. Pick your perfume. Can *Trump* be far behind? We pay money to see what the rich pay money to buy. How can we resent them for buying what we ourselves pay just to look at?

If Phillips were right and there were latent resentment over the increasing accumulations and concentrations of wealth—which are largely the result not of nature but of government policy, as Phillips amply demonstrates—how would the word get out, and how would we organize to take the collective action necessary to reverse the tide? Our politicians and the television news are themselves largely in the thrall of the very forces of glitz that such a reformist insurgency would undermine. American politics is a form of entertainment in which a good line—"Read my lips"—is about all we can recall from a presidential campaign. It is not that we just don't remember those thoughtful speeches that George Bush and Michael Dukakis made in 1988 about Soviet-American relations in the age of Gorbachev; they never made them. Raised on *Sesame Street* and now MTV—a celebration of commercials between rock videos that are themselves merely commercials for

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celebrities—we demand production values, not social values, in our politics. Kiku Adatto, a fellow at the Shorenstein Barone Center on Press, Politics and Public Policy, at Harvard University, reported in *The New York Times* that from 1968 to 1988 the average sound bite in television newscasts fell from 42.3 seconds to 9.8 seconds. Docudramas and re-creations make better politics than politics itself. For the President to declare war on drugs is not enough, his advisers decide. We need a drug buy in Lafayette Park the night before to give the President a dramatic prop and his speech sufficient entertainment value to grab our attention. Charts on changing income distribution? Boring!

More troubling yet, even if we had the information on which to act, we lack the means to take reasoned collective political action. The national political parties, which once had the ability to formulate comprehensive, coherent agendas and to bind their candidates to them, are moribund; the Democrats, who presumably would spur a reformist move, have passed beyond death to ashes. Candidates themselves run as celebrity free-lancers. It may be that no incumbent is a hero to his valet, but most—judging by the success rate of incumbents—are beloved by their constituents. Many, like Hollywood stars, beckon us into their personal lives and encourage us to “share” their personal struggles. Prurience, not politics, seems the art of the possible.

As political structures have collapsed, social institutions that might provide forums for the development of collective political action—or at least the building of political wisdom—have faltered and lost credibility. The Catholic Church cannot sell its message on abortion, let alone on the necessity for social action, to its members; unions, struggling to survive, have all but abandoned political activity. More and more, we practice our politics alone.

IT WAS NOT ALWAYS thus. Lawrence Goodwyn, a historian of the Populist movement, describes a meeting, in Winfield, Kansas, on July 4, 1890.

The farmers had assembled in their wagons at their suballiances [chapters] and the trains of wagons from different suballiances merged at the county line enroute to Winfield. As they neared the city, these trains fell



in with similar ones from other county alliances. The caravan entering Cowley County from one direction alone stretched for miles. One can well imagine what this spectacle must have brought home to the participants. The Alliance was the people. And the people were together.

We have come a long way in a hundred years.

More and more, the dwindling numbers of us that bother to vote leave our political decisions to an elite—an elite that is itself a beneficiary of trickle-up politics, that leans on the super-rich to finance its campaigns, and that yearns for the support of celebrities to give its activities some visibility. We get most of our political news alone, staring at the tube after dinner or before we go to bed. Much of what we hear or see from our political leaders, appearing at staged events and speaking in sound bites neatly crafted by consultants, is a playback of what we ourselves told them as we sat alone just nights earlier talking on the phone to a researcher for a public-opinion pollster. (As others have noted, such surveys might better

be called private-opinion polls.) Even those of us who take an “active” interest in politics most often do so by sending our \$20 annual membership fee to a national organization that rarely, if ever, holds membership meetings and whose policies are crafted and compromised by an elite in state capitals or in Washington.

Many in that elite were, of course, beneficiaries of the upward redistribution of wealth and income in the 1980s. Phillips writes:

As the decade closed, the distortion of American wealth raised questions not just about polarization but also about trivialization. Less and less of the nation's wealth was going to people who produced manufactures or commodities. Services were ascendant. . . . The concentration of wealth in the services industries, however, raised another problem. It was one thing for new technologies to reduce demand for farmers, steelworkers and typists, enabling society to concentrate more resources on health, money management and leisure. But the distortion lay in the disproportionate rewards to society's economic, legal and cultural *manipulators*—from lawyers and investment advisers to advertising executives, merchandisers, consumer finance specialists, fashion designers, communicators, media magnates and entertainment promoters.

It is hardly surprising that such people went along with the Reaganesque policies, detailed by Phillips, that enhanced their advantages and widened the income gulf in the land: whopping tax cuts for the rich, increasing Social Security taxes that fell heavily on middle-class America, rising defense spending that benefited certain segments of the economy and sections of the country, high real rates of interest that accrued to those who held debt, deregulation that proved a boon to certain industries, and decreased social spending that cut the buying power of the poor. Millions of jobs may have been created, but they were by and large at the lower end of the service economy. Billions of dollars were invested, but not so much in economically productive enterprises as in the gigantic crap shoot known as leveraged buyouts. And when it was all over, America found itself a debtor nation, many of whose most important assets were in the hands of the Japanese.

"Accumulation and concentration [of wealth] would be the simultaneous hallmarks of the Nineteen Eighties," Phillips writes, and he provides—in a collection of effective charts and tables—reams of data to buttress his case. The top half of one percent of U.S. households controls more than a quarter of the nation's wealth. During the Reagan era the income share taken by the top 20 percent of the nation's households increased from 41.6 percent to 44 percent, the highest percentage since the Census Bureau began keeping the statistics, and the top one percent got most of it. Phillips cites one study concluding that from 1977 to 1987 the average income of the top one percent of families rose from \$174,498 to \$303,900. Millionaires, at least as measured by assets, were a commonplace. And President Reagan, given his tilt toward states' rights, was doubtless pleased to find at the end of his tenure that if the geographic spread had worked out, each state and Washington, D.C., could have had its own resident billionaire. These fifty-one billionaires were at the vanguard of the "plutographics" revolution of the 1980s.

At the other end of the spectrum, many of the very poor got poorer, as the income supports they needed to subsist were cut. More and more minority members found themselves living in poverty. America may have been back, but 20 percent of its children didn't get the word; they resided in households officially designated impoverished. As to how those in the middle fared during the Reagan presidency, the data are mixed: depending on the precise measurement used, there's a set of statistics for everyone. Yet there can be no doubt that the households whose incomes place them in the middle of our economic order saw, at best, only marginal gains during the Reagan era and nothing approaching the glory days of their better-off countrymen. The situation of this group was well articulated by Frank Levy, a public-policy analyst quoted by Phillips:

"We knew that something was wrong. . . . It was an inequality of prospects in which many people who had attained the middle-class dream could ride out the period while people who aspired to the dream—people who were banking on rising living standards—saw the future shrink."

SO THE NINETIES are finally here, and the average American, mad as hell, isn't going to take it any more, right? Well, not so you could tell. Phillips himself acknowledges that there is scant evidence that his populist revolt is brewing. So far, widespread resentment over growing inequality is—a kinder, gentler word—"unfocused." Nor does he suggest in any concrete way what, exactly, we should be expecting. Goodwyn, the historian of the Populist movement, has written that "in its twentieth-century usage, the word 'Populism' has come to imply—simply and inaccurately—a mass popular movement unencumbered by serious intellectual content." Phillips's book will not cause Goodwyn to rethink that definition.

But the data on economic maldistribution that Phillips assembles so adroitly, his discussion of the Reagan-era soak-the-poor policies and our quiescence in the face of them, give us reason to re-examine our political institutions and the social structures that ought to give life to them. Already, invidious comparisons between our malaise and the political vibrancy of Eastern Europe are becoming tiring. We are nodding off to avoid making a clear-eyed assessment of our reality.

As a nation, we have lost the capacity to ponder events, reflect on their meaning, and act. Half of us may show up and vote, but we barely know what we're voting for. We have almost no experience in the richest form of popular governance—deliberative democracy. It is from such collective deliberation, formal and informal, in the temples of power and the taverns of the common people, that the wisest democratic decisions emerge. But that very word "tavern" conjures an idea of community that is alien to most of us. As the sociologist Ray Oldenburg writes in his recent lament for vanishing public spaces, *The Great Good Place*, our taverns have lost their former "democratic potential." Now the monoculture of the national media reaches into every tavern and bar, the ubiquitous wide-screen TV muffling discussion with its noise. According to Lawrence Goodwyn, the 1890s Populists had to develop a culture apart from the monoculture of the cities to preserve their fragile solidarity and to steel their indignant political perceptions against derision. But the difficulties of sustaining a

312 MILLION PREGNANT IMMIGRANTS?

The Attorney General last December, on the President's instruction, informed the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization that in all refugee, asylum and deportation cases, an "applicant (who) has refused to abort or be sterilized . . . will now be considered to have established a well-founded fear of persecution. . ." This brings them under the purview of the Refugee Act of 1980.

The instruction was aimed at China, and since the U.S. Government has already concluded that coercion is being practiced there, it establishes a prima facie case for Chinese mothers to claim refugee status.

There are nearly 312 million Chinese women in their childbearing years. Add their husbands and children, and President Bush—without public discussion or an environmental impact statement—has qualified several hundred million Chinese and unborn babies for refugee status.

The President was engaged in a little power struggle with Congress—which is busy developing new immigration proposals of its own—but it is dangerous to trifle with the nation's demographic future in the pursuit of such political games.

Population growth is interwoven with most of the nation's social, environmental and resource problems. We must learn to balance a natural sympathy for others (and the urge to score political points) with a sense of responsibility for the nation's future.

Before we choose a crowded future through inadvertence, we should ask: how many Americans should there be? NPG is engaged in a new study of optimum population. On immigration policy, for example, labor economist Vernon Briggs concludes that the poor and the nation would benefit from selective rather than mass immigration, with fewer, better educated youths entering the labor force, and a consequent turnaround in population growth.

If you agree that the nation should look to its demographic future and if you would like a copy of the *NPG FORUM* introducing the new study, send us your name and address.

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culture apart from, and to a certain extent against, the environment of TV are all but insuperable today, when nothing is safe from derision.

The ostentatious accumulation of riches in the 1980s, the growing poverty and human suffering, cry out for our attention. In some subliminal fashion our government may get that message, and the pendulum swing that Phillips projects may occur. Already the overheated calls for the dismantling of the welfare state—a commonplace five years ago—have abated. A representative of old money, George Bush has given us the *noblesse* if not the *oblige*. But the celebration of privilege seems as firmly rooted in our culture as ever,

our capacity to nurture a collective spirit is negligible, and our ability to generate something even vaguely in the tradition of the Populist movement seems poignantly distant.

Thus, the last, sad word to historian Goodwyn:

Older aspirations—dreams of achieving a civic culture grounded in generous social relations and in a celebration of the vitality of human cooperation and the diversity of human aspiration itself—have come to seem so out of place . . . that the mere recitation of such longings, however authentic they have always been, now constitutes a social embarrassment. □

THREE BEHAIM BOYS *a chronicle edited and narrated by Steven Ozment. Yale University Press, \$25.00.* The Behaims of Nuremberg were people of distinction in that great merchant city. They were also paper pack rats whose records occupy a niche in the German National Museum (it seems to be the city's equivalent of the Smithsonian, everybody's attic), where Mr. Ozment found the letters of Michael Behaim (born in 1510), Friederich Behaim (born in 1563), and Stephan Behaim (born in 1612). Mr. Ozment has translated these letters in the belief that they provide "a contemporary perspective on a distant age and what it meant then to be a teenager and young adult." Mr. Ozment actually contributes the information about the apprentice system that took boys as young as twelve to distant cities, and about the laws governing property and money. The Behaims contribute themselves. All the boys were bereft of their fathers at an early age, and two were dependent on guardians for direction, support, and management of whatever inheritance had come to them. Friederich was the exception. As a student not very far from home, he could write to his mother about outgrown trousers, ailments, laundry arrangements, his need of jewelry for his drag role in a school play, and money—always money. Frau Behaim's replies were tersely affectionate and firmly practical. Her son's rare impulses toward conspicuous consumption were easily controlled, for Friederich was a well-behaved youth. Michael, apprenticed to a series of merchants in various cities, wrote to his cousin and guardian endlessly of miseries and suspicions. The miseries may have been exaggerated, but the suspicions were reasonable. His mother and stepfather were indeed trying to loot his modest inheritance in Nuremberg while he was slaving in Breslau. Michael was an earnest lad with a profound interest in money, property, prospects, and his personal rights. Each of these young men was, in his way, a correct Behaim. Stephan was an aberration. He was a lazy, extravagant, feather-witted, deceitful blatherskite whose only talent was the accumulation of debts. He is also the most interesting of Mr. Ozment's trio, because in the midst of apologies and excuses one finds humor, ingenuity, and action. The Behaims had shoved their nuisance into

Brief Reviews



COLERIDGE: Early Visions *by Richard Holmes. Viking, \$22.95.* Mr. Holmes follows Coleridge from childhood to his departure for the Mediterranean, in 1804. The poet, critic, political journalist, ex-radical, reckless mountain climber, discontented husband, and bewitching conversationalist was thirty-one years old and so unwell that his friends expected him to die somewhere off Malta. As his biographer points out, if he had done so, "he would be seen as part of that meteoric, Romantic tradition of young writers, like Keats, Shelley, or Byron (or even Arthur Rimbaud), who lived and died in a premature blaze of talents. He would be one of the Promethean figures . . . the fire bringers, the liberators of spirit, the eternal exiles and idealists." What Mr. Holmes records in this first volume of his study of Coleridge entirely justifies that opinion. The book also accounts for the instant friendships that Coleridge established with so many diverse people. The man had enormous charm, and charm is a quality difficult to retrieve from the past. By expert use of his material and his own elegant prose, Mr. Holmes has done it, giving the reader the impression of actually delighting in Coleridge's electrifying company. The au-

thor promises that his subject's future lies "richly, tragically, comically before him." It is not often that volume one of a literary biography produces the effect of a cliff-hanger serial, but this one does exactly that.

THE SUITCASE *by Sergei Dovlatov. Grove Weidenfeld, \$16.95.* Mr. Dovlatov left the Soviet Union with one suitcase—at least, so he claims for purposes of satirical entertainment—and his dourly amusing book describes its worthless contents and their absurd or illegal origins. The episodes are in fact short stories, differing in plot and setting but alike in depicting the Soviet Union as a place where nothing ever works properly, nothing ever gets done correctly, and nobody is ever sober.

STEINLEN'S CATS *by François Fossier. Abrams, \$14.95.* Théophile Alexandre Steinlen (1859–1923) was in his lifetime an artist well known and successful as a maker of prints, posters, and socialist propaganda. Much of that work has fallen from favor, but his cats—his magnificently, quintessentially catty cats—continue to romp and hiss and tease for the pleasure of ailurophiles. This large paperback book displays a fine set of their antics.

the army, where he continued to be a nuisance but sent home sharp accounts of fighting in the 'Thirty Years' War. Letters from the front were not enough. Stephan had to go, and how the Behaims managed his exit makes a chilly tale of legal murder.

MOZART IN VIENNA by Volkmar Braunbehrens. Grove Weidenfeld, \$25.95. Mr. Braunbehrens is not the first scholar to attack sentimental myths about Mozart, nor does he claim to be, but it is doubtful that anyone has done a more thorough job of demolition in that field. His method is to examine Viennese society as a whole, with particular attention to the sectors that Mozart frequented and what he is known to have done there. One learns a great deal about money (Mozart earned a lot of it and spent it fast), about the Freemasons, about fashionable salons, and about the Emperor. Joseph II is an intriguing, at times an almost comic, figure—a liberal-minded benevolent despot, determined to improve the condition of his subjects whether they liked it or not. It was his reform of burial customs, designed to curb expenditures and improve sanitation, that led to Mozart's alleged "pauper's funeral." Mozart himself emerges as a capable citizen equipped with "a sharp social instinct, close observation, and critical judgment"—a man very different from either the ethereal martyr of tradition or the dissipated rattle-wit of *Amadeus*.

BY NIGHT UNDER THE STONE BRIDGE by Leo Perutz. Arcade, \$18.95. Mr. Perutz's short stories are set in Prague in the late sixteenth century and for the most part derive from the interlocking interests of the Jewish community and the Holy Roman Empire. They are, however, shaped in the manner of legends or folk tales, populated by ghosts and wizards, progressing by coincidences and mistaken identities. If it were not for the author's flashes of ironic wit, they could be read as gothic works of the early nineteenth century instead of as the clever modern metaphorical fantasies that they are.

TUNING THE RIG by Harvey Oxenhorn. Harper & Row, \$22.95. A portion of this book first appeared in *The Atlantic*.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the May Puzzler

E	N	T	A	I	L	E	D	G	A	F	F	E
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R	N	I	B	E	S	M	E	A	R	H	E	A
A	N	N	E	X	E	A	N	X	I	O	U	S
N	A	C	R	E	S	R	D	Y	T	U	P	G
C	R	O	S	S	E	X	A	M	I	N	E	R
E	P	R	E	E	S	I	S	A	D	D	L	E
L	A	T	E	X	E	S	T	X	E	N	O	N
A	M	E	C	A	N	T	R	I	P	E	H	A
M	E	X	I	C	O	R	E	L	A	X	E	D
E	L	E	C	T	R	A	A	L	C	U	R	E
R	A	S	P	S	A	R	K	A	N	S	A	S

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Across. 1. A-NNEX (homoph.) 2. (m)AN-X-IOUS 3. ARK(AN-S-A)S 4. BE(S-ME)AR 5. CAN-TRIP 6. CURE (double def.) 7. ELECT-RA 8. ENTAILED (anag.) 9. F(L-AX)EN 10. GAFF-E 11. LA-TE-XES (rev.) 12. ME(XI)CO (*come* anag.) 13. N-ACRES 14. NO-OK 15. R-ASPS 16. R-EL-AXED 17. SA(D-D)LE 18. S(EA)PORT 19. TUXEDOS (anag.) 20. X-ENON (rev.)
Down. 1. CORT(EX)ES 2. DEF-END (*fed* rev.) 3. ENTRANCE (double def.) 4. (v)ERSE 5. ETNAS (anag.) 6. E-X-A-CTS 7. F(OX-H)OUND 8. FREE UP (anag. -m) 9. GA(LA-X)Y 10. GREN(AD)ES (*greens* anag.) 11. HERA (hidden) 12. IN-D-EXES 13. LA-MER 14. L(O-O)SES (*less* anag.) 15. MAR(XIS)T (rev.) 16. MA-XI-LLA (rev.) 17. NEXUS (hidden) 18. N(O)UN 19. PA-M(EL)A 20. SE(NOR)A 21. ST(R)EAK 22. TIDE (homoph.) 23. TO-X-IN

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Gabriel Cortez
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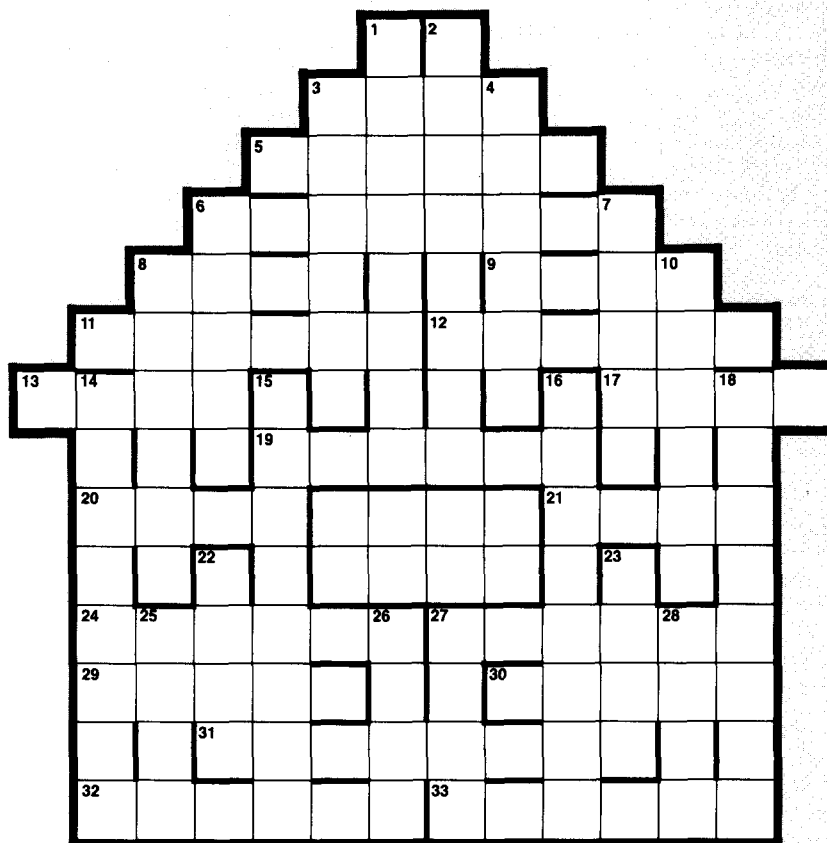
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

MYSTERY THEATER

Answers to eight of this puzzle's clues are one letter too long for their places in the diagram. By transferring the correct extra letter from each of those answers, in the order in which they are clued, to the shaded "screen," solvers can find out what's showing in this cryptic movie house. The eight entries remaining after the "extras" have left could be considered members of the cast. Answers include three proper nouns.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 121.

ACROSS

3. Mysterious, unfinished dam
5. In predicament, alien's abandoned cargo
6. Incredible pastry eaten by cast
8. Crying lady constrained by manners
9. Read out challenge
11. I'm cold, swallowing one drink
12. Avalanche makes you get off a sled?
13. Senate is empowered to investigate
17. Mist surrounding head of rare animal
19. Collection of interesting information about the goddess
20. Sue takes Republican a large amount of ice
21. In hearing, refer to location
24. *Inc.*: The Changing of a Culture

27. After Thursday, lifts pounds
29. Dude's carrying the guy's chisels
30. Act mature around large dog
31. Latin American country holds alternative view
32. Privileged member of society turning east of Rhode Island in cutter
33. The ego's absorbed by senses and sensory input

DOWN

1. Italian poet's workmanship put up in elevated place
2. Drive out from island in American automobile
3. Beat around the bush with supporter of paintings
4. Extra clause covers one unscrupulous Wall Street type

6. Soprano was hosting current admirers
7. Short rug shifted very loudly
8. Spoke of wheel evaluated
10. Declined invitation back in Munster, Germany
14. Fit one hundred and one into chromium vehicle (2 wds.)
15. Old lady and man like *Reds*
16. Ended strike on Interstate Meat
18. Foreign affair's outset described by love poems
22. Become rough fellow
23. Something to wear to Georgia
25. Asian affiliation announced
26. Dispute involved in recording *Concentration*
27. Back a famous violinist
28. Dismal, bungled vocal

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

aerogel *noun*, a transparent, highly porous substance, one of the lightest known solids, consisting of tiny spheres of bonded silicon and oxygen atoms joined into long strands linked to one another at random intervals and having air pockets between the strands. Also called *frozen smoke*. "After more than 50 years in the laboratory, a class of materials known as *aerogels* is beginning to make its ghostly presence felt" (*The Economist*).

BACKGROUND: *Aerogel*, developed at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, in California, is up to ten times as light as any solid matter previously weighed. In its lightest form it has the density that would result "if a teaspoon of water were to be dispersed uniformly throughout a volume of more than one gallon" (*The New York Times*). According to a recent issue of the *London Daily Telegraph*, "In an experiment on one of the next space-shuttle flights, [*aerogel*] will be ejected into space to collect micrometeoroids and very fine debris found in the tail of comets. The material is ideal for the experiments because it is so light that the tiny particles will not be burned up on impact. Because it is extremely pure, scientists will be able to examine the cosmic dust for carbon, the foundation of all life, without interference."

elevator surfing *noun, slang*, climbing on top of an elevator cab and riding up and down, sometimes jumping from that cab to a passing cab. Also called *elevator action*, *piloting an elevator*. "A college freshman fell to his death in a sport called 'elevator surfing,' a little-known but dangerous practice that plagues high-rise buildings" (*Chicago Tribune*).

BACKGROUND: Although most of our citations for *elevator surfing* are dated 1990, this deadly game has been a problem for years, according to offi-

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

cials quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*. It is a problem not only on campuses but also in big-city public-housing projects. *Elevator surfers* either get on by jamming open doors a floor above the car and jumping on top or climb through the ceiling emergency hatch.

exxon *verb*, to damage, especially by pollution: "Let's hear it for a new verb that, like the oil in the water, truly rises to the occasion: 'Get this rust heap off the reef, mate, before you *exxon* the whole harbor. . . . ' I'm all thumbs. I tried to change the oil in my car, and I *exxoned* the whole driveway'" (*The Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: This isn't the first time that a corporate name has been made into a verb. Another name with two

x's immediately comes to mind—*Xerox*. The Exxon corporation was once known in some parts of the country as Esso, in other parts as Enco, and in Ohio as Humble. According to a letter from J. B. Davis, the coordinator of public affairs at Exxon Company, U.S.A., the company set out in 1966 to find a new name that could be used nationally. A research group eventually selected *Exxon* from a computer-generated list of 10,000 candidates. Davis notes that the name *Exxon* has no intrinsic meaning. In fact, he writes, "the researchers took care to ascertain that it did not translate objectionably into another language."

muffin-choker *noun, slang*, a bizarre news story. "It's the end of the year, time to

clear the computer of . . . *muffin-chokers*, as they're called in the newsroom" (*The Boston Globe*).

BACKGROUND: This piece of journalistic slang, undoubtedly derived from a person's reaction over breakfast to a bizarre story, joins many other-er nouns that refer to genres in writing: *bodice-ripper*, *potboiler*, *spine-tingler*, *tearjerker*, and *thriller*, to name but a few.

squeegee kid *noun*, an inner-city youngster who attempts, uninvited, and in the expectation of a tip, to wash the windshield of a car stopped in traffic, typically at a red light: "The trouble with *squeegee kids* is that they're essentially extortionists. They never ask if you want your windshield squeegeed. They just march up and do it. Then they hang around the driver's window, trying to guilt-trip you into paying them" (*The Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: Judging from our 29 citations for the term *squeegee kid*, this entrepreneurial phenomenon has become a major irritant to motorists in many American cities. It is also dangerous to the kids themselves: one Baltimore youth was run over and killed by an 18-wheeler as he was cleaning a window at a busy intersection. The city of Baltimore has established specific sites, called *squeegee stations*, where the children can operate in relative safety. Signs reading *SQUEEGEE KIDS AHEAD*, *MOVE TO RIGHT*, *CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED*, were erected near the newly licensed stations. Not surprisingly, the youths, who had been issued ID badges with photos and numbers, and who had been given lessons in courtesy, found that licensed business was spotty. They have resorted once again to moving into traffic, where sometimes two or three of them will stop the same motorist in as many blocks.





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90-0617-0 ATLANTIC MONTHLY JUNE 2010 PAGE COVER INTERVIEW

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May the sun shine warm upon your face,
May the wind be always at your back,
But when it's miserable,
May you be driving a very dressy V-6, 4WD Montero.

It's poetry in motion, and it knows no bounds.

Beneath this 4-door Montero's urbane, sophisticated exterior waits a 3.0-liter, 143 horsepower V-6 up to subduing the wild trails, swamps or dunes you're likely to run across.

Whether the rising road is paved or not, Montero's independent torsion bar front/3-link, coil spring rear suspension system assures very smooth going all around.

Automatic locking hubs, with a 2-speed transfer case, let you slip in and out of 4-wheel drive at will, right from the driver's seat. And whether you're wearing your oldest jeans or your Sunday best, you'll arrive looking like a million. As Motor Trend observed, "The

Montero is more reminiscent inside of a decked out luxury car than an off-road truck."

Considering the fact that Montero gives you nearly a third more cargo space inside than either Cherokee or Trooper II, that's a lot of luxury.

Priced from \$15,519 to \$19,499* (LS model) you couldn't wish anything better upon a traveler than a new Montero.

Call 1-800-447-4700 for your nearest Mitsubishi Motors dealer.

**MITSUBISHI
MONTERO** 

*Mfr's. sugg. retail prices exclude tax, lic., freight, dlr. options and charges. Actual price set by dlrs. LS model shown with optional alloy wheels, MSRP \$428.

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